

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 2.

## BIRD ARCHITECTURE.—IV.

### THE HUMMING-BIRDS.



FIG. 2.—RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD (*TROCHILUS COLUBRIS*). [SEE PAGE 171.]

THAT we may be able to do full justice to the wonderful and exquisitely beautiful architectural constructions of the humming-birds, it will be necessary for us to refer also to several of their most remarkable peculi-

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arities as a family. The *Trochilidae*, or humming-birds,—and no name more appropriate than the latter can be found,—are, without doubt, the largest family of the class, numbering nearly or quite four hundred species.

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It stands out, distinguished from all other families, by a combination of characteristics found nowhere else. Not one of all this large family naturally alights upon the ground. The shortness of their legs and other peculiarities require them to rest on branches or leaves, or similar means of support. As a group, it is remarkable for the smallness in size of the species composing it, and numbers the most diminutive bird-forms among its members. It also contains some of the most beautiful and diversified in brilliant colors. The family is exclusively American, and is found throughout the islands and main-land of the continent from Alaska to

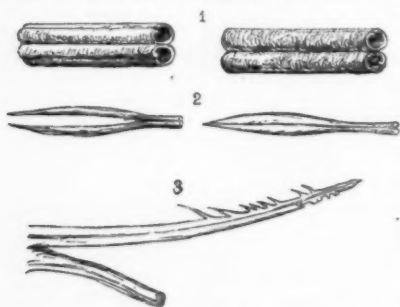


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAMS OF TONGUES OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

Patagonia, but is most abundant in the tropical portions. Some species are only found in such high and temperate regions as the table-lands of Mexico and the Andes.

The bill of the humming-bird is generally longer than the head, and in one remarkable instance, that of the sword-bearer (*Docimanes ensiferus*) [Fig. 3, 3], is nearly as long as the rest of the bird; it is usually straight [Fig. 3, 4], in some curved in a remarkable manner, some having a downward curvature [Fig. 3, 2], and with a few, like the avocet-billed, curved upward [Fig. 3, 1].

Their wings are scythe-like in form and differ from those of all other birds, and are well illustrated in the wing of the saber-winged humming-bird (*Campylopterus hemileucurus*) [Fig. 4]. The shafts of the quill-feathers,—in all remarkably strong and elastic,—in the saber-winged species have an extraordinary development. The upper bone of the wing is shorter than in any other family, and this renders possible the wonderful rapidity with which, while hovering in the air, they vibrate their wings. These vibrations are so rapid as to render the wings invisible, and produce a musical note which varies in

pitch with the variety and sex. Their flight is always rapid. They never perch, either while feeding or when building their nests, but invariably take their nutriment hovering in the air before a flower, or near a column of minute insects, and their position is the same when they build the frame-work of their nests. The tail-feathers of the family present no uniformity in their character. The usual fan-like form is well presented in our figure of the mango humming-bird [Fig. 6]. Another striking example of these powerful aids to a rapid flight may be seen in our figures of the long-tailed humming-bird of Jamaica (*Polytmus*) [Fig. 9].

The tongue, in this family, is too wonderful a structure to be passed by in silence. It presents the appearance of two tubes laid side by side, united for the greater part of their length [Fig. 2, 1], but separate for the remainder [Fig. 2, 2]. Near the tip, the outer edge of each laminated tube becomes spread out and presents irregular fimbriae which point backward, with soft, flexible points that are said to serve the purpose of spoons, enabling the birds to retain their insect or nectar food. [Fig. 2, 3].

The flight of the humming-bird is of two quite different kinds,—their rapid horizontal movement and the vertical position maintained by the vibrations of their wings, aided by the movements of the tail. Their food is largely and principally insect. They are also very fond of the nectar of flowers, which seems to afford them some nourishment, and upon which, in captivity, they can subsist for a long while without any apparent inconvenience.

All humming-birds have a notoriously aggressive disposition, attacking with singular fury whatever excites their animosity, and pursuing birds much larger than themselves, while they are very rarely molested by the birds which they thus assail.

In enumerating some of the more prominent peculiarities of this wonderful family, we must not fail to notice the lavish profusion of metallic colors of every conceivable tint and shade with which their plumage is adorned, excelling in their brilliant splendor the costliest gems. These often vary, in the most wonderful manner, in the same individual, with the position in which the bird is presented to the eye, and our wonder is not lessened when we realize that the sides of the fibers of each feather differ in their shade from the surface, producing these sudden changes as the position is altered. The common rufous hummer of California (*Selas-*



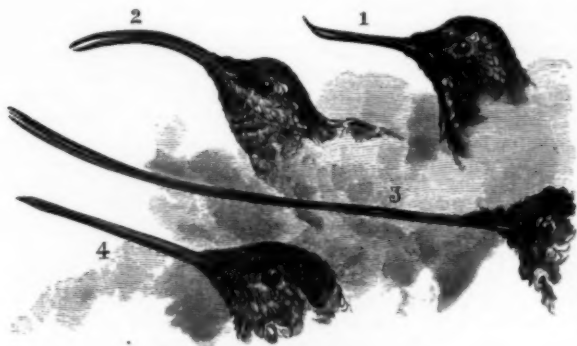


FIG. 3.—BILLS OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

*phorus rufus*) will, in a moment, change the vivid, fire-like color of its throat to a light green, and the celebrated Mexican star (*Calothorax lucifer*) at one moment exhibits a plumage of the brightest crimson, and at the next, one of an equally brilliant blue.

As it would be but natural to suppose, this large family, differing as they do in so remarkable a manner in so many of their other peculiarities, differ also, to an almost inconceivable degree in the characteristics of their nests. Indeed it is probable that there is no other family whose architectural achievements are more varied than are those of the humming-birds. These variations include not only the material of which the nests are made and the positions in which they are placed; but also the general style of their construction, exhibiting constant differences, in the several species, in the ingenuity and beauty displayed in each design. The extent and variety of these deviations strike us as all the more remarkable when we bear in mind that the entire family must perform all their labors in building their nests, *while on the wing*, self-poised in the air, and that while thus engaged they are never at rest, save only when adjusting the material of their unfinished cradles. It is not possible in a single article to do more than refer to a

small portion of the most remarkable examples, and we would on no account have our readers imagine that because, with a single paper we dismiss the history of this wonderful family, we have done more than make a beginning. Instead of a few pages, whole volumes might be written, and in the descriptions and illustrations of the nests of each species, were all the story known, well-marked peculiarities would be traced distinctively characteristic of each one of the nearly four hundred species.

The nests of all the humming-birds that we have been privileged to examine, belonging to upward of sixty different species, we have found alike in one very important feature,—the free use that, in every instance, is made of silken fibers derived from the webs of different varieties of spiders. This is a constantly present and characteristic feature. In many instances these long silken fibers not only tie together the several materials of which the nests are constructed, but hold the entire aggregated mass securely attached in a position that would otherwise be impossible. This is strikingly illustrated in the nest of the *Phaethornis eurynome*, and hardly less so in that of the *Eucephala cerulea*, both mentioned below.

In both instances nests made of very different materials are securely bound to the very tip ends of long and pendent leaves that

FIG. 4.—WING AND OUTER QUILL FEATHER OF THE SABRE-WINGED HUMMING-BIRD (*CAMPYLOPTERUS HEMILEUCURUS*).

are constantly fluttering in the wind. And in several instances materials that could not otherwise be made to blend together are securely, though sometimes loosely united to form the frame-work of the nest, keeping securely in its place its soft, downy lining. In others small dry mosses, dry and curled leaves, bits of bark and even intractable lichens are securely tied, one to the other, to form an extraordinary frame-work. Of such as these there are very many, and all of them very wonderful exemplifications.

SCALY-BACKED  
HUMMING-BIRD.

THE nest of the scaly-backed humming-bird (*Phaethornis eurynome*) is of a very abnormal and unusual type, and is, in all respects, quite remarkable, both on account of its singular position, and of the materials used in its construction. It is made almost exclusively of the most delicate tendrils and rootlets of trees or wooded shrubs. These it fastens in position, by binding around them cobwebs and silken fibers of cocoons, and attaching them to the extremity of a drooping leaf of a palm-tree,—usually one growing near the edge of water, or in moist situations. The ingenuity with which these diminutive architects can succeed in fastening such stiff and unyielding materials in a position so full of difficulties as at the termination of a hanging leaf is truly surprising. Each separate rootlet is bound round and round with cobwebs, or silken threads, and securely fastened in place, making each its part of the rounded periphery of the whole. The nest, circular at the top, gradually becomes attenuated at the lowest portion, where undoubtedly its construction was first begun. It is a shallow and seemingly frail structure, and one that does not appear to be capable of long enduring, with safety, the continued motion to which it must be subjected by every wind that blows, for the leaf on which it is tied must be almost constantly in

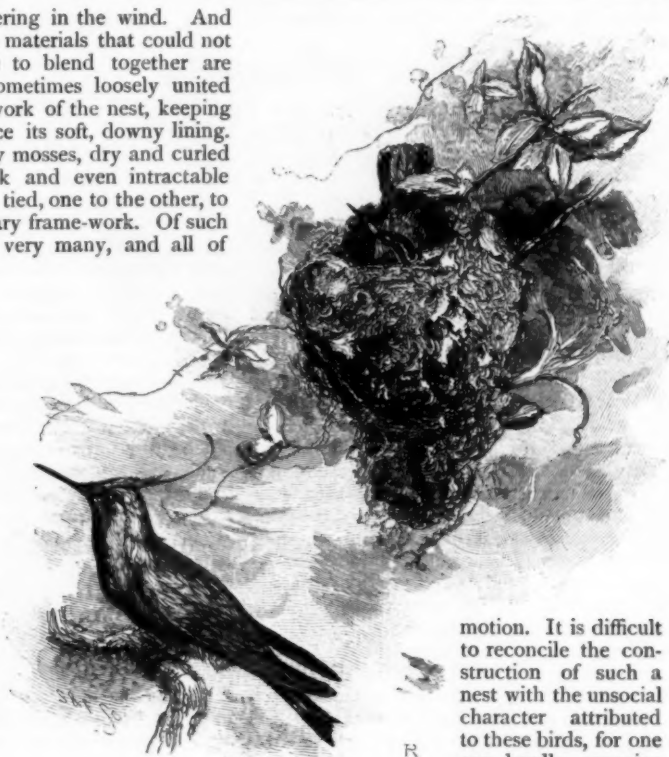


FIG. 5.—FLOWER-CRESTED HUMMING-BIRD (*CEPHALAPIS DELALANDI*).

motion. It is difficult to reconcile the construction of such a nest with the unsocial character attributed to these birds, for one can hardly conceive how it is practicable for an unaided pair to construct a nest with so many inherent difficulties, both of position and intractable materials.

BLUE-CHINNED SAPPHIRE.

SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, in his history of humming-birds, refers to a very remarkable but unidentified nest made by one of this family in the primeval forests of Guiana. It is described as pensile, and composed entirely of down like that of the thistle. The seeds attached to the pappus are so arranged as to form a jagged and prickly outside of the nest, while the down within is its warm and luxurious lining. I am fortunately able to supply the identification of a beautiful and wonderful nest answering exactly to this description, and quite possibly belonging to the same species. It is "the castle in the air" of the blue-chinned sapphire (*Eucephala cærulea*), a lovely species from Para, and one of the most common of its family, being sent annually by

thousands as an article of commerce to the United States and Europe. It is found in Brazil, Guiana and Trinidad, inhabiting chiefly large woods.

The nest of this bird has been figured and described by Bourcier, and his description of it corresponds exactly with the nest of which I speak. This example is attached to the under side of a leaf of a bamboo. In shape it is the lower half of an oblong oval, its upper portion being a graceful little cup an inch and a half in diameter and about one inch in depth, when it suddenly tapers off into a slender base, two inches long. This fills the hollow space in the end of the leaf, around which the whole is bound. The material is a commingling of the downy contents of the capsules of several trees with floss-bearing seeds, such as the cotton-tree (*Bombax globosum*), the down on the fruit of the boabab (*Adansonia digitata*), and the seeded pappus of smaller plants. Its outer walls and its extended, tapering base are bound about with long, silken threads of spiders' webs, and these also inclose the upper sides of the leaf and hold the nest securely in its position. The curvature of the leaf incloses the nest in its protecting embrace, and effectually shelters it against both sun and rain. One can hardly find, in the architecture of this family, if indeed in that of the entire class, a more simple and beautiful design, or one better adapted for its purpose, than this soft aerial cradle.

#### PLOVER-CRESTED HUMMING-BIRD.

The plover-crested humming-bird (*Cephalopis delalandi*), is a native of Southern Brazil, and one of the most graceful and beautiful of its family. [Fig. 5]. Its lengthened crest of one elongated plume is quite a striking feature. Its nest is an elongated structure, circular at its rim and tapering down almost to a point, and made of fine fibrous rootlets, mosses, lichens and the involucre of composite plants. The whole of these materials are matted together with spiders' webs of so fine and delicate a thread as to be almost imperceptible. Two of

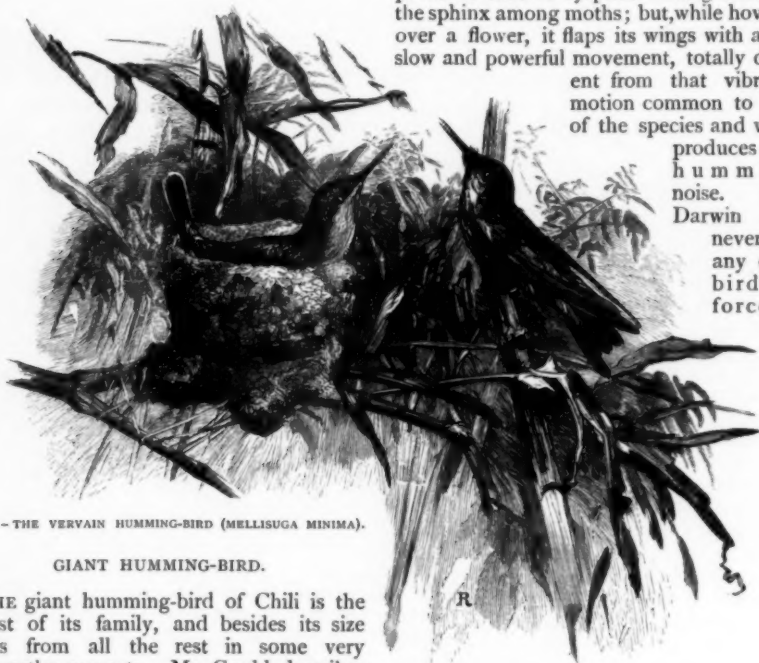
these nests in the collection of Mr. Gould were found suspended from the fine twigs of a species of bamboo.

#### MANGO HUMMING-BIRD.

THE mango humming-bird, of the island of Jamaica (*Lampornis mango*), with its compact, robust and rounded form, is in striking contrast to the more common long-tailed species of the same island [Fig. 6]. In its general appearance, its powerful wings, and especially its short, expansive, fan-like tail, it may be taken as fairly typical of its family. This species places its nest upon the upper surface of a horizontal branch, the twigs of which are firmly interwoven with the base and sides of the structure. It is cylindrical in shape, and the bottom of it is nearly flat. Within it is nearly an inch deep, its external diameter and height being each twice as much. The hollow is overhung by the margin, and is cup-shaped. It is a very beautiful structure, composed almost entirely of the silky down of the giant cotton-tree (*Eriodendron anfractuosum*), the base being made of the true cotton. The felted materials of which the inner nest is composed are closely impacted together and tightly bound around with fine and strong threads of spider's-web, employed with wonderful skill and neatness. Over all this the external surface is closely studded with minute whitish lichens that almost entirely conceal the down, and add not a little to the effect with which the exquisite symmetry of the whole is thus enhanced.



FIG. 6.—MANGO HUMMING-BIRD (*LAMPORNIS MANGO*).

FIG. 7. - THE VERVAIN HUMMING-BIRD (*MELLISUGA MINIMA*).

## GIANT HUMMING-BIRD.

THE giant humming-bird of Chili is the largest of its family, and besides its size differs from all the rest in some very noteworthy respects. Mr. Gould describes it as a bold and vigorous flyer, quick in all its actions, passing from flower to flower with the greatest rapidity. Unlike other species of its family, it may be frequently seen perched on some small tree or shrub. It has a very extensive distribution over nearly all the more southern portions of South America. M. Warszewic collected specimens in Bolivia at a height of nearly fourteen thousand feet. The nest is a somewhat large, cup-shaped structure, composed of mosses, lichens and similar materials put together with cobwebs and placed in the fork of a low branch of a tree, generally one that overhangs a turbulent stream. Charles Darwin, in his narrative journal of the voyage of the "Beagle," refers to this species as a resident of central Chili during the breeding season, and his account of it differs, in some respects, from those of other writers, especially that relating to the absence of the rapid vibrations of the wings, generally supposed to be a peculiarity of all humming-birds, without exception. He states that this species, when on the wing, presents a very singular appearance. Like others of the family it moves from place to place with a rapidity which may be com-

pared to that of syrphus among flies, and the sphinx among moths; but, while hovering over a flower, it flaps its wings with a very slow and powerful movement, totally different from that vibratory motion common to most of the species and which produces the humming noise. Mr. Darwin had never seen any other bird the force of

whose wings appeared (as in a butterfly) so powerful in proportion to the weight of its body. When hovering by a flower, its tail was constantly being expanded and shut like a fan, the body being kept in a nearly vertical position. This action appeared to steady and support the bird between the slow movements of its wings. Although it flew from flower to flower in search of food, its stomach contained abundant remains of insects which Mr. Darwin believed to be much more the objects of its search than honey. Its note, like that of nearly the whole family, was extremely shrill.

## VERVAIN HUMMING-BIRD.

IN striking contrast, in size and the rapidity of its movements, to the giant hummer of Chili, the islands of St. Domingo and Jamaica present in the vervain humming-bird (*Mellisuga minima*), the smallest of its family, and the most diminutive bird in the world [Fig. 7]. It is an abundant species in both islands, and derives its name from its frequenting the blue flower of the common vervain, an abundant weed in neglected pastures. It visits and probes those azure blossoms in the manner of, and with the

business-like application of, the honey-bee. Unlike most of this family, this diminutive creature is gifted with a real song. The author of "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica" thus describes it: "The most minute of birds, the tiny vervain humming-bird, not larger than a school-boy's thumb, utters a song so sweet, but of sounds so attenuated withal, that you wonder who the musician can be, and are ready to think it the voice of an invisible fairy. Presently you see the atom of a performer perched on the topmost twig of an orange tree, his slender beak open, and his spangled throat quivering as if he would expire his little soul in the effort." The nests of this tiny species are usually placed in the forks of a small lantana bush, or are attached to the twigs of a bamboo. In the latter case two parallel twigs are usually connected together by spiders'-webs, irregularly and profusely stretched across. Upon these are placed layers of silk cotton, ornamented on the outside with bits of gray lichens bound to their places with silken gossamer of spider-webbing. Placed on the joint of a bamboo branch, the diverging twigs form part of its base. It is about the size of half an English walnut shell cut transversely. The female presents an amusing appearance as she sits in this tiny structure, her head and tail both excluded, the latter erect, like that of a wren, and her bright eyes glancing in every direction.

#### FIERY TOPAZ.

VERY little is known in regard to the individual peculiarities of the fiery topaz (*Topaza pyra*), probably the most brilliantly beautiful species of a family so abounding in beauty. The few specimens of it that have been procured were all taken in the region of the Rio Negro, a tributary of the Upper Amazon. One of its very remarkable nests was obtained near Barra by Mr. William H. Edwards, author of "A Voyage to the Amazon." The nest is said to have been built about the small branches of a twig growing over water, and the material of which it is composed is precisely similar to the substance used by the crimson topaz and other species in the formation of their nests. It is a spongy cellular substance, supposed to be that of fungi, and, in appearance, is compared by Mr. Waterton to tanned cow-hide. With this material the bird builds a homogeneous and partially pensile nest, which is cup-shaped, and can only have been made when its material was soft and pliable, and before it had assumed its

leathery consistency. The original materials, whatever they may have been, are mingled with cobwebs and other silky fibers, and when found, always present an appearance of uniformity and simplicity of texture.

#### LONG-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE long-tailed humming-bird (*Aithurus polytmus*), a species local to Jamaica and not known to occur anywhere else, is one of the most remarkable in form and one of the most elegant in plumage even of this brilliant family [Fig. 9]. Its graceful and slender shape, its crest of velvet, its gleaming breast of glittering emerald, and its long tail-plumes, which, closed in its upward flight, expand to their utmost in its descent, quivering like a streamer in a gale, all combine to impart to it the appearance of a radiant little meteor. For all that is known of the nesting of this species, we are indebted to the investigations of Mr. Gosse, an English naturalist. The situations chosen for its nests were found to be very various. One near Bognie, on the Bluefield Mountains, within a thick woods, where the path wound beneath an overhanging precipice of limestone, had attached its nest to the fibers of a projecting root that was hanging down over the steep sides. The rootlet was as slender as a whip-cord; the nest was composed wholly of moss, and its thick walls were interwoven with the rootlets at its side. This nest having been afterward disturbed, the same pair built a second exactly similar, affixed to another twig not a yard from the first. It was unfinished when first noticed, and Mr. Gosse enjoyed a rare opportunity of witnessing its construction. The female was seen to hover opposite the nest with a mass of silky cotton in her beak. She was at first disturbed by his presence, but soon returned, alighted on a twig, and, after clearing her mouth from the silky fibers, flew to the face of the cliff, which was thickly covered with soft, dry mosses, and, hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss until she had a large bunch of it in her beak. His near presence seemed to be no hindrance to her proceedings.

A third nest, fastened to a twig of a sea-side grape-tree (*Coccoloba*) was almost over the sea, fifteen feet from the ground, and contained young. Unsuccessful attempts having been made to capture the female, she deserted her nest, but not until after her nestlings were removed to some place of safety to which they could not be traced.





FIG. 8.—PUFF-LEG HUMMING-BIRD (*ERIOCNEMIS LUCIANI*).

A curiously constructed nest of this species was built around a hanging twig of a black mangrove tree, the twig passing perpendicularly through the side and out at the bottom. It was a very compact cup, one inch deep within and one and three-quarter inches without. The sides were a quarter of an inch thick, the inner margin overarched so as to narrow the opening. It was mainly composed of silky cotton, closely impacted and mixed with the still more glossy cotton of an asclepias around the edge, the seeds remaining attached to some of the filaments. The outside of this structure was entirely covered with spiders' webs, crossed and re-crossed in every direction, and apparently made to adhere by some viscous substance applied after the web had been placed. Small fragments of a pale-green lichen and pieces of thin, laminated bark were stuck here and there on the outside, the web keeping them in place. Another nest, and one of exceeding beauty, is described as having been composed wholly of pure silk-cotton, bound profusely with webs so fine as to be undistinguishable, except on close examination; not a fragment of lichen

marred the beautiful uniformity of its appearance. Other nests were studded all over with lichens, and these also possessed their own peculiar symmetrical attractions.

Mr. Gosse made ineffectual attempts to accustom individuals of this elegant species to confinement, in the hope of taking them alive to England. They soon became accustomed to his presence and seemed to be perfectly tame, fed regularly on sweetened fluids and caught insects on the wing; but all soon died from various causes more or less connected with their peculiarly emotional and excitable natures.

#### BUQUET'S PUFF-LEG.

THE nest of Buquet's puff-leg (*Eriocnemis luciani*), represented in Fig. 8, was given me by the late Captain Joseph Couthouy, and had been taken by him, with its owner, near the snow-line on Mount Pichincha, at a height of 10,500 feet. It is a species but little known, and was first discovered by M. De Lattre, near the village of Guaca, in the republic of Ecuador. It has since been found by Professor Jameson near Quito, as well as on the western slope of the mountain from which our specimen of the nest was procured. Rude memoranda written on a fragment of an Ecuador newspaper show that the nest was found October 5th, 1855, near the ground, in the crevice of a rock, on a recumbent gualteria vine, on the eastern slope. When taken, the nest was circular at the top, with a diameter of about two inches, and, for the size of the nest, its cup was very shallow. The base tapered to a length of nearly five inches, becoming at the bottom less than one inch wide. The lower portion of the nest is composed wholly of impacted hypnum mosses, strengthened with, here and there, a long black rootlet of the gualteria. The receptacle for the eggs is made of finer mosses, with a slight lining of white vegetable down. It was suspended in a loop made by the interlacing branches of the vine.

#### AVOCET-BILLED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE Boston Society of Natural History possesses a specimen of the very rare and curious nest of the fiery-tailed avocet (*Avocettula recurvirostris*), whose remarkable recurved bill we have given above. Unfortunately, very little is known as to the history of this species, and conjecture must supply the place of facts. It is a native of the interior of Cayenne and Demerara.



An interesting nest of this bird, taken near Surinam, was given to the society by the late Captain Cragin, a naturalist resident in that place. The nest itself is a mere loose aggregation of leaves of various kinds, now dried and withered, but green and fresh when first made use of to hide the cup within, where the eggs were concealed. The leaves were of various kinds and mingled with bits of bark and the flossy pappus of seeds, tied together with the finest gossamer threads of spider's-web. Within this spherical ball is a bed of the softest vegetable down, the entrance being through a small opening at the top, the upper rim of the nest projecting over and sheltering the cavity below. This was placed in a recess of a wild vine, and so well concealed that it would not have been discovered but for the unwise animosity of its owner, whose aggressive attack upon a passer-by betrayed the treasures he sought to guard. The bill of this beautiful little creature is without any known parallel in any land-bird, and presents, in miniature, a striking resemblance to that of the avocet. One can only con-

FIG. 9.—LONG-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD (*AITHURUS POLYTMUS*).

jecture the use of this singular formation, but it is quite probable that the principal

sustenance of this bird is drawn from pendent blossoms of the bignonæ and other similar plants whose corollæ are long and bent in their tubes; the nectar and the insects attracted thereto being at the bottom, cannot be reached either by a straight or an incurved bill, though very easily by one thus corresponding to the shape of the flower. It is also equally probable that the peculiar shape of its bill aids it in collecting insects on the under sides of small limbs in tangled thickets which it probes while on the wing.

#### RED-BREADED HERMIT.

IN the rich collection of the nests of the trochilidæ belonging to the late Dr. Bryant, and now in the museum of the Boston Society, are two of a very unusual character. They are the nests of the red-breasted hermit (*Pygmornis pygmaeus*), a species so rare that Mr. Gould was not able to include it in his great work [Fig. 11]. We only know of it that it is found in Guiana and northern Brazil, that it belongs to a small group called hermits, from the retiring and secretive habits of its members, besides what we can gather from the structures before us as to its manner of nesting. Both were constructed in thick tussocks of coarse grass or rushes, such as grow in tropical swamps, and could not have been more than a foot or two above the ground. Some thirty or more of these stout blades are fastened together within a few inches of their tops by a strong interweaving of spiders' webs, and within this hollow is placed the impacted nest, made of fine stems of hypnum mosses,

fragments of the grass itself, the soft inflorescence of the same, cobwebs, and other vegetable substances whose origin is not clear. The nest, in shape, is an oblong ovoid, nearly three inches in length and one in diameter. The entrance is at the top between the stems, which are so bound together with spiders' webs as to unite above the rim, thus giving it protection and concealment. It is possible that there are in this large family other similar constructions, but there is no record of any that correspond with this very interesting and peculiar hermitage.

The nest of the Columbian violet-ear (*Petasophora anais*) is a peculiar and interesting structure, differing in materials, shape and position from any we represent. Placed in the fork of vertical twigs, it enfolds one within its thick walls and is firmly bound to the other with strong filaments of spiders' webs and other silken threads. Its shape is that of an oblong spheroid abruptly cut at the top. Its base is a hemispherical mass of fine, impacted mosses, and is nearly half of the entire structure. Upon this rests the comparatively shallow cup. This is made almost wholly of hepaticæ, mingled with a few mosses, all firmly bound together with cobwebs. The dark-brown mosses of the center, overwrought with pale stems of jungermanniæ and other hepaticæ, give to it a variegated and peculiar appearance. The nest is three and a half inches long and one and a half wide, but the shallow cup is less than one inch in depth. Its lovely and richly variegated architect is a species strictly confined to the mountainous districts of Columbia, and is especially abundant in the neighborhood of Santa Fé de Bogota, whence its range extends northward to Caraccas and southward to Peru; it neither descends to the hot plains below, nor upward to the bleak mountain sierras, but dwells perpetually in the luxuriant and temperate regions lying between these extremes, and where it is more numerous than any other species.

#### UNITED STATES HUMMING-BIRDS.

THE number of humming-birds assigned to the United States fauna, excluding one of doubtful claim, is fourteen. One of these has not been taken in our territory, we have not the nest of one to illustrate, and three others have only, in rare instances, been traced just within our southern borders, and their story is wholly unknown; that of the



FIG. 11.—NEST OF FAWN-BREADED HUMMING-BIRD (*AMAZILIA CERVINIVENTRIS*).

remaining nine we must give as briefly as we can consistently with their claims upon our attention.

FAWN-BREADED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE fawn-breasted humming-bird (*Amazilia cerviniventris*) is a recent addition to the fauna of the United States [Fig. 10]. It had been known before only as one of the rare humming-birds of Mexico, and was of comparatively recent discovery there, also. We owe our first knowledge of its existence, in considerable abundance, in southwestern Texas, to the investigations of Dr. James C. Merrill, United States surgeon, stationed with the army of the frontier. Nothing had been recorded as to its history. It was observed by Dr. Merrill to hover over wild flowers near the ground, among small cacti and low shrubs, and to him we are especially indebted for the opportunity of illustrating its very beautiful nest, which he found, in September, within the reservation of Fort Brown, on the lower Rio Grande River.

The nest is described as having been placed on the fork of a small dead, drooping branch of a tree, on the edge of a path through a thicket. It was about seven feet from the ground, and contained the shriveled body, or skeleton, of a young bird. The nest is a strongly and prettily constructed fabric, composed chiefly of the soft down of a bush very common in that region. It is firmly bound around on the outside with cobwebs and sparingly covered with lichens, measuring internally something less than one inch in depth and half an inch in its internal diameter. The upper rim projects over the cup-like hollow, adding not a little to the protection and safety of the contents. The branch upon which it depends is inclined at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ . This species was found to be quite abundant in the Fort Brown reservation, where it frequents dense thickets and narrow footpaths. It is a noisy, restless bird, is very difficult to procure, and is



FIG. 10.—RED-BREADED HERMIT HUMMING-BIRD  
(PYGMORNIS PYGMÆUS).

migratory, arriving in March and leaving in October.

RUBY-THROAT.

THE ruby-throat (*Trochilus colubris*), the only humming-bird of the regions lying east of the Great Plains, has generally been taken by writers as the type of the whole humming-bird family. [See Fig. 1.] No other member of this family is known to breed throughout so wide an area in its season of reproduction, and none to wander in its migrations through so many parallels. It breeds from Florida nearly to the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the high central plains, and its migrations extend from  $57^{\circ}$  north to several

degrees south of the equator. It chooses for its winter retreat the moderate climate afforded by the regions in Central and South America that lie in elevations of from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea.

The nest of this species is always, without exception, saddled upon the upper surface of some limb that is almost always moss-covered several feet from the ground, and is covered so closely and uniformly with similar lichens as to be made to appear a portion of the branch on which it is built. Nests in the southern states are chiefly made of a downy substance of vegetable origin resembling wool, soft and warm, and of a deep buff color. This is bound around on the outside with cobwebs and strengthened with fibers of wood. Over these is a compact thatching of small lichens, a species of *parmelia* peculiar to the southern states. Similar nests are found at the north, but here this vegetable wool, when of a buff color is gathered from ferns; but more frequently the nest is principally composed of a fine white silk-like down gathered from the expanding buds of the red oak (*Quercus ruber*), and a different species of the *parmelia* lichen covers the outside of these exquisitely artistic structures.

Occasionally when these tiny parents are in haste to occupy their home with their expected family, the nest is built exclusively of down and the ever present cobweb, and is occupied by the female and her treasures before a single lichen has been attached. Afterward her mate occupies his leisure moments with finishing and embellishing their common cradle, often continuing this employment until he is called to do his part in providing sustenance for his tender young.

Audubon and other writers state that these lichens are made to remain in place by adhesive secretions of the builders, but this belief is ridiculed by Waterton, who insists that lichens thus attached would be washed off in the first summer's shower. Possibly the latter is correct in the opinion that spider's webs alone hold these ornamental protections in their places, but this is hardly conceivable, in the striking example we present, where the covering of moss on both limb and nest correspond so wonderfully, that, to all appearance, the lichens grow as naturally on the sides and rim of the nest, as on the dead bark of the limb on which the nest had been but just constructed.

#### THE REFULGENT HUMMING-BIRD.

THE refulgent humming-bird, also called the Rivoli in honor of Massena, Duke of Rivoli (*Eugenes refulgens*), is the largest and most brilliant of the family yet detected within the United States. It is a well-known Mexican species, having a wide range of habitat from Guatemala north to Arizona, frequenting only high table-lands. Within our borders it is only known to occur in Arizona, where it was discovered by my friend, Mr. H. W. Henshaw. He first met with it in 1873, at Camp Grant, and afterward found it to be an abundant summer inhabitant of mountainous districts of southern Arizona, around Mount Graham. There, early in August, Mr. Henshaw was so fortunate as to meet with its nest. Except in its much larger size, and the difference of the materials made use of, this symmetrical and graceful nest resembles the constructions of the ruby-throat. Its framework is largely composed of fine hynum mosses, elaborately interwoven with spiders' webs, forming a perfectly circular cup. Within, it is softly and warmly lined with downy feathers, a material rarely seen in nests of this family. The exterior is elaborately covered with lichens of a singularly beautiful appearance. These are strongly bound on by slender and almost invisible silken threads from spiders' webs. Whether these lichens were placed there from a blind, instinctive habit, or from æsthetic taste, in this instance they certainly were not of value as means of disguise, for the nest was saddled on an alder limb on which there was not one lichen, and the conspicuous adornment with lichens of light and varied hues exposed to view rather than concealed so prominent an object. Its location was, however, favorable for concealment, being in a high position and directly above the bed of a brawling mountain-stream, in a deep glen overhung with large mountain-spruces.

#### BLACK-CHINNED HUMMING-BIRD.

A UNIQUE and beautiful little nest of the black-chinned humming-bird (*Trochilus alexandri*) was taken near St. George, in southern Utah, by Dr. Palmer, and was found attached to a low shrub, only a few feet from the ground. It is a nest of very peculiar and unusual construction, being composed almost exclusively of the finest and whitest of vegetable down, while around its outer surface, and on the lower portions only, is



attached a thin covering composed chiefly of fine hempen fibers, withered blossoms, and bits of broken leaves. This apology for a frame-work is so very slight and so loosely adherent that it needed to be kept in place

slender end of which it generally rests,—and bind together the frail materials of which it is made. The bird breeds very early in the season, and its nest is found to contain eggs the first of May.



FIG. 12.—COSTA'S RUFFED HUMMING-BIRD (*CALYPTE COSTÆ*).

by means of strings, lest the whole fabric should fall apart. Its nest bears no resemblance to that of its near ally, the ruby-throat. In all other respects besides its nest, this bird is the western counterpart of our common species. It is found from the highlands of the Mexican republic, where it was first taken, throughout our Pacific regions as far north nearly as the sixtieth parallel. In Utah it is the most numerous of its tribe. It is abundant about Sacramento and in other portions of California, and has been found common on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, even as far north as the boundary line. It is exclusively western, and is not known to occur even as far to the east as Colorado or New Mexico. In its habits and general appearance it is hardly distinguishable from its eastern relative. Dr. J. G. Cooper states that the white, silky down which forms the principal material of its nest is gathered from the catkins of the willow, and he also suggests that these are agglutinated together by means of the bird's saliva. But I think that in this last suggestion he is mistaken, and that the finest of silken threads from spiders' webs constitute its only fastening to the drooping branch of the sycamore,—on the

#### COSTA'S RUFFED HUMMING-BIRD.

Costa's ruffed humming-bird (*Calypte Costæ*) is a Mexican species, most abundant among the Sierra Madre valleys, in the western portion of that republic, and is also found around the southern borders of the United States, in southern California, the Colorado Valley, Arizona, and New Mexico. It is not known to penetrate far within the United States, but wherever found it is a very abundant species [Fig. 12]. It was first made known as one of our birds by the late Dr. Kennerly, who met with it in midwinter (February, 1854) in New Mexico. Even then there were a few flowers expanding beneath the genial rays of the sun, and around them these lovely little aerial gems were gathering in quest of insects. In the museum of the Boston Society of Natural History are two very peculiar nests of this species, each differing from the other, and both unlike all other nests of this family. One of these nests, built on the flat leaf and among the sharp thorns of a cactus, has a base made of fine strips of the long inner bark of wooded shrubs and vines. Upon this rests the frame-work, made

of lichens, bits of bark and leaves, these materials held together by the ever-present silken threads of the spider's weaving; and surmounting the whole is a soft, cup-like structure made entirely of a very peculiar yellowish-white vegetable wool or hair-like substance, derived from some tropical growth, but of what nature we are not able to determine. This nest is oblong in shape, one and a quarter inches in width, nearly two in depth, but the cup is comparatively shallow. The other nest, larger in size, was built in the fork of a low vegetable shrub, the slender twigs of which are enfolded within the homogeneous felting of which the entire nest is constructed. This very peculiar felted material appears to be made by a commingling of spiders' webs with the same unknown, hair-like or wooly substance of vegetable origin. Except that a few bits of fungi, here and there a small lichen, or a piece of moss is tied on the outside, the whole nest is composed of this yellowish wool-like felting, and presents a very singular and wholly exceptional appearance. The nests were found among the collections of my lamented townsman, Dr. Henry Bryant, were taken by the explorer Bourcier, in Lower California, and are marked in the autograph of the latter.

#### BROAD-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE broad-tailed humming-bird (*Selasphorus platycercus*) was at first only known as a bird of Mexico. It is found exclusively in the high table-lands, and is believed to be there present only, or chiefly, in the winter. In the summer it is abundant throughout the Rocky Mountains and in all the middle provinces of the United States, as far north as the Black Hills; occurring east as far as El Paso, and west to the East Humboldt Mountains. It is especially common in Colorado. A little larger than the ruby-throat, it bears so great a resemblance to it as to be frequently confounded with it. It can always be distinguished from any other living species by the shrill whistling sound of its wings. This noise, made in its rapid flights, is described as a loud metallic rattling, produced at will by attenuating the outer primaries, and is regarded by Mr. Henshaw as analogous to the love notes of other birds; it is only heard during the breeding season. Far above the timber lines of Mount Lincoln it was quite as common and quite as much at home among the bright flowers growing in the highest parts of the mountain as in the valley. It is also

abundant in the valley of Salt Lake City, at an altitude far below its usual habitat, owing to the attractions of the gardens and cultivated grounds. In wilder regions its favorite resorts are the flowery slopes of the highest well-watered ranges of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of nine thousand feet. It is said to be of an exceedingly quarrelsome disposition and intrepid beyond any other bird, assaulting with great force and pertinacity any bird, small or great, that comes near its nest, even large hawks. The vigor of these attacks, accompanied as they are, by the shrill, piercing noise of its wings, invariably puts all intruders to flight. Their nests are variously situated, generally on scrub-oaks covering the slopes of the hill-sides; others in willow bushes bordering a stream, and not a few on the drooping twigs of cotton-wood trees on the banks of water-courses. The one we illustrate was taken by Mr. Ridgway, in Parley's Park, Utah [Fig. 13]. On the head-waters of the Rio la Plata, in Colorado, this humming-bird has been found nesting in large numbers among the dwarf willows. The nests were made of thistle-down and soft, cotton-like fibers, and were covered over with lichens and bark fiber, conforming in appearance to the twigs to which they were attached. They varied in size, shape and color; were from three to five feet above the ground and were all suspended from swaying slender twigs, often directly over running water. One was placed on a small piece of curled bark that afforded it a horizontal resting-place.

#### DUCHESS OF RIVOLI.

THE humming-bird, so strikingly beautiful as to be deemed worthy of being dedicated to the Duchess of Rivoli (*Calypte annæ*), is a North American rather than a Mexican species. First discovered in the high table-land of that republic, it is there only as a winter migrant. Arizona and California are its home during the breeding season, and there quite a number remain throughout the year. In California it is especially abundant, and in the southern portions of that state during the winter months many are found among the sheltered valleys and sunny hill-sides, where at all seasons a few bush-plants are in flower and furnish their necessary subsistence. In gardens and vineyards, their favorite resort, they build their graceful downy nests on a pendent bough of a small flowering shrub in some concealed corner, and in the wilder portions of the country they attach their nests almost exclu-

sively to the low horizontal branches of the evergreen oak (*Quercus agrifolia*). In a garden in Santa Cruz, this compact and beautiful little nest was found attached to a twig of a snow-berry bush, hanging only a foot or two from the ground. It is small for the bird, one of our largest species, and is formed in the most delicate manner of white pappus and down from various plants matted into the softest felt, mingled with spiders' webs. The base is formed of a few dry blossoms of the oak, and is bound around and tied to the twig by which the nest is supported with innumerable silken threads. Its periphery is covered with a mingling of cobwebs, a few lichens, and, at the upper portion around and over the rim, with the finest and brightest of green hypnum mosses. Nothing can exceed the ingenious and exquisite manner in which all these external adornments are kept in place by the beautiful overweaving of fine threads of spiders' webs. By these, the rim of the nest is firmly bound around and made to

## RUFIOUS-BACKED HUMMING-BIRD.

EXCEPTING our eastern species the rufous-backed humming-bird of the Pacific coast has probably the most extended distribution of this family. It was first described from specimens taken by Cook, the navigator, near Nootka Sound, and is an abundant species, from Alaska to the table-lands of southern Mexico. It is one of the earliest migratory birds to arrive in spring, nesting early in May; it is also very hardy, and its wanderings do not seem to be affected by cold so much as by the scarcity of flowers and consequent lack of insects. When at rest it utters a shrill call-note, resembling the highest note of a violin; it is one of the most noisy of its family, as it is also one of the most combative and aggressive. Nuttall compares the appearance of one of these birds, to whose nest he had approached too near, to an angry coal of brilliant fire, as it dashed to within a few inches of his face.



FIG. 13.—BROAD-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD (*SELASPHORUS PLATYCERCUS*.)

project over its inner cup to the extent of a third of its diameter. A solitary feather is a prominent ornament to the front of this beautiful little specimen of aerial architecture.

Its nest is usually placed in the fork of a low bush. I have seen one which was built in the branch of a small shrub, and only a foot or two above the ground. Its

base is overwrought upon the twig, projecting beyond it on either side, and, with the outer frame-work, is of the finest and most delicate of green hypnum mosses, adorned with a few very pretty little rock lichens. The body of the nest is made of soft, silky down of plants, the pappus of some compo-

nowhere but in that little mountain county. It has been named in honor of its discoverer, *Selasphorus Alleni*, and we are indebted to Mr. Allen for the opportunity of presenting a picture of its exquisitely graceful little nest

[Fig. 14]. This differs greatly from that of *S. rufus*, is hardly half its size, and is composed



FIG. 14.—ALLEN'S HUMMING-BIRD  
(SELASPHORUS ALLENI).

sitæ. It is comparatively large for its tiny architects, and in its artistic attractions has few superiors even among the varied and beautiful creatures of this wonderful family.

#### ALLEN'S HUMMING-BIRD.

WITHIN a year there has been discovered on the sea-coast of California, a few miles north of San Francisco, in the county of Marin, a new species of humming-bird, closely resembling the preceding. It chiefly differs in having a green instead of a cinnamon colored back, and is also smaller. As to its history, where it lives summer and winter, how far its migrations extend, etc., little is known. It has only been met with by Mr. Charles A. Allen of Nicasio, and

of very different materials. It was fastened to a leaf of a maiden-hair fern, not two feet above the ground, and to this frail support it was secured by slender threads of spiders' webs, so slender as to be hardly visible. It is very small for the bird, is of a delicate cup-shape and is made of the most slender branches of hypnum mosses, each stem bound to the other, and all firmly tied into one compact and perfect whole by interweavings of silky webs of spiders. Within, it is finely and softly lined with silky vegetable down. Even in the drawer of a cabinet, without its lovely natural frame-work, it is a perfect little gem in beauty: what then must it have been in its original position, with the graceful waving leaf of the mountain fern for its appropriate and natural setting!

## THE GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTERY.

## PART I.

It was growing quite dark in the telegraph office at Cottonwood, Tushmine County, California. The office, a box-like inclosure, was separated from the public room of the Miners' Hotel by a thin partition, and the operator, who was also News and Express Agent at Cottonwood, had closed his window, and was lounging by his news-stand, preparatory to going home. Without, the first monotonous rain of the season was dripping from the porches of the hotel in the waning light of a December day. The operator, accustomed as he was to long intervals of idleness, was fast becoming bored.

The tread of mud-muffled boots on the veranda, and the entrance of two men, offered a momentary excitement. The operator recognized in the strangers two prominent citizens of Cottonwood, and their manner bespoke business. One of them proceeded to the desk, wrote a dispatch, and handed it to the other interrogatively.

"That's about the way the thing p'int's," responded his companion assentingly.

"I reckoned it only squar' to use his diential words?"

"That's so."

The first speaker turned to the operator with the dispatch.

"How soon can you shove her through?"

The operator glanced professionally over the address and the length of the dispatch.

"Now," he answered promptly.

"And she gets there——?"

"To-night; but there's no delivery until to-morrow."

"Shove her through to-night, and say there's an extra twenty left here for delivery."

The operator, accustomed to all kinds of extravagant outlay for expedition, replied that he would lay this proposition, with the dispatch, before the San Francisco office. He then took it and read it—and re-read it. He preserved the usual professional apathy,—had doubtless sent many more enigmatical and mysterious messages,—but, nevertheless, when he finished, he raised his eyes inquiringly to his customer. That gentleman, who enjoyed a reputation for equal spontaneity of temper and revolver, met his gaze a little impatiently. The operator had recourse to a trick. Under the pretense of misunderstanding the message, he obliged the sender

to repeat it aloud for the sake of accuracy, and even suggested a few verbal alterations, ostensibly to insure correctness, but really to extract further information. Nevertheless, the man doggedly persisted in a literal transcript of his message. The operator went to his instrument hesitatingly.

"I suppose," he added, half questioningly, "there aint no chance of a mistake. This address is Rightbody, that rich old Bostonian that everybody knows. They aint but one?"

"That's the address," responded the first speaker, coolly.

"Didn't know the old chap had investments out here," suggested the operator, lingering at the instrument.

"No more did I," was the insufficient reply.

For some few moments nothing was heard but the click of the instrument, as the operator worked the key with the usual appearance of imparting confidence to a somewhat reluctant hearer who preferred to talk himself. The two men stood by, watching his motions with the usual awe of the unprofessional. When he had finished, they laid before him two gold pieces. As the operator took them up, he could not help saying:

"The old man went off kinder sudden, didn't he? Had no time to write?"

"Not sudden for that kind o' man," was the exasperating reply.

But the speaker was not to be disconcerted. "If there is an answer——" he began.

"They aint any," replied the first speaker, quietly.

"Why?"

"Because the man ez sent the message is dead."

"But it's signed by you two."

"On'y ez witnesses—eh?" appealed the first speaker to his comrade.

"On'y ez witnesses," responded the other.

The operator shrugged his shoulders. The business concluded, the first speaker slightly relaxed. He nodded to the operator, and turned to the bar-room with a pleasing social impulse. When their glasses were set down empty, the first speaker, with a cheerful condemnation of the hard times, and the weather, apparently dismissed all



previous proceedings from his mind, and lounged out with his companion. At the corner of the street they stopped.

"Well, that job's done," said the first speaker, by way of relieving the slight social embarrassment of parting.

"Thet's so," responded his companion, and shook his hand.

They parted. A gust of wind swept through the pines, and struck a faint Æolian cry from the wires above their heads, and the rain and the darkness again slowly settled upon Cottonwood.

The message lagged a little at San Francisco, laid over half an hour at Chicago, and fought longitude the whole way, so that it was past midnight when the "all night" operator took it from the wires at Boston. But it was freighted with a mandate from the San Francisco office, and a messenger was procured, who sped with it through dark, snow-bound streets, between the high walls of close-shuttered, rayless houses to a certain formal square, ghostly with snow-covered statues. Here he ascended the broad steps of a reserved and solid-looking mansion, and pulled a bronze bell-knob that, somewhere within those chaste recesses, after an apparent reflective pause, coldly communicated the fact that a stranger was waiting without—as he ought. Despite the lateness of the hour, there was a slight glow from the windows, clearly not enough to warm the messenger with indications of a festivity within, but yet bespeaking, as it were, some prolonged, though subdued, excitement. The sober servant, who took the dispatch and receipted for it as gravely as if witnessing a last will and testament, respectfully paused before the entrance of the drawing-room. The sound of measured and rhetorical speech, through which the occasional cough of the New England coast struggled, as the only effort of nature not wholly repressed, came from its heavily-curtained recesses; for the occasion of the evening had been the reception and entertainment of various distinguished persons, and, as had been epigrammatically expressed by one of the guests, "the history of the country" was taking its leave in phrases more or less memorable and characteristic. Some of these valedictory axioms were clever, some witty, a few profound, but always left as a genteel contribution to the entertainer. Some had been already prepared, and, like a card, had served and identified the guest at other mansions.

The last guest departed, the last carriage

rolled away, when the servant ventured to indicate the existence of the dispatch to his master, who was standing on the hearth-rug in an attitude of wearied self-righteousness. He took it, opened it, read it, re-read it, and said:

"There must be some mistake! It is not for me; call the boy, Waters."

Waters, who was perfectly aware that the boy had left, nevertheless obediently walked toward the hall-door, but was recalled by his master.

"No matter—at present!"

"It's nothing serious?" asked Mrs. Rightbody, with languid wifely concern.

"No, nothing. Is there a light in my study?"

"Yes. But before you go—can you give me a moment or two?"

Mr. Rightbody turned a little impatiently toward his wife. She had thrown herself, languidly, on the sofa, her hair was slightly disarranged, and part of a slipped foot was visible. She might have been a finely formed woman, but even her careless deshabille left the general impression that she was severely flanneled throughout, and that any ostentation of womanly charm was under vigorous sanitary surveillance.

"Mrs. Marvin told me to-night that her son made no secret of his serious attachment for our Alice, and that if I was satisfied, Mr. Marvin would be glad to confer with you at once."

The information did not seem to absorb Mr. Rightbody's wandering attention, but rather increased his impatience. He said, hastily, that he would speak of that to-morrow; and, partly by way of reprisal, and partly to dismiss the subject, added:

"Positively, James must pay some attention to the register and the thermometer. It was over 70° to-night, and the ventilating draught was closed in the drawing-room."

"That was because Professor Ammon sat near it, and the old gentleman's tonsils are so sensitive."

"He ought to know from Dr. Dyer-Doit that systematic and regular exposure to draughts stimulates the mucous membrane, while fixed air, over 60° invariably —"

"I am afraid," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, with feminine adroitness, adopting her husband's topic with a view of thereby directing him from it,— "I'm afraid that people do not yet appreciate the substitution of *bouillon* for punch and ices. I observed that Mr. Spondee declined it, and

I fancied looked disappointed. The fibrine and wheat in liqueur-glasses passed quite unnoticed too."

"And yet each half-drachm contained the half-digested substance of a pound of beef. I'm surprised at Spondee," continued Mr. Rightbody, aggrievedly. "Exhausting his brain and nerve-force by the highest creative efforts of the Muse, he prefers perfumed and diluted alcohol flavored with carbonic acid gas. Even Mrs. Faringway admitted to me that the sudden lowering of the temperature of the stomach by the introduction of ice——"

"Yes, but she took a lemon ice at the last Dorothea Reception, and asked me if I had observed that the lower animals refused their food at a temperature over 60°."

Mr. Rightbody again moved impatiently toward the door. Mrs. Rightbody eyed him curiously.

"You will not write, I hope? Dr. Kepler told me to-night that your cerebral symptoms interdicted any prolonged mental strain."

"I must consult a few papers," responded Mr. Rightbody, curtly, as he entered his library.

It was a richly furnished apartment, morbidly severe in its decorations, which were symptomatic of a gloomy dyspepsia of art, then quite prevalent. A few curios, very ugly but providentially equally rare, were scattered about; there were various bronzes, marbles and casts, all requiring explanation and so fulfilling their purpose of promoting conversation and exhibiting the erudition of their owner. There were *souvenirs* of travel with a history, old *bric-à-brac* with a pedigree, but little or nothing that challenged attention for itself alone. In all cases the superiority of the owner to his possessions was admitted. As a natural result nobody ever lingered there, the servants avoided the room and no child was ever known to play in it.

Mr. Rightbody turned up the gas, and, from a cabinet of drawers, precisely labeled, drew a package of letters. These he carefully examined. All were discolored and made dignified by age; but some, in their original freshness, must have appeared trifling and inconsistent with any correspondent of Mr. Rightbody. Nevertheless that gentleman spent some moments in carefully perusing them, occasionally referring to the telegram in his hand. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Mr. Right-

body started, made a half-unconscious movement to return the letters to the drawer, turned the telegram face downward, and then, somewhat harshly, stammered:

"Eh? Who's there? Come in!"

"I beg your pardon, papa," said a very pretty girl, entering without, however, the slightest trace of apology or care in her manner, and taking a chair with the self-possession and familiarity of an *habitué* of the room; "but I knew it was not your habit to write late, so I supposed you were not busy. I am on my way to bed."

She was so very pretty, and withal so utterly unconscious of it, or perhaps so consciously superior to it, that one was provoked into a more critical examination of her face. But this only resulted in a reiteration of her beauty, and, perhaps, the added facts that her dark eyes were very womanly, her rich complexion eloquent, and her chiseled lips full enough to be passionate or capricious, notwithstanding that their general effect suggested neither caprice, womanly weakness, nor passion.

With the instinct of an embarrassed man Mr. Rightbody touched the topic he would have preferred to avoid.

"I suppose we must talk over to-morrow," he hesitated, "this matter of yours and Mr. Marvin's? Mrs. Marvin has formally spoken to your mother."

Miss Alice lifted her bright eyes intelligently, but not joyfully, and the color—of action rather than embarrassment—rose to her round cheeks.

"Yes, *he* said she would," she answered simply.

"At present," continued Mr. Rightbody, still awkwardly, "I see no objection to the proposed arrangement."

Miss Alice opened her round eyes at this.

"Why, papa, I thought it had been all settled long ago. Mamma knew it, you knew it. Last July, mamma and you talked it over."

"Yes, yes," returned her father, fumbling his papers; "that is—well, we will talk of it to-morrow." In fact, Mr. Rightbody *had* intended to give the affair a proper attitude of seriousness and solemnity by due precision of speech and some apposite reflections, when he should impart the news to his daughter; but felt himself unable to do it now. "I am glad, Alice," he said at last, "that you have quite forgotten your previous whims and fancies. You see *we* are right."

"Oh, I dare say, papa, if I'm to be mar-

ried at all, that Mr. Marvin is in every way suitable."

Mr. Rightbody looked at his daughter narrowly. There was not the slightest impatience nor bitterness in her manner; it was as well regulated as the sentiment she expressed.

"Mr. Marvin is ——" he began.

"I know what Mr. Marvin is," interrupted Miss Alice; "and he has promised me that I shall be allowed to go on with my studies the same as before. I shall be graduated with my class, and if I prefer to practice my profession, I can do so in two years after our marriage."

"In two years?" queried Mr. Rightbody curiously.

"Yes. You see, in case we should have a child, that would give me time enough to wean it."

Mr. Rightbody looked at this flesh of his flesh, pretty and palpable flesh as it was; but being confronted as equally with the brain of his brain, all he could do was to say, meekly:

"Yes, certainly. We will see about all that to-morrow."

Miss Alice rose. Something in the free, unfettered swing of her arms, as she rested them lightly, after a half yawn, on her curving hips, suggested his next speech, although still *distract* and impatient.

"You continue your exercise with the health-lift yet, I see."

"Yes, papa, but I had to give up the flannels. I don't see how mamma could wear them. But my dresses are high-necked, and by bathing I toughen my skin. See," she added, as, with a child-like unconsciousness, she unfastened two or three buttons of her gown and exposed the white surface of her throat and neck to her father, "I can defy a chill."

Mr. Rightbody, with something akin to a genuine happy, paternal laugh, leaned forward and kissed her forehead.

"It's getting late, Ally," he said, parentally, but not dictatorially. "Go to bed."

"I took a nap of three hours this afternoon," said Miss Alice, with a dazzling smile, "to anticipate this fatigue. Good-night, papa. To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow," repeated Mr. Rightbody, with his eyes still fixed upon the girl, vaguely. "Good-night."

Miss Alice tripped from the room, possibly a trifle the more light-heartedly that she had parted from her father in one of his rare moments of illogical human weakness. And

perhaps it was well for the poor girl that she kept this single remembrance of him, when, I fear, in after years, his methods, his reasoning, and indeed all he had tried to impress upon her childhood, had faded from her memory.

For, when she had left, Mr. Rightbody fell again to the examination of his old letters. This was quite absorbing; so much so that he did not notice the footsteps of Mrs. Rightbody on the staircase as she passed to her chamber, nor that she had paused on the landing to look through the glass half-door on her husband, as he sat there with the letters beside him and the telegram opened before him. Had she waited a moment later, she would have seen him rise and walk to the sofa with a disturbed air and a slight confusion, so that on reaching it he seemed to hesitate to lie down, although pale and evidently faint. Had she still waited, she would have seen him rise again with an agonized effort, stagger to the table, fumblingly refold and replace the papers in the cabinet, and lock it; and, although now but half conscious, hold the telegram over the gas-flame till it was consumed. For had she waited until this moment, she would have flown unhesitatingly to his aid, as, this act completed, he staggered again, reached his hand toward the bell, but vainly, and then fell prone upon the sofa.

But alas, no providential nor accidental hand was raised to save him, and interrupt the progress of this story. And when, half an hour later, Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed and more indignant at his violation of the doctor's rules, appeared upon the threshold, Mr. Rightbody lay upon the sofa, dead!

With bustle, with thronging feet, with the irruption of strangers, and a hurrying to and fro, but, more than all, with an impulse and emotion unknown to the mansion when its owner was in life, Mrs. Rightbody strove to call back the vanished life; but in vain. The highest medical intelligence, called from its bed at this strange hour, saw only the demonstration of its theories, made a year before. Mr. Rightbody was dead,—without doubt—without mystery,—even as a correct man should die: logically, and indorsed by the highest medical authority.

But even in the confusion, Mrs. Rightbody managed to speed a messenger to the telegraph office for a copy of the dispatch received by Mr. Rightbody, but now missing.

In the solitude of her own room, and without a confidant, she read these words:

"Copy.

"To Mr. Adams Rightbody, Boston, Mass.

"Joshua Silsbee died suddenly this morning. His last request was that you should remember your sacred compact with him of thirty years ago.

"(Signed) SEVENTY-FOUR.

"SEVENTY-FIVE."

In the darkened home, and amid the formal condolences of their friends, who had called to gaze upon the scarcely cold features of their late associate, Mrs. Rightbody yet contrived to send another dispatch. It was addressed to "Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five," Cottonwood. In a few hours she received the following enigmatical response:

"A horse-thief, named Josh Silsbee, was lynched yesterday morning by the Vigilantes at Deadwood."

#### PART II.

THE spring of 1874 was retarded in the Californian Sierras. So much so, that certain Eastern tourists who had early ventured into the Yosemite Valley, found themselves, one May morning, snow-bound against the tempestuous shoulders of El Capitan. So furious was the onset of the wind at the Upper Merced Cañon that even so respectable a lady as Mrs. Rightbody was fain to cling to the neck of her guide to keep her seat in the saddle; while Miss Alice, scorning all masculine assistance, was hurled against the snowy wall of the chasm. Mrs. Rightbody screamed; Miss Alice raged under her breath, but scrambled to her feet again in silence.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Rightbody, when her daughter had regained the saddle.

Miss Alice shrugged her pretty shoulders scornfully.

"You were particularly warned against going into the Valley at this season," she only replied, grimly.

Mrs. Rightbody raised her eyes impatiently.

"You know how anxious I was to discover your poor father's strange correspondent, Alice; you have no consideration."

"But when you *have* discovered him—what then?" queried Miss Alice.

"What then?"

"Yes. My belief is that you will find the telegram only a mere business cypher. And all this quest mere nonsense."

"Alice! why *you* yourself thought your father's conduct that night very strange. Have you forgotten?"

The young lady had *not*, but for some far-reaching feminine reason chose to ignore it at that moment, when her late tumble in the snow was still fresh in her mind.

"And this woman—whoever she may be —" continued Mrs. Rightbody.

"How do you know there's a woman in the case?" interrupted Miss Alice, wickedly, I fear.

"How do—I—know—there's a woman?" slowly ejaculated Mrs. Rightbody, floundering in the snow and the unexpected possibility of such a ridiculous question. But here her guide flew to her assistance, and estopped further speech. And, indeed, a grave problem was before them.

The road that led to their single place of refuge—a cabin, half hotel, half trading-post, scarce a mile away—skirted the base of the rocky dome, and passed perilously near the precipitous wall of the valley. There was a rapid descent of a hundred yards or more to this terrace-like passage, and the guides paused for a moment of consultation, coolly oblivious alike to the terrified questioning of Mrs. Rightbody or the half-insolent independence of the daughter. The elder guide was russet-bearded, stout, and humorous; the younger was dark-bearded, slight, and serious.

"Ef you kin git young Bunker Hill to let you tote her on your shoulders, I'll git the Madam to hang on to me," came to Mrs. Rightbody's horrified ears as the expression of her particular companion.

"Freeze to the old gal, and don't reckon on me if the daughter starts in to play it alone," was the enigmatical response of the younger guide.

Miss Alice overheard both propositions, and before the two men returned to their side, that high-spirited young lady had urged her horse down the declivity.

Alas, at this moment a gust of whirling snow swept down upon her. There was a flounder, a misstep, a fatal strain on the wrong rein, a fall, a few plucky but unavailing struggles, and both horse and rider slid ignominiously down toward the rocky shelf. Mrs. Rightbody screamed. Miss Alice, from a confused *débris* of snow and ice, uplifted a vexed and coloring face to the younger guide,—a little the more angrily, perhaps, that she saw a shade of impatience on his face.

"Don't move, but tie one end of the

'lass' under your arms, and throw me the other," he said quietly.

"What do you mean by 'lass'—the lasso?" asked Miss Alice, disgustedly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"Oh, Alice!" reproachfully interpolated Mrs. Rightbody, encircled by the elder guide's stalwart arm.

Miss Alice deigned no reply, but drew the loop of the lasso over her shoulders, and let it drop to her round waist. Then she essayed to throw the other end to her guide. Dismal failure! The first fling nearly knocked her off the ledge, the second went all wild against the rocky wall, the third caught in a thorn-bush, twenty feet below her companion's feet. Miss Alice's arm sunk helplessly to her side, at which signal of unqualified surrender the younger guide threw himself half-way down the slope, worked his way to the thorn-bush, hung for a moment perilously over the parapet, secured the lasso, and then began to pull away at his lovely burden. Miss Alice was no dead weight, however, but steadily half-scrambled on her hands and knees to within a foot or two of her rescuer. At this too familiar proximity, she stood up, and leaned a little stiffly against the line, causing the guide to give an extra pull, which had the lamentable effect of landing her almost in his arms. As it was, her intelligent forehead struck his nose sharply, and, I regret to add, treating of a romantic situation, caused that somewhat prominent sign and token of a hero to bleed freely.

Miss Alice instantly clapped a handful of snow over his nostrils.

"Now elevate your right arm," she said, commandingly.

He did as he was bidden—but sulkily.

"That compresses the artery."

No man, with a pretty woman's hand and a handful of snow over his mouth and nose, could effectively utter a heroic sentence, nor with his arm elevated stiffly over his head assume a heroic attitude. But when his mouth was free again, he said, half-sulkily, half-apologetically:

"I might have known a girl couldn't throw worth a cent."

"Why?" demanded Miss Alice, sharply.

"Because—why—because—you see—they haven't got the experience," he stammered, feebly.

"Nonsense; they haven't the *clavicle*—that's all! It's because I'm a woman, and smaller in the collar-bone, that I haven't

the play of the fore-arm which you have. See!"

She squared her shoulders slightly, and turned the blaze of her dark eyes full on his.

"Experience, indeed! A girl can learn anything a boy can."

Apprehension took the place of ill-humor in her hearer. He turned his eyes hastily away and glanced above him. The elder guide had gone forward to catch Miss Alice's horse, which, relieved of his rider, was floundering toward the trail. Mrs. Rightbody was nowhere to be seen. And these two were still twenty feet below the trail!

There was an awkward pause.

"Shall I pull you up the same way?" he queried.

Miss Alice looked at his nose, and hesitated.

"Or will you take my hand?" he added, in surly impatience.

To his surprise, Miss Alice took his hand, and they began the ascent together.

But the way was difficult and dangerous. Once or twice her feet slipped on the smoothly worn rock beneath, and she confessed to an inward thankfulness when her uncertain feminine hand-grip was exchanged for his strong arm around her waist. Not that he was ungentle, but Miss Alice angrily felt that he had once or twice exercised his superior masculine functions in a rough way; and yet the next moment she would have probably rejected the idea that she had even noticed it. There was no doubt, however, that he *was* a little surly.

A fierce scramble finally brought them back in safety to the trail; but in the action, Miss Alice's shoulder, striking a projecting bowlder, wrung from her a feminine cry of pain, her first sign of womanly weakness. The guide stopped instantly.

"I am afraid I hurt you?"

She raised her brown lashes, a trifle moist from suffering, looked in his eyes, and dropped her own. Why, she could not tell. And yet he had certainly a kind face, despite its seriousness; and a fine face, albeit unshorn and weather-beaten. Her own eyes had never been so near to any man's before, save her lover's; and yet she had never seen so much in even his. She slipped her hand away, not with any reference to him, but rather to ponder over this singular experience, and somehow felt uncomfortable thereat.

Nor was he less so. It was but a few



days ago that he had accepted the charge of this young woman from the elder guide, who was the recognized escort of the Rightbody party, having been a former correspondent of her father's. He had been hired like any other guide, but had undertaken the task with that chivalrous enthusiasm which the average Californian always extends to the sex so rare to him. But the illusion had passed, and he had dropped into a sulky practical sense of his situation, perhaps fraught with less danger to himself. Only when appealed to by his manhood or her weakness, he had forgotten his wounded vanity.

He strode moodily ahead, dutifully breaking the path for her in the direction of the distant cañon, where Mrs. Rightbody and her friend awaited them. Miss Alice was first to speak. In this trackless, uncharted *terra incognita* of the passions, it is always the woman who steps out to lead the way.

"You know this place very well. I suppose you have lived here long?"

"Yes."

"You were not born here—no?"

A long pause.

"I observe they call you 'Stanislaus Joe.' Of course that is not your real name?" (Mem. Miss Alice had never called him *anything*, usually prefacing any request with a languid "O-er-er, please, mister-er-a!")  
 explicit enough for his station.)

"No."

Miss Alice (trotting after him, and bawling in his ear): "What name did you say?"

The man (doggedly): "I don't know."

Nevertheless, when they reached the cabin, after a half-hour's buffeting with the storm, Miss Alice applied herself to her mother's escort, Mr. Ryder.

"What's the name of the man who takes care of my horse?"

"Stanislaus Joe," responded Ryder.

"No; sometimes he's called Joe Stanislaus."

"Is that all?"

Miss Alice (satirically): "I suppose it's the custom here to send young ladies out with gentlemen who hide their names under an *alias*?"

Mr. Ryder (greatly perplexed): "Why, dear me, Miss Alice, you allers 'peared to me as a gal as was able to take keer——"

Miss Alice (interrupting with a wounded, dove-like timidity): "Oh, never mind, please!"

The cabin offered but scanty accommodation to the tourists, which fact, when indignantly presented by Mrs. Rightbody, was explained by the good-humored Ryder from the circumstance that the Casual Hotel was only a slight affair of boards, cloth, and paper, put up during the season and partly dismantled in the fall. "It couldn't be kept warm enough then," he added. Nevertheless, Miss Alice noticed that both Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe retired there with their pipes, after having prepared the ladies' supper with the assistance of an Indian woman, who apparently emerged from the earth at the coming of the party, and disappeared as mysteriously.

The stars came out brightly before they slept, and the next morning a clear unwinking sun beamed with almost summer power through the shutterless window of their cabin, and ironically disclosed the details of its rude interior. Two or three mangy, half-eaten buffalo-ropes, a bear-skin, some suspicious-looking blankets, rifles and saddles, deal tables and barrels, made up its scant inventory. A strip of faded calico hung before a recess near the chimney, but so blackened by smoke and age, that even feminine curiosity respected its secret. Mrs. Rightbody was in high spirits, and informed her daughter that she was at last on the track of her husband's unknown correspondent.

"'Seventy-Four,' and 'Seventy-Five,' represent two members of the Vigilance Committee, my dear, and Mr. Ryder will assist me to find them."

"Mr. Ryder!" ejaculated Miss Alice, in scornful astonishment.

"Alice," said Mrs. Rightbody, with a suspicious assumption of sudden defense, "you injure yourself—you injure me by this exclusive attitude. Mr. Ryder is a friend of your father's, an exceedingly well-informed gentleman. I have not, of course, imparted to him the extent of my suspicions. But he can help me to what I must and will know. You might treat him a little more civilly,—or, at least, a little better than you do his servant, your guide. Mr. Ryder is a gentleman, and not a paid courier."

Miss Alice was suddenly attentive. When she spoke again, she asked:

"Why do you not find something about this Silsbee—who died—or was hanged—or something of that kind?"

"Child," said Mrs. Rightbody, "don't you see, there was no Silsbee, or if there was, he was simply the confidant of that—woman!"

A knock at the door, announcing the presence of Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe with the horses, checked Mrs. Rightbody's speech. As the animals were being packed, Mrs. Rightbody for a moment withdrew in confidential conversation with Mr. Ryder, and, to the young lady's still greater annoyance, left her alone with Stanislaus Joe. Miss Alice was not in good temper, but she felt it necessary to say something.

"I hope the hotel offers better quarters for travelers than this in summer," she began.

"It does."

"Then this does not belong to it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Who lives here, then?"

"I do."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Miss Alice; "I thought you lived where we hired—where we met you—in—in—you must excuse me."

"I'm not a regular guide, but as times were hard, and I was out of grub, I took the job."

"Out of grub"! "job"! And she was the "job"! What would Henry Marvin say?—it would nearly kill him. She began herself to feel a little frightened, and walked toward the door.

"One moment, miss!"

The young girl hesitated. The man's tone was surly, and yet indicated a certain kind of half-pathetic grievance. Her curiosity got the better of her prudence, and she turned back.

"This morning," he began hastily, "when we were coming down the valley, you picked me up twice."

"I picked you up?" repeated the astonished Alice.

"Yes—*contradicted* me, that's what I mean. Once when you said those rocks were volcanic; once when you said the flower you picked was a poppy. I didn't let on at the time, for it wasn't my say; but all the while you were talking I might have laid for you—"

"I don't understand you," said Alice haughtily.

"I might have entrapped you before folks. But I only want you to know that I'm right, and here are the books to show it."

He drew aside the dingy calico curtain, revealed a small shelf of bulky books, took down two large volumes,—one of botany, one of geology,—nervously sought his text, and put them in Alice's outstretched hands.

"I had no intention——" she began, half proudly, half embarrassedly.

"Am I right, miss?" he interrupted.

"I presume you are, if you say so."

"That's all, ma'am! Thank you."

Before the girl had time to reply he was gone. When he again returned, it was with her horse, and Mrs. Rightbody and Ryder were awaiting her. But Miss Alice noticed that his own horse was missing.

"Are you not going with us?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed!"

Miss Alice felt her speech was a feeble conventionalism, but it was all she could say. She, however, *did* something. Hitherto it had been her habit systematically to reject his assistance in mounting to her seat. Now she awaited him. As he approached, she smiled and put out her little foot. He instantly stooped; she placed it in his hand, rose with a spring, and for one supreme moment Stanislaus Joe held her unresistingly in his arms. The next moment she was in the saddle, but in that brief interval of sixty seconds she had uttered a volume in a single sentence:

"I hope you will forgive me!"

He muttered a reply, and turned his face aside quickly as if to hide it.

Miss Alice cantered forward with a smile, but pulled her hat down over her eyes as she joined her mother. She was blushing.

### PART III.

MR. RYDER was as good as his word. A day or two later, he entered Mrs. Rightbody's parlor at the Chrysolopolis Hotel in Stockton with the information that he had seen the mysterious senders of the dispatch, and that they were now in the office of the hotel waiting her pleasure. Mr. Ryder further informed her that these gentlemen had only stipulated that they should not reveal their real names, and that they should be introduced to her simply as the respective "Seventy-Four" and "Seventy-Five" who had signed the dispatch sent to the late Mr. Rightbody.

Mrs. Rightbody at first demurred to this; but on the assurance from Mr. Ryder that this was the only condition on which an interview would be granted, finally consented.

"You will find them square men, even if they are a little rough, ma'am; but if you'd like me to be present, I'll stop; though I reckon if ye'd kalkulated on that, you'd have

had me take care o' your business by proxy, and not come yourself three thousand mile to do it."

Mrs. Rightbody believed it better to see them alone.

"All right, ma'am. 'I'll hang round out here, and ef ye should happen to hev a ticklin' in your throat and a bad spell o' coughin', I'll drop in, careless like, to see if you don't want them drops. *Sabe?*'"

And with an exceedingly arch wink, and a slight familiar tap on Mrs. Rightbody's shoulder which might have caused the late Mr. Rightbody to burst his sepulcher, he withdrew.

A very timid, hesitating tap on the door was followed by the entrance of two men, both of whom, in general size, strength, and uncouthness, were ludicrously inconsistent with their diffident announcement. They proceeded in Indian file to the center of the room, faced Mrs. Rightbody, acknowledged her deep courtesy by a strong shake of the hand, and drawing two chairs opposite to her, sat down side by side.

"I presume I have the pleasure of addressing—" began Mrs. Rightbody.

The man directly opposite Mrs. Rightbody turned to the other inquiringly.

The other man nodded his head, and replied:

"Seventy-Four."

"Seventy-Five," promptly followed the other.

Mrs. Rightbody paused, a little confused.

"I have sent for you," she began again, "to learn something more of the circumstances under which you gentlemen sent a dispatch to my late husband."

"The circumstances," replied Seventy-Four, quietly, with a side glance at his companion, "panned out about in this yer style. We hung a man named Josh Silsbee down at Deadwood for hoss-stealin'. When I say *we*, I speak for Seventy-Five, yer, as is present, as well as representin', so to speak, seventy-two other gents as is scattered. We hung Josh Silsbee on squar', pretty squar', evidence. Afore he was strung up, Seventy-Five, yer, axed him, accordin' to custom, ef ther' was enny thing he had to say, or enny request that he allowed to make of us. He turns to Seventy-Five, yer, and—"

Here he paused suddenly, looking at his companion.

"He sez, sez he," began Seventy-Five, taking up the narrative, "he sez, 'Kin I write a letter?' sez he. Sez I, 'Not much, ole man; ye've got no time.' Says he,

'Kin I send a dispatch by telegraph?' I sez, 'Heave ahead.' He sez—these is his dientikal words—'Send to Adams Rightbody, Boston. Tell him to remember his sacred compack with me thirty years ago.'"

"'His sacred compack with me thirty years ago,'" echoed Seventy-Four. "His dientikal words."

"What was the compact?" asked Mrs. Rightbody, anxiously.

Seventy-Four looked at Seventy-Five, and then both arose and retired to the corner of the parlor, where they engaged in a slow but whispered deliberation. Presently they returned and sat down again.

"We allow," said Seventy-Four, quietly but decidedly, "that *you* know what that sacred compack was."

Mrs. Rightbody lost her temper and her truthfulness altogether. "Of course," she said, hurriedly, "I know; but do you mean to say that you gave this poor man no further chance to explain before you murdered him?"

Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five both rose again slowly and retired. When they returned again and sat down, Seventy-Five, who by this time, through some subtle magnetism, Mrs. Rightbody began to recognize as the superior power, said gravely:

"We wish to say, regarding this yer murder, that Seventy-Four and me is ekally responsible. That we reckon also to represent, so to speak, seventy-two other gentlemen as is scattered. That we are ready, Seventy-Four and me, to take and holt that responsibility now and at any time, afore every man or men as kin be fetched ag'in us. We wish to say that this yer say of ours holds good yer in Californy or in any part of these United States."

"Or in Canady," suggested Seventy-Four.

"Or in Canady. We wouldn't agree to cross the water or go to furrin parts, unless absolutely necessary. We leaves the chise of weppings to your principal, ma'am, or being a lady, ma'am, and interested, to any one you may fetch to act for him. An advertisement in any of the Sacramento papers, or a playcard or hand-bill stuck onto a tree near Deadwood, saying that Seventy-Four or Seventy-Five will communicate with this yer principal or agent of yours, will fetch us,—allers."

Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed and desperate, saw her blunder. "I meant nothing of the kind," she said hastily. "I only expected that you might have some further details of this interview with Silsbee—that

perhaps you could tell me"—a bold, bright thought crossed Mrs. Rightbody's mind—"something more about *her*."

The two men looked at each other.

"I suppose your society have no objection to giving me information about *her*," said Mrs. Rightbody eagerly.

Another quiet conversation in the corner, and the return of both men.

"We want to say that we've no objection."

Mrs. Rightbody's heart beat high. Her boldness had made her penetration good. Yet she felt she must not alarm the men heedlessly.

"Will you inform me to what extent Mr. Rightbody, my late husband, was interested in *her*?"

This time it seemed an age to Mrs. Rightbody before the men returned from their solemn consultation in the corner. She could both hear and feel that their discussion was more animated than their previous conferences. She was a little mortified, however, when they sat down, to hear Seventy-Four say slowly:

"We wish to say that we don't allow to say *how* much."

"Do you not think that the 'sacred compact' between Mr. Rightbody and Mr. Silsbee referred to *her*?"

"We reckon it do."

Mrs. Rightbody, flushed and animated, would have given worlds had her daughter been present to hear this undoubted confirmation of her theory. Yet she felt a little nervous and uncomfortable, even on this threshold of discovery.

"Is she here now?"

"She's in Tuolumne," said Seventy-Four.

"A little better looked arter than formerly," added Seventy-Five.

"I see. Then Mr. Silsbee *enticed* her away?"

"Well, ma'am, it *was* allowed as she runned away. But it wasn't proved, and it generally wasn't her style."

Mrs. Rightbody trifled with her next question.

"She was pretty, of course?"

The eyes of both men brightened.

"She was *that*!" said Seventy-Four emphatically.

"It would have done you good to see *her*," added Seventy-Five.

Mrs. Rightbody inwardly doubted it; but before she could ask another question, the two men again retired to the corner for consultation. When they came back there was a shade more of kindliness and confidence

in their manner, and Seventy-Four opened his mind more freely.

"We wish to say, ma'am, looking at the thing, by and large, in a fair-minded way—that *ez you* seem interested, and *ez* Mr. Rightbody was interested, and was, according to all accounts, de-ceived and led away by Silsbee, that we don't mind listening to any proposition *you* might make, as a lady,—allowin' you was ekally interested."

"I understand," said Mrs. Rightbody quickly. "And you will furnish me with any papers."

The two men again consulted.

"We wish to say, ma'am, that we think she's got papers, but——"

"I *must* have them, you understand," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, "at any price."

"We was about to say, ma'am," said Seventy-Five slowly, "that, considerin' all things—and you being a lady—you kin have *her*, papers, pedigree and guarantee for twelve hundred dollars."

It has been alleged that Mrs. Rightbody asked only one question more, and then fainted. It is known, however, that by the next day it was understood in Deadwood that Mrs. Rightbody had confessed to the vigilance committee that her husband, a celebrated Boston millionaire, anxious to gain possession of Abner Springer's well-known sorrel mare, had incited the unfortunate Josh Silsbee to steal it; and that finally, failing in this, the widow of the deceased Boston millionaire was now in personal negotiation with the owners.

Howbeit, Miss Alice, returning home that afternoon, found her mother with a violent headache.

"We will leave here by the next steamer," said Mrs. Rightbody, languidly. "Mr. Ryder has promised to accompany us."

"But, mother——"

"The climate, Alice, is overrated. My nerves are already suffering from it. The associations are unfit for you, and Mr. Marvin is naturally impatient."

Miss Alice colored slightly.

"But your quest, mother?"

"I've abandoned it."

"But *I* have not," said Alice, quietly.

"Do you remember my guide at the Yosemite, Stanislaus Joe? Well, Stanislaus Joe is—who do you think?"

Mrs. Rightbody was languidly indifferent.

"Well, Stanislaus Joe is the son of Joshua Silsbee."

Mrs. Rightbody sat upright in astonishment.

"Yes; but, mother, he knows nothing of what we know. His father treated him shamefully, and set him cruelly adrift years ago; and when he was hanged, the poor fellow, in sheer disgrace, changed his name."

"But if he knows nothing of his father's compact, of what interest is this?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought it might lead to something."

Mrs. Rightbody suspected that "something" and asked sharply:

"And pray how did you find it out? You did not speak of it in the Valley."

"Oh, I didn't find it out until to-day," said Miss Alice, walking to the window. "He happened to be here, and—told me."

## PART IV.

If Mrs. Rightbody's friends had been astounded by her singular and unexpected pilgrimage to California so soon after her husband's decease, they were still more astounded by the information, a year later, that she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Ryder, of whom only the scant history was known that he was a Californian, and former correspondent of her husband. It was undeniable that the man was wealthy, and evidently no mere adventurer; it was rumored that he was courageous and manly; but even those who delighted in his odd humor were shocked at his grammar and slang. It was said that Mr. Marvin had but one interview with his father-in-law elect, and returned so supremely disgusted that the match was broken off. The horse-stealing story, more or less garbled, found its way through lips that pretended to decry it, yet eagerly repeated it. Only one member of the Rightbody family—and a new one—saved them from utter ostracism. It was young Mr. Ryder, the adopted son of the prospective head of the household, whose culture, manners, and general elegance fascinated and thrilled Boston with a new sensation. It seemed to many that Miss Alice should, in the vicinity of this rare exotic, forget her former enthusiasm for a professional life; but the young man was pitied by society, and various plans for diverting him from any *mésalliance* with the Rightbody family were concocted.

It was a wintry night, and the second anniversary of Mr. Rightbody's death, that a light was burning in his library. But the dead man's chair was occupied by young Mr. Ryder, adopted son of the new propri-

etor of the mansion, and before him stood Alice, with her dark eyes fixed on the table.

"There must have been something in it, Joe, believe me. Did you never hear your father speak of mine?"

"Never."

"But you say he was college bred, and born a gentleman, and in his youth he must have had many friends."

"Alice," said the young man gravely, "when I have done something to redeem my name, and wear it again before these people, before you, it would be well to revive the past. But till then——"

But Alice was not to be put down.

"I remember," she went on, scarcely heeding him, "that when I came in that night, papa was reading a letter, and seemed to be disconcerted."

"A letter?"

"Yes; but," added Alice, with a sigh, "when we found him here insensible, there was no letter on his person. He must have destroyed it."

"Did you ever look among his papers? If found, it might be a clue."

The young man glanced toward the cabinet. Alice read his eyes, and answered:

"Oh dear, no. The cabinet contained only his papers, all perfectly arranged,—you know how methodical were his habits,—and some old business and private letters, all carefully put away."

"Let us see them," said the young man, rising.

They opened drawer after drawer; files upon files of letters and business papers, accurately folded and filed. Suddenly Alice uttered a little cry, and picked up a quaint ivory paper-knife lying at the bottom of a drawer.

"It was missing the next day, and never could be found. He must have mislaid it here. This is the drawer," said Alice, eagerly.

Here was a clue. But the lower part of the drawer was filled with old letters, not labeled, yet neatly arranged in files. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"Put them back, Alice, at once."

"Why?"

"Some of these letters are in my father's handwriting."

"The more reason why I should see them," said the girl imperatively. "Here, you take part and I'll take part, and we'll get through quicker."

There was a certain decision and independence in her manner which he had



learned to respect. He took the letters, and in silence read them with her. They were old college letters, so filled with boyish dreams, ambitions, aspirations, and Utopian theories, that I fear neither of these young people even recognized their parents in the dead ashes of the past. They were both grave, until Alice uttered a little hysterical cry, and dropped her face in her hands. Joe was instantly beside her.

"It's nothing, Joe, nothing. Don't read it, please—please don't. It's so funny—it's so very queer."

But Joe after a slight, half-playful struggle, had taken the letter from the girl. Then he read aloud the words written by his father thirty years ago.

"I thank you, dear friend, for all you say about my wife and boy. I thank you for reminding me of our boyish compact. He will be ready to fulfill it, I know, if he loves those his father loves, even if you should marry years later. I am glad for your sake, for both our sakes, that it is a boy. Heaven

send you a good wife dear Adams, and a daughter to make my son equally happy."

Joe Silsbee looked down, took the half-laughing, half-tearful face in his hands, kissed her forehead, and, with tears in his grave eyes, said:

"Amen!"

I am inclined to think that this sentiment was echoed heartily by Mrs. Rightbody's former acquaintances, when, a year later, Miss Alice was united to a professional gentleman of honor and renown, yet who was known to be the son of a convicted horse-thief. A few remembered the previous Californian story, and found corroboration therefor; but a majority believed it a just reward to Miss Alice for her conduct to Mr. Marvin, and as Miss Alice cheerfully accepted it in that light, I do not see why I may not end my story with happiness to all concerned.

## SONG.

### I.

THERE'S a garden by a river,  
Where the grasses bend and quiver  
On the river's reedy edges.  
Roses crimson all the hedges,  
And a leafy lane runs down  
Through the meadows to a town,  
In a winding way.  
But where lies that garden blowing,  
Where that river, stilly flowing,  
And the lawn through meadows going,  
I shall never say.

### II.

Something fairer than a rose  
In that unknown garden grows.  
Something sweeter than the rhyme  
Sung by birds in lilac-time;  
Fairer than a dream of youth,  
Thought all lost to care and ruth.  
Something with a heart like May;  
Rose and lily all in one;  
Golden hair caught from the sun;  
Eyes with laughter overrun.  
What? I'll never say.

### III.

Dreamy face and rosebud mouth,  
Breath like spring winds from the south,  
Eyes disclosing more than lies

Hedged beneath the bended skies  
Of a day in May.  
So, when days grow longer, sweeter,  
Grow the rare June hours completer;  
And the winter's time for snowing  
Leaves the June winds chance for blowing.  
I will seek this garden; growing  
Where I'll never say.

## SLEEP.

In a tangled, scented hollow,  
On a bed of crimson roses,  
Stilly now the wind reposes;  
Hardly can the breezes borrow  
Breath to stir the night-swept river.  
Motionless the water-sedges,  
And within the dusky hedges  
Sounds no leaf's impatient shiver.  
Sleep has come, that rare rest-giver.

Light and song have flown away  
With the sun and twilight swallow;  
Scarcely will the unknown morrow  
Bring again so sweet a day.  
Song was born of Joy and Thought;  
Light, of Love and her Caress.  
Nothing's left me but a tress;  
Death and Sleep the rest have wrought—  
Death and Sleep, who came unsought.

## HE PLAYING SHE.

DEAR BUSTER:—Rehearsal at five sharp, after Logic. Bring round the two new songs. Do you suppose your corsets would fit Sam, or are they too small? Bring them with you, anyhow, and let him try them on. Wilkinson says he wont play the Nurse's part anyhow, but will go into the chorus, if we want him. He's just started out a new mustache, and swears he wont shave it for any play ever written. Who'll fill the part? Think it over in recitation.

JACK.

P. S. For the love of John P. Hale of New Hampshire, tell Warren to have the music all arranged by Thursday evening, for the dress rehearsal.

I burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I had had for many a day when I read that postscript. Many years ago since that was written, and Jack many miles away from here! A note of college days! A dry leaf of a withered and faded rose, but its sight brought up a garden full of remembered roses. There, in the postscript, was Jack's favorite "swear word,"—a euphemism for something or other unsuited to ears polite.

I don't think any of us ever learned why the late Senator from New Hampshire was chosen as a god to swear by,—and, besides, Jack was a Democrat; but this I do know, he frequently—too frequently, perhaps—asseverated by the Hon. J. P. H., and I seldom or never knew of his using the ordinary forms of profanity. But the John P. Hale part of the note above quoted has nothing to do with what is to be offered here. The words "rehearsal," "corsets," "nurse," form the *leit-motives* of the little opera to be produced at this time.

Probably from the fact of being one of the smallest "men" in college at the time of this opera, the writer was called "Buster"—a good, square "*lucus-a-non*"—and for all present purposes I prefer to remain, "a-non." It is also because I was small and fat that I can describe the dramatic life of a term or so of one of the oldest societies devoting time and attention to theatrical

exhibitions, in one of the oldest colleges in America. Not to be too particular and pointed in description, if you should enter the rooms of that society and make an examination of its walls, you would find, in all probability, that the portraits which interested and entertained you most were those of female characters. Placed chronologically, the gallery of "Female Celebrities of Our Society" would show the great progress made in the art of photography, and also in the art of covering up male scragginess and angularity by the shams which now make a performer of "girl parts" in college a pleasant and very deceptive sight. The exponents of the drama in college societies follow the old-time plan *per force*, and give the female assumptions into the care of those of their sex who have the smoothest faces, the neatest forms, and the voices nearest to soprano. Until women are admitted to all the privileges and pleasure of college life, this must continue. Herein then is a fine argument for woman's admission to Harvard, Yale, Amherst, etc.: the society dramatic requirements will be more easily met. The legislators, who were formerly members of the X. Y. Z.; those of the University Corporations, who still enjoy a half-stolen visit to the W. X. Y., have this matter in their own hands, and should not fail to consider it carefully and with judgment. Now, the *Mrs. Malaprop* of the cast is perhaps a fellow who pulls 1,000 on the rowing weights, and thinks nothing of it; the *Juliets* and *Betseys* are round-faced young men who happen to be fat enough to allow of their wearing a dress slightly *décolleté*,—and who smoke unlimited cigarettes, you may venture to wager.

But to return to our gallery of portraits. The first picture—ah! it was taken such a while ago, and the classmates of the subjects are the lawyers, doctors, clergymen and instructors of the lads who are in their turn performing upon the little society stages—is of a group of three young men, in ballet costume. One of those danseuses is now a clergyman. Whatever the subjects are now, then they were very, very bony and very muscular at the same time. Their poses are as graceful as the attitudes of a lamp-lighter. I cannot say how ill or well they danced,—that exhibition of terpsichorean attainments was before my time. The next picture, in a group of a dozen or so, shows us a "woman" or two, who has some semblance to the sex simu-

lated. The next is a still more natural representation; and when the fourth or fifth picture is examined, a natural and well-fitting wig makes the wearer quite girl-like. Passing by ten years, the observer begins to happen upon portraits which would do justice and credit to such impersonations as those of the late Robert Craig,—by far the best of "female impersonators" of his day,—or to those of Mr. Frederick Maccabe. The portraits really seem those of buxom, hearty, moderately graceful and quite pretty girls. In dress, they are "gorgeous," and in my mind's eye I can see several attires which could not be purchased short of several hundred dollars—prepared for a single night's performance in a college theater. Thus far I have gone back among the archives. Now let me be personal, and tell about Jack and his time, or what is the same thing, about my own time.

I cannot well avoid being a little rambling,—the times themselves were a little mixed and had not the regularity and order, the system and careful arrangements which belong to the regular stage. It is to be remembered also that we were all young men, not yet legally at liberty, and at the same time living in a freedom whose like exists no where out of college days. We had fairly reached, in college dramatic life, what may be termed the burlesque or travestie period. On more than one occasion I have seen present at the performance of a burlesque, seated in the front row of the little theater, learned professors, poets whose names and whose works the world knows and loves, scientific men who, with a few moments' calculation, could have told the density of the tobacco smoke which filled the auditorium, or could have named in exact order all the bones, muscles and other adjuncts, which the spectators made use of in their hilarious laughter. I remember how well one of the most learned men in America said to our small committee who invited him to attend a performance of an "entirely new and original travestie" on Shakspeare's "Othello,"—"Oh, I'll be glad to come. Um! Well! It is only great poets who can be travestied." These sedate and dignified shooting-masters would unbend to such a degree that we students felt tempted "many a time and oft" to slap them on the back and say "Old Chap"; but the morrow's dignity and austerity were as sure as was to-night's relaxing. Either as a past or as an honorary member of "our society," every professor in college

could be numbered, and on "theatrical nights" they seemed only too glad to attend. The burlesque or travestie period was quite fruitful in original productions. In one year three or four really good burlesques, wholly from the pens of students, localized and pointed for the college liking, were produced. Besides, this year saw a pretty good amateur performance of "The Rivals," and "The Critic," and a long list of farces and musical pieces. It is easy enough to find good *actors* in a large college; but good *actresses* are the desiderata. Let a fellow be fair-looking, moderately rounded in face and limb, a singer and an actor, and he jumps at a leap into the best societies and becomes an admired member of the company, as well as a popular man in his class. He is as much petted, in so far as it is possible, by his fellows, as a pretty soubrette is on the regular stage. He has his own way too—will play this or nothing. Indeed, the stroke oar of the 'Varsity crew is not so strong a man as the "leading lady" or the "singing chambermaid" of a college theatrical corps. You can find another big man, but where, oh! where, are the "pretty little fellows" to be found? It is strange to say also, that generally no manlier set could be found in a class than just the "boys" who play leading ladies' parts.

How we used to get up a play in college is what I wish to tell. Suppose it were a burlesque that was required, and was to be offered upon the boards. Two men would engage to write the burlesque, and would set about their work with a will. The college travestie would not take at all, in most or many of its points, before a mixed audience. Here will come a pun in Latin; here another in Greek; here one on a mathematical subject; here a hit at a professor; here a "take-off" on a college rule—all designed for experienced ears. And how these specialties would go down! A good Latin pun was sure of two rounds, at least; a Greek rhyme of three rounds; and a mathematical allusion would bring down the house. The burlesque's breadth must be attended to more than its length,—not too broad, but a bit spicy. We who had been reading Terrence and Plautus needed not to be very restrained in pointed application, and it is to be remembered that the auditors were all men. Yet I have heard nothing so bad upon the college stage as I have heard upon the boards of the best theaters. Unless the "breadth" was stamped with real wit, it was

hooted at. Well, the burlesque prepared and cast, the first thing to be done was to learn the music. Offenbach and the old college airs, song and dance tunes and pennyroyals, formed the staples for the introduction of hits on manners and times. The writer has in mind one burlesque, full of jolly music, in which seven soloists and a goodly sized chorus participated. No theater in America could, from its regular company, have filled the bill of this play, and yet it was excellently, creditably performed by a college cast, and there was spare material. The rehearsals of the music are always full of fun as well as work. As soon as a number is learned it becomes an especial property, and should it strike the popular fancy of the class, it becomes college property, and they who first introduce it are called upon at all festal occasions for its delivery. So the rehearsals proceed. The principals need not sing their solos or the duets; but all the choruses and concerted pieces must be dinned and dinned into the corps until they are perfectly learned. Sometimes an instrumental bit, such as a burlesque flute solo, a banjo serenade, or a quartette of horns, must be practiced. The first-named I recollect *Zyball's* doing before he dies (he played "Just Before the Battle, Mother"), the second, *Romeo* performed beneath *Juliet's* window, and the third was an unsurpassed performance, an invention worth describing. *Mercutio*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*, and the *Nurse* engaged in it, and the performance was upon penny trumpets, of wood. Would you suppose any music could be obtained from such instruments? A "four-part song" was performed, and with a perfect reproduction of all the harmony; and, moreover, a "theme and variations" and trio accompaniment were given on these instruments, which cost exactly fifteen cents per dozen. The secret of the method of playing was imparted only to the performers; but it is absolutely true that with practice any tune of ordinary difficulty can be given upon this instrument. The performance—the first of the kind in the world, I believe—has since been repeated with "grand" effect, in public. Parts fairly learned, properties were gotten together and bills *painted*—yes, painted, and some of them are to this day as fine specimens of water-color drawing as could be found, except from great masters. Then, or rather meanwhile, the leading performers were preparing their costumes. The male impersonators found little difficulty. The costumer—to use our expressive and manifoldly useful

word—*fixed* all that. But the young ladies—their attires were to be procured with more trouble and considerably more anxiety. He who had sisters or sweet cousins, and was to play a lady's part, was accounted lucky. Nearly all the "girls" had their own corsets and boots and shoes, "made for me, you know," as they would say. To lace to eighteen inches about the waist, and to wear "fours" shoes and six-and-a-quarter gloves were nothing uncommon, although to be really comfortable, a size or two larger were generally chosen. The story of the man who blacked himself all over to play *Othello* comes in pat here. Not to enter into too minute particulars, the elegance of the undergarments, the laces, the ruffles, the tuckings, the bows, and the furbelows which were worn, would mate the trousseau of many a happy bride. Indeed, why should they not? The garments were borrowed from sister and cousin, who were generally told to send out "everything that was necessary and a few ornaments." Necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, fans, etc., etc., were demanded and obtained, the ear-rings being fastened to the ears by bits of court-plaster. The wig was ordered. Of late years—a dozen or so—the wigman has been the great helper of the college actor. He has been the fashioner of fair skins, blooming cheeks, pouting mouths, and round, liquid eyes. The outer dress was probably the last procured. If it could not be obtained at home, the costumer must furnish it, at whatever cost; and it must be made to *fit*, and to fit well. With no exaggeration, one could see as elegant, well-fitting and becoming dresses on these little stages—and that, too, sitting as a spectator very near the performer—as will be seen, except in special cases, at our best theater. Gradually, from practice and habit, the actor learned to carry himself as if "he" were a "she." Gradually, too, he began to expect and claim, in the dressing and green rooms, the attention, courtesies and aid which would have been extended to a young woman. His handkerchief falling, a fellow who to-morrow will rap him on the head with a sofa-pillow, or punch him pleasantly with a base-ball bat, leaps to return it; wishing a glass of water, he bids some one near by hand it, and the mission is answered graciously and gracefully. Nay, even more: the little compliments men—young men—pay young women, are paid him, with no intention of sarcasm. The writer has seen this exemplified in a score of cases. It is

only when our man-woman becomes irate that his sex shows through the dress completely. Then he will perhaps round out a sentence with a few exclamations that almost shock the hearer, seeming to come from the lips of a miss.

The night of the performance is always one of excitement to the "young women." The nimble fingers of a dressing-maid are needed. "Tom, lace my corsets; don't pull 'em too tight!" "Bill, hook the back of my dress!" and the like orders would sound strangely to uninitiated ears. "Confound that pin!" "Hang that string!" "I've forgotten whether this is the front or the back of this blank thing," and "Which is the top and the bottom of these corsets?" are no infrequent sentences. But habit and care conquer, and with skirts gathered about his limbs he rushes across the college-yard to the society rooms, the passing proctor barely turning, fully understanding that "she" is a "he." It is not until the dressing-room is reached that the handsome wig is put on, the rouge and lily-white and the line for the under eyelid, and all the little arts which unite in making the face fair and interesting. A good make-up is sure of a good reception, and the words "You look stunning" will give a fellow more encouragement before his entrance than can be described. The eager plaudits of a college audience, no one who has received it can forget. Besides the smell of the foot-lights, there is the aroma of Alma-Mater good-fellowship in the reception. Then, the actor's audience is above the average intelligence, and catches every point, seconds every witticism, and applauds every good bit of acting. And after the play, when "Company! company! company!" brings the actors and actresses with a scurry to the front, it is no wonder that they who have successfully simulated gentler characters than their own, should feel a particular pride. It is worth while to hurry to one's room, doff the skirts, corsets and et-ceteras, and don the male attire, and with pipe, cigar, or cigarette in mouth, to return to the assemblage and meet the audience. The graduates and older classmen pay the highest compliment possible in not recognizing the actress in the nonchalant young man; the professors smile and nod benignantly, and your own classmates say, "Jolly! old fellow—tip-top!"—"You've done yourself credit!"—"Pretty as a picture!"—"You never did better in your life, Buster!"



"HAWORTH'S." \*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surlly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.



"HE KNELT DOWN AND TURNING THE KEY IN THE LOCK FLUNG THE TRUNK-LID BACKWARD."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. FFRENCH.

It was a week before affairs assumed their accustomed aspect. Not that the Works had been neglected, however. Each morning Haworth had driven down early and spent an hour in his office and about the place, reading letters, issuing orders and keeping a keen look-out generally.

"I'll have no spreeing here among *you* chaps," he announced. "Spree as much as you like when th' work's done, but you don't spree in *my* time. Look sharp after 'em, Kendal."

The day after his guests left him he appeared at his usual time, and sent at once for Murdoch.

On his arriving he greeted him, leaning back in his chair, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Well, lad," he said, "it's over."

Almost unconsciously, Murdoch thrust his hands into *his* pockets also, but the action had rather a reflective than a defiant expression.

"It's lasted a pretty long time, hasn't it?" he remarked.

Haworth answered him with a laugh.

"Egad! You take it cool enough," he said.

Suddenly he got up and began to walk about, his air a mixture of excitement and braggadocio. After a turn or two he wheeled about.

"Why don't you say *summat*?" he demanded, sardonically. "Summat moral. You don't mean to tell me you've not got pluck enow?"

"I don't see," said Murdoch, deliberately,—"I don't see that there's anything to say. Do you?"

The man stared at him, reddening. Then he turned about and flung himself into his chair again.

"No," he answered. "By George! I don't."

They discussed the matter no further. It seemed to dispose of itself. Their acquaintance went on in the old way, but there were moments afterward when Murdoch felt that the man regarded him with something that might have been restrained or secret

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fear—a something which held him back and made him silent or unready of speech. Once, in the midst of a conversation taking a more confidential tone than usual, to his companion's astonishment he stopped and spoke bluntly:

"If I say aught as goes against the grain with you," he said, "speak up, lad. Blast it!" striking his fist hard against his palm, "I'd like to show my clean side to you."

It was at this time that he spoke first of his mother.

"When I run away from the poor-house," he said, "I left her there. She's a soft-hearted body—a good one too. As soon as I earned my first fifteen shillin' a week, I gave her a house of her own—and I lived hard to do it. She lives like a lady now, though she's as simple as ever. She knows naught of the world, and she knows naught of me beyond what she sees of me when I go down to the little country-place in Kent with a new silk gown and a lace cap for her. She scarce ever wears 'em, but she's as fond on 'em as if she got 'em from Buckingham Palace. She thinks I'm a lad yet, and say my prayers every night and the catechism on Sundays. She'll never know aught else, if I can help it. That's why I keep her where she is."

When he had said that he intended to make "Haworth's" second to no place in England, he had not spoken idly. His pride in the place was a passion. He spent money lavishly but shrewdly; he paid his men well, but ruled them with an iron hand. Those of his fellow-manufacturers who were less bold and also less keen-sighted, regarded him with no small disfavor.

"He'll have trouble yet, that Haworth fellow," they said.

But "Haworth's" flourished and grew. The original works were added to, and new hands, being called for, flocked into Broxton with their families. It was Jem Haworth who built the rows of cottages to hold them, and he built them well and substantially, but as a sharp business investment and a matter of pride rather than from any weakness of regarding them from a moral standpoint.

"I'll have no poor jobs done on my place," he announced. "I'll leave that to the gentlemen manufacturers."

It was while in the midst of this work that he received a letter from Gerard Ffrench, who was still abroad.

Going into his room one day Murdoch found him reading it and looking excited.

"Here's a chap as would be the chap for me," he said, "if brass were iron—that chap Ffrench."

"What does he want?" Murdoch asked.

"Naught much," grimly. "He's got a notion of coming back here, and he'd like to go into partnership with me. That's what he's drivin' at. He'd like to be a partner with Jem Haworth."

"What has he to offer?"

"Cheek, and plenty on it. He says his name's well known, and he's got influence as well as practical knowledge. I'd like to have a bit of a talk with him."

Suddenly he struck his fist on the table before him.

"I've got a name that's enow for me," he said. "The day's to come yet when I ask any chap for name or money or aught else. Partner be damned! This here's 'Haworth's!'"

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### "NOT FOR ONE HOUR."

THE meetings of the malcontents continued to be held at the "Who'd ha' thowt it," and were loud voiced and frequent, but notwithstanding their frequency and noisiness resulted principally in a disproportionate consumption of beer and tobacco and in some differences of opinion, decided in a gentlemanly manner with the assistance of "backers" and a ring.

Having been rescued from these surroundings by Murdoch on several convivial occasions, Briarley began to anticipate his appearance with resignation if not cheerfulness, and to make preparations accordingly.

"I mun lay a sup in reet at th' start," he would say. "Theer's no knowin' how soon he'll turn up if he drops in to see th' women. Gi' me a glass afore these chaps, Mary. They can wait a bit."

"Why does tha stand it, tha foo'?" some independent spirit would comment. "Con th' chap *carry* thee whoam if tha does na want to go?"

But Briarley never rebelled. Resistance was not his forte. If it were possible to become comfortably drunk before he was sought out and led away he felt it a matter for mild self-gratulation, but he bore defeat amiably.

"Th' missis wants me," he would say unsteadily but with beaming countenance, on catching sight of Murdoch or Janey. "Th' missis has sent to ax me to go an'—an' set

wi' her a bit. I mun go, chaps. A man munna negleck his fam'ly."

In response to Mrs. Briarley's ratings and Janey's querulous appeals, it was his habit to shed tears copiously and with a touch of ostentation.

"I'm a poor chap, missus," he would say. "I'm a poor chap. Yo' munnot be hard on me. I niver wur good enow fur a woman loike yoursen. I should na wonder if I had to join th' teetotals after aw. Tha knows it allus rains o' Whit-Saturday, when they ha' their walk, an' that theer looks as if th' Almighty wur on th' teetotal soide. It's noan loike he'd go to so mich trouble if he were na."

At such crises as these "th' women foak," as he called his wife and Janey, derived their greatest consolation from much going to chapel.

"If it wur na fur th' bit o' comfort I get theer," said the poor woman, "I should na know whether I wur standin' on my head or my heels—betwixt him, an' th' work, an' th' childer."

"Happen ye'd loike to go wi' us," said Janey to Murdoch, one day. "Yo'll be sure to hear a good sermon."

Murdoch went with them, and sat in a corner of their free seat—a hard seat, with a straight and unrelenting back. But he was not prevented by the seat from being interested and even absorbed by the doctrine. He had an absent-minded way of absorbing impressions, and the unemotional tenor of his life had left him singularly impartial. He did not finally decide that the sermon was good, bad, or indifferent, but he pondered it and its probable effects deeply, and with no little curiosity. It was a long sermon, and one which "hit straight from the shoulder." It displayed a florid heaven and a burning hell. It was literal, and well garnished with telling and scriptural quotations. Once or twice during its delivery Murdoch glanced at Janey and Mrs. Briarley. The woman, during intervals of eager pacifying of the big baby, lifted her pale face and listened devoutly. Janey sat respectable and rigorous, her eyes fixed upon the pulpit, her huge shawl folded about her, her bonnet slipping backward at intervals and requiring to be repeatedly re-arranged by a smart hustling somewhere in the region of the crown.

The night was very quiet when they came out into the open air. The smoke-clouds of the day had been driven away by a light breeze, and the sky was bright with

stars. Mrs. Briarley and the ubiquitous baby joined a neighbor and hastened home, but Murdoch and Janey lingered a little.

"My father is buried here," Murdoch had said, and Janey had answered with sharp curiosity,—

"Wheer's th' place? I'd loike to see it. Has tha gotten a big head-stone up?"

She was somewhat disappointed to find there was none, and that nothing but the sod covered the long mound, but she appeared to comprehend the state of affairs at once.

"I s'pose tha't ha' one after a bit," she said, "when tha'r't not so short as tha art now. Ivverybody's short i' these toimes."

She seated herself upon the stone coping of the next grave, her elbow on her knee, a small, weird figure in the uncertain light.

"I allus did loike a big head-stone," she remarked, reflectively. "Theer's summat noice about a big white un wi' black letters on it. I loike a white un th' best, an' ha' th' letters cut deep, an' th' name big, an' a bit o' poetry at th' eend:

'Stranger, a moment linger near,  
An' hark to th' one as moulders here;  
Thy bones, loike mine, shall rot i' th' ground,  
Until th' last awful trumpet's sound;  
Thy flesh, loike mine, fa' to decay,  
For mon is made to pass away.'

Summat loike that. But yo' see it ud be loike to cost so much. What wi' th' stone an' paint an' cuttin', I should na wonder if it would na coom to th' matter o' two pound,—an' then theer's th' funeral."

She ended with a sigh, and sank for a moment into a depressed reverie, but in the course of a few moments she roused herself again.

"Tell me summat about thy feyther," she demanded.

Murdoch bent down and plucked a blade of grass with a rather uncertain grasp.

"There isn't much to tell," he answered. "He was unfortunate, and had a hard life—and died."

Janey looked at his lowered face with a sharp, unchildish twinkle in her eye.

"Would tha moind me axin thee summat?" she said.

"No."

But she hesitated a little before she put the question.

"Is it—wur it true—as he wur na aw theer—as he wur a bit—a bit soft i' th' yed?"

"No, that is not true."

"I'm glad it is na," she responded.

"Art tha loike him?"

"I don't know."

"I hope tha art na, if he did na ha' luck. Theer's a great deal i' luck." Then, with a quick change of subject,—“How did tha loike th' sermont?”

"I am not sure," he answered, "that I know that either. How did you like it yourself?"

"Ay," with an air of elderly approval, "it wur a good un. Mester Hixon allus gi'es us a good un. He owts wi' what he's gotten to say. I loike a preacher as owts wi' it."

A few moments later, when they rose to go home, her mind seemed suddenly to revert to a former train of thought.

"Wur their money i' that thing thy feyther wur tryin' at?" she asked.

"Not for him, it seemed."

More than once, as they worked together, Floxham had spoken to him amazed.

"What's up wi' thee, lad?" he had said. "Art dazed, or has tha takken a turn an' been on a spree?"

One night, when they were together, Haworth had picked up from the floor a rough but intricate-looking drawing, and, on handing it to him, had been bewildered by his sudden change of expression.

"Is it aught of yours?" he had asked.

"Yes," the young fellow had answered; "it's mine."

But, instead of replacing it in his pocket, he had torn it slowly into strips, and thrown it, piece by piece, into the fire, watching it as it burned.

It was not Janey's eminently practical



"A FIRE BURNED ON THE GRATE, AND BEFORE IT SAT A GIRL WITH HER HANDS CLASPED UPON HER KNEE."

"Ay; but their mought be fur thee. Tha mayst ha' more in thee than he had, an' mought mak' summat on it. I'd nivver let owt go as had money i' it. Tha'dst mak' a better rich mon than Haworth."

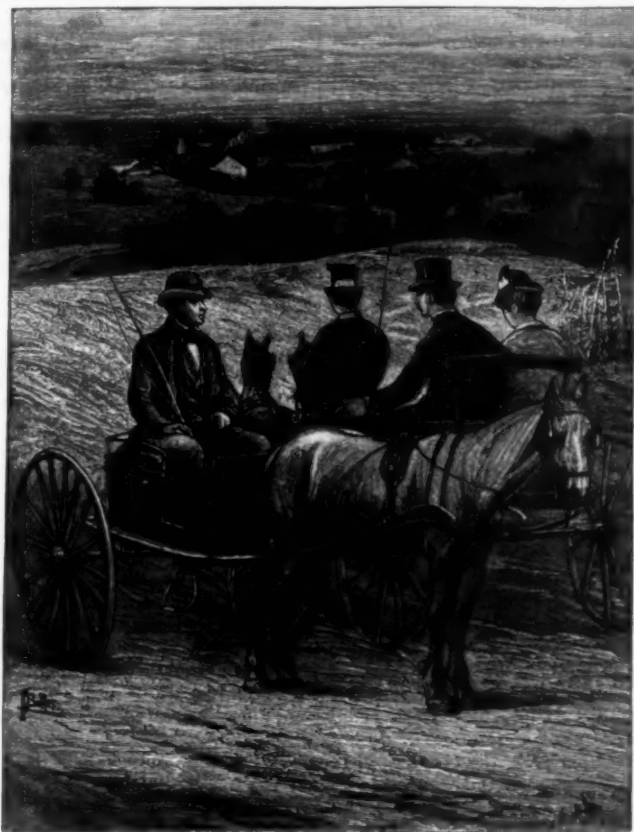
After leaving her Murdoch did not go home. He turned his back upon the village again, and walked rapidly away from it, out on the country road and across field paths, and did not turn until he was miles from Broxton.

Of late he had been more than usually abstracted. He had been restless, and at times nervously unstrung. He had slept ill, and spent his days in a half-conscious mood.

observations which had stirred him to-night. He had been drifting toward this feverish crisis of feeling for months, and had contested its approach inch by inch. There were hours when he was overpowered by the force of what he battled against, and this was one of them.

It was nearly midnight when he returned, and his mother met him at the door with an anxious look. It was a look he had seen upon her face all his life; but its effect upon himself had never lessened from the day he had first recognized it, as a child.

"I did not think you would wait for me," he said. "It is later than I thought."



"I SAT AND STARED AT THIS ONE LIKE A BLOCKHEAD."

"I am not tired," she answered.

She had aged a little since her husband's death, but otherwise she had not changed. She looked up at her son just as she had looked at his father,—watchfully, but saying little.

"Are you going to bed?" she asked.

"I am going upstairs," he replied. But he did not say that he was going to bed.

He bade her good-night shortly afterward, and went to his room. It was the one his father had used before his death, and the trunk containing his belongings stood in one corner of it.

For a short time after entering the room he paced the floor restlessly and irregularly. Sometimes he walked quickly, sometimes slowly; once or twice he stopped short, checking himself as he veered toward the corner in which stood the unused trunk.

"I'm in a queer humor," he said aloud.

"I am thinking of it as if—as if it were a temptation to sin. 'Why should I?'"

He made a sudden resolute movement forward. He knelt down, and, turning the key in the lock, flung the trunk-lid backward.

There was only one thing he wanted, and he knew where to find it. It lay buried at the bottom, under the unused garments, which gave forth a faint, damp odor as he moved them. When he rose from his knees he held the wooden case in his hand. After he had carried it to the table and opened it, and the model stood again before him, he sat down and stared at it with a numb sense of fascination.

"I thought I had seen the last of it," he said; "and here it is."

Even as he spoke he felt his blood warm within him, and flush his cheek. His hand trembled as he put it forth to touch and move the frame-work before him. He



felt as if it were a living creature. His eye kindled, and he bent forward.

"There's something to be done with it yet," he said. "It's *not* a blunder, I'll swear!"

He was hot with eagerness and excitement. The thing had haunted him day and night for weeks. He had struggled to shake off its influence, but in vain. He had told himself that the temptation to go back to it and ponder over it was the working of a morbid taint in his blood. He had remembered the curse it had been, and had tried to think of that only; but it had come back to him again and again, and—here it was.

He spent an hour over it, and in the end his passionate eagerness had rather grown than diminished. He put his hand up to his forehead and brushed away drops of moisture; his throat was dry, and his eyes were strained.

"There's something to be brought out of it yet," he said, as he had said before. "It *can* be done, I swear!"

The words had scarcely left his lips before he heard behind him a low, but sharp cry—a miserable ejaculation, half uttered.

He had not heard the door open, nor the entering footsteps; but he knew what the cry meant the moment he heard it. He turned about and saw his mother standing on the threshold. If he had been detected in the commission of a crime, he could not have felt a sharper pang than he did. He almost staggered against the wall and did not utter a word. For a moment they looked at each other in a dead silence. Each wore in the eyes of the other a new aspect. She pointed to the model.

"It has come back," she said. "I knew it would."

The young fellow turned and looked at it a little stupidly.

"I—didn't mean to hurt you with the sight of it," he said. "I took it out because—because—"

She stopped him with a movement of her head.

"Yes, I know," she said. "You took it out because it has haunted you and tempted you. You could not withstand it. It is in your blood."

He had known her through all his life as a patient creature, whose very pains had bent themselves and held themselves in check, lest they should seem for an hour to stand in the way of the end to be accomplished. That she had, even in the deepest secrecy, rebelled against fate, he had never dreamed.

She came to the table and struck the model aside with one angry blow.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" she cried, panting. "*I have never believed in it for an hour—not for one hour!*"

He could only stammer out a few halting words.

"This is all new to me," he said. "I did not know——"

"No, you did not know," she answered. "How should you, when I lived my whole life to hide it? I have been stronger than you thought. I bore with him, as I should have borne with him if he had been maimed or blind—or worse than that. I did not hurt him—he had hurt enough. I knew what the end would be. He would have been a happy man and I a happy woman, if it had not been for *that*, and there it is again. I tell you," passionately, "there is a curse on it!"

"And you think," he said, "that it has fallen upon me."

She burst into wild tears.

"I have told myself it would," she said. "I have tried to prepare myself for its coming some day; but I did not think it would show itself so soon as this."

"I don't know why," he said slowly. "I don't know—what there is in *me* that I should think I might do what he left undone. There seems a kind of vanity in it."

"It is not vanity," she said; "it is worse. It is what has grown out of my misery and his. I tell you it is in your blood."

A flush rose to his face, and a stubborn look settled upon him.

"Perhaps it is," he answered. "I have told myself that, too."

She held her closed hand upon her heart, as if to crush down its passionate heavings.

"Begin as he began," she cried, "and the end will come to you as it came to him. Give it up now—now!"

"Give it up!" he repeated after her.

"Give it up," she answered, "or give up your whole life, your youth, your hope,—all that belongs to it."

She held out her hands to him in a wild, unconsciously theatrical gesture. The whole scene had been theatrical through its very incongruousness, and Murdoch had seen this vaguely, and been more shaken by it than anything else.

Before she knew what he meant to do, he approached the table, and replaced the model in its box, the touch of stubborn desperateness on him yet. He carried the

case back to the trunk, and shut it in once more.

"I'll let it rest a while," he said; "I'll promise you that. If it is ever to be finished by me, the time will come when it will see the light again, in spite of us both."

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTIAN MURDOCH.

As he was turning into the gate of the Works the next morning, a little lad touched him upon the elbow.

"Mester," he said, "sithee, Mester,—stop a bit."

He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and he held in his hand a slip of paper.

"I thowt I should na ketch thee," he said, "tha'rt so long-legged. A woman sent thee that," and he gave him the slip of paper.

Murdoch opened and read the words written upon it.

"If you are Stephen Murdoch's son, I must see you. Come with the child."

There was no signature—only these words, written irregularly and weakly. He had never met with an adventure in his life, and this was like an episode in a romance.

"If you are Stephen Murdoch's son, I must see you."

He could scarcely realize that he was standing in the narrow, up-hill street, jostled by the hands shouting and laughing as they streamed past him through the gates to their work.

And yet, somehow he found himself taking it more coolly than seemed exactly natural. This morning, emotion and event appeared less startling than they would have done even the day before. The strange scene of the past night had, in a manner, prepared him for anything which might happen.

"Who sent it?" he asked of the boy.

"Th' woman as lodges i' our house. She's been theer three days, an' she's gotten to th' last, mother says. Con tha coom? She's promist me a shillin' if I browt thee."

"Wait here a minute," said Murdoch.

He passed into the works and went to Floxham.

"I've had a message that calls me away," he said. "If you can spare me for an hour—"

"I'll mak' out," said the engineer.

The lad at the gate looked up with an

encouraging grin when he saw his charge returning.

"I'd loike to mak' th' shillin'," he said.

Murdoch followed him in silence. He was thinking of what was going to happen to himself scarcely as much as of the dead man in whose name he was called upon. He was brought near to him again as if it were by a fate. "If you are Stephen Murdoch's son," had moved him strongly.

Their destination was soon reached. It was a house in a narrow but respectable street occupied chiefly by a decent class of workmen and their families. A week before he had seen in the window of this same house a card bearing the legend "Lodgings to Let," and now it was gone. A clean, motherly woman opened the door for them.

"Tha'st earnt tha' shillin', has tha, tha young nowt?" she said to the lad, with friendly severity. "Coom in, Mester. I wur feart he'd get off on some of his marlocks an' forget aw about th' paper. She's i' a bad way, poor lady, an' th' lass is na o' much use. Coom upstairs."

She led the way to the second floor, and her knock being answered by a voice inside, she opened the door. The room was comfortable and of good size, a fire burned on the grate, and before it sat a girl with her hands clasped upon her knee.

She was a girl of nineteen, dark of face and slight of figure to thinness. When she turned her head slowly to look at him, Murdoch was struck at once with the peculiar steadiness of her large black eyes.

"She is asleep," she said in a low, cold voice.

There was a sound as of movement in the bed.

"I am awake," some one said. "If it is Stephen Murdoch's son, let him come here."

Murdoch went to the bedside and stood looking down at the woman who returned his gaze. She was a woman whose last hours upon earth were passing rapidly. Her beauty was now only something terrible to see; her breath came fast and short; her eyes met his with a look of anguish.

"Send the girl away," she said to him.

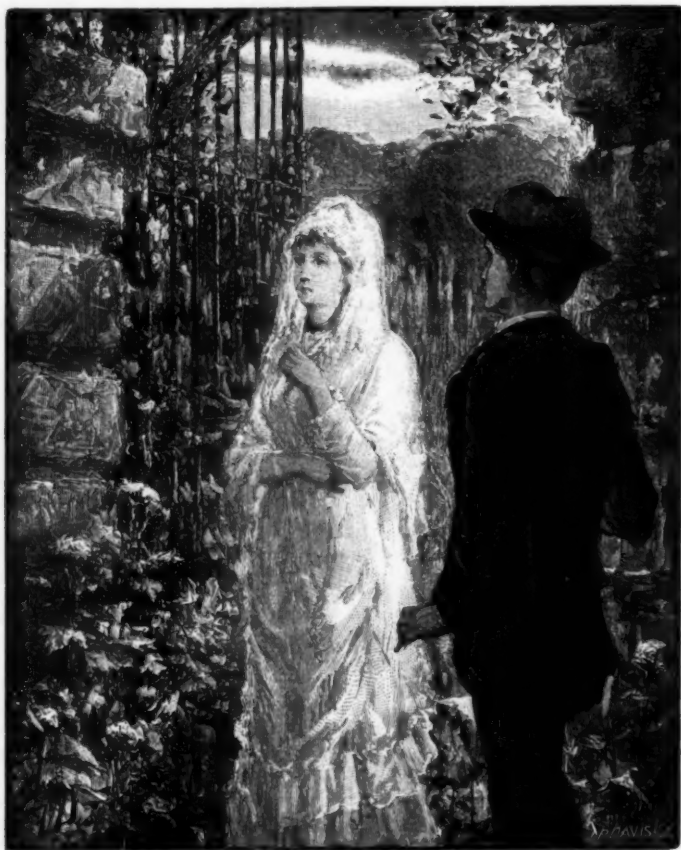
Low as her voice was, the girl heard it. She rose without turning to right or left and went out of the room.

Until the door closed the woman still lay looking up into her visitor's face, but as soon as it was shut she spoke laboriously.

"What is your name?" she asked.

He told her.

"You are like your father," she said, and



"HE WAS SO NEAR THAT HER DRESS ALMOST TOUCHED HIM."

then closed her eyes and lay so for a moment. "It is a mad thing I am doing," she said, knitting her brows with weak fretfulness, and still lying with closed eyes. "I—I do not know—why I should have done it—only that it is the last thing. It is not that I am fond of the girl—or that she is fond of me," she opened her eyes with a start. "Is the door shut?" she said. "Keep her out of the room."

"She is not here," he answered, "and the door is closed."

The sight of his face seemed to help her to recover herself.

"What am I saying?" she said. "I have not told you who I am."

"No," he replied, "not yet."

"My name was Janet Murdoch," she

said. "I was your father's cousin. Once he was very fond of me."

She drew from under her pillow a few old letters.

"Look at them," she said; "he wrote them."

But he only glanced at the superscription and laid them down again.

"I did not know," she panted, "that he was dead. I hoped he would be here. I knew that he must have lived a quiet life. I always thought of him as living here in the old way."

"He was away from here for thirty years," said Murdoch. "He only came back to die."

"He!" she said, "I never thought of that. It—seems very strange. I could not

imagine his going from place to place—or living a busy life—or suffering much. He was so simple and so quiet.

"I thought of him," she went on, "because he was a good man—a good man—and there was no one else in the world. As the end came I grew restless—I wanted to—try——"

But there her eyes closed and she forgot herself again.

"What was it you wanted to try to do?" he asked gently.

She roused herself, as before, with a start.

"To try," she said,—"to try to do something for the girl."

He did not understand what she meant until she had dragged herself up upon the pillow and leaned forward touching him with her hand; she had gathered all her strength for the effort.

"I am an outcast," she said,—"an outcast!"

The simple and bare words were so terrible that he could scarcely bear them, but he controlled himself by a strong effort.

A faint color crept up on her cheek.

"You don't understand," she said.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I think I do."

She fell back upon her pillows.

"I won't tell you the whole story," she said. "It is an ugly one, and she will be ready enough with it when her turn comes. She has understood all her life. She has never been a child. She seemed to fasten her eyes upon me from the hour of her birth, and I have felt them ever since. Keep her away," with a shudder. "Don't let her come in."

A sudden passion of excitement seized upon her.

"I don't know why I should care," she cried. "There is no reason why she should not live as I have lived—but she will not—she will not. I have reached the end and she knows it. She sits and looks on and says nothing, but her eyes force me to speak. They forced me to come here—to try—to make a last effort. If Steven Murdoch had lived——"

She stopped a moment.

"You are a poor man," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I am a mechanic."

"Then—you cannot—do it."

She spoke helplessly, wildly.

"There is nothing to be done. There is no one else. She will be all alone."

Then he comprehended her meaning fully.

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"No," he said, "I am not so poor as that. I am not a poorer man than my father was, and I can do what he would have done, if he had lived. My mother will care for the girl, if that is what you wish."

"What I wish!" she echoed. "I wish for nothing—but I must do something for her—before—before—before——"

She broke off, but began again.

"You are like your father. You make things seem simple. You speak as if you were undertaking nothing."

"It is not much to do," he answered, "and we could not do less. I will go to my mother and tell her that she is needed here. She will come to you."

She turned her eyes on him in terror.

"You think," she whispered, "that I shall die soon—soon!"

He did not answer her. He could not. She wrung her hands and dashed them open upon the bed, panting.

"Oh," she cried, "my God! It is over! I have come to the end of it—the end! To have only one life—and to have done with it—and lie here! To have lived—and loved—and triumphed, and to know it is over! One may defy all the rest, the whole world, but not this. It is *done*!"

Then she turned to him again, desperately.

"Go to your mother," she said. "Tell her to come. I want some one in the room with me. I won't be left alone with *her*. I cannot bear it."

On going out he found the girl sitting at the head of the stairs. She rose and stood aside to let him pass, looking at him unflinchingly.

"Are you coming back again?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "I am coming back again."

In half an hour he re-ascended the staircase, bringing his mother with him. When they entered the room in which the dying woman lay, Mrs. Murdoch went to the bed and bent over her.

"My son has brought me to do what I can for you," she said, "and to tell you that he will keep his promise."

The woman looked up. For a moment it seemed that she had half forgotten. A change had come upon her even in the intervening half-hour.

"His promise," she said. "Yes, he will keep it."

At midnight she died. Mother and son

were in the room, the girl sat in a chair at the bedside. Her hands were clasped upon her knee; she sat without motion. At a few minutes before the stroke of twelve, the woman awoke from the heavy sleep in which she had lain. She awoke with a start and a cry, and lay staring at the girl, whose steady eyes were fixed upon her. Her lips moved, and at last she spoke.

"Forgive me!" she cried. "Forgive me!"

Murdoch and his mother rose, but the girl did not stir.

"For what?" she asked.

"For—" panted the woman, "for——"

But the sentence remained unfinished. The girl did not utter a word. She sat looking at the dying woman in silence—only looking at her, not once moving her eyes from the face which, a moment later, was merely a mask of stone which lay upon the pillow, gazing back at her with a fixed stare.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### MISS FFRENCH RETURNS.

THEY took the girl home with them, and three days later the Ffrenchs returned. They came entirely unheralded, and it was Janey who brought the news of their arrival to the Works.

"They've coom," she said, in passing Murdoch on her way to her father. "Mester Ffrench an' her. They rode through th' town this mornin' i' a kerridge. Nobody knowed about it till they seed 'em."

The news was the principal topic of conversation through the day, and the comments made were numerous and varied. The most general opinions were that Ffrench was in a "tight place," or had "getten some crank i' hond."

"He's noan fond enow o' th' place to ha' coom back fur nowt," said Floxham. "He's a bit harder up than common, that's it."

In the course of the morning Haworth came in. Murdoch was struck with his unsettled and restless air; he came in awkwardly, and looking as if he had something to say, but though he loitered about some time, he did not say it.

"Come up to the house to-night," he broke out at last. "I want company."

It occurred to Murdoch that he wished to say more, but, after lingering for a few minutes, he went away. As he crossed the threshold, however, he paused uneasily.

"I say," he said, "Ffrench has come back."

"So I heard," Murdoch answered.

When he presented himself at the house in the evening, Haworth was alone as usual. Wines were on the table, and he seemed to have drunk deeply. He was flushed, and showed still the touch of uneasiness and excitement he had betrayed in the morning.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I'm out of soarts—or something."

He ended with a short laugh, and turned about to pour out a glass of wine. In doing so his hand trembled so that a few drops fell upon it. He shook them off angrily.

"What's up with me?" he said.

He drained the glass at a draught, and filled it again.

"I saw Ffrench to-day," he said. "I saw them both."

"Both!" repeated Murdoch, wondering at him.

"Yes. She is with him."

"She!" and then remembering the episode of the handkerchief, he added, rather slowly, "You mean Miss Ffrench?"

Haworth nodded.

He was pushing his glass to and fro with shaking hands, his voice was hoarse and uncertain.

"I passed the carriage on the road," he said, "and Ffrench stopped it to speak to me. He's not much altered. I never saw her before. She's a woman now—and a handsome woman, by George!"

The last words broke from him as if he could not control them. He looked up at Murdoch, and as their eyes met he seemed to let himself loose.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said. "I'm—I'm hard hit. I'm hard hit."

Murdoch flinched. He would rather not have heard the rest. He had had emotion enough during the last few days, and this was of a kind so novel that he was overwhelmed by it. But Haworth went on.

"It's a queer thing," he said. "I can't quite make it out. I—I feel as if I must talk—about it—and yet there's naught to say. I've seen a woman that's—that's taken hold on me."

He passed his hands across his lips, which were parched and stiff.

"You know the kind of a fellow I've been," he said. "I've known women enough, and too many; but there's never been one like this. There's always been plenty like the rest. I sat and stared at this one like a blockhead. She set me trembling.



It came over me all at once. I don't know what Ffrench thought. I said to myself, 'Here's the first woman that ever held me back.' She's one of your high kind, that's hard to get nigh. She's got a way to set a man mad. She'll be hard to get at, by George!"

Murdoch felt his pulse start. The man's emotion had communicated itself to him, so far at least.

"I don't know much of women," he said. "I've not been thrown among them; I——"

"No," said Haworth roughly, "they're not in your line, lad. If they were, happen I shouldn't be so ready to speak out."

Then he began and told his story more minutely, relating how, as he drove to the Works, he had met the carriage, and Ffrench had caught sight of him and ordered the servant to stop; how he had presented his daughter, and spoken as if she had heard of him often before; how she had smiled a little, but had said nothing.

"She's got a way which makes a man feel as if she was keeping something back, and sets him to wondering what it is. She's not likely to be forgot soon; she gives a chap something to think over."

He talked fast and heatedly, and sometimes seemed to lose himself. Now and then he stopped, and sat brooding a moment in silence, and then roused himself with a start, and drank more wine and grew more flushed and excited. After one of these fitful reveries, he broke out afresh.

"I—wonder what folk'll say to her of me. They won't give me an over good name, I'll warrant. What a fool I've been! What a d—— fool I've been all my life! Let them say what they like. They'll make me black enough; but there is plenty would like to stand in Jem Haworth's shoes. I've never been beat yet. I've stood up and held my own,—and women *like* that. And as to th' name," with rough banter, "it's not chaps like you they fancy, after all."

"As to that," said Murdoch coldly, "I've told you I know nothing of women."

He felt restive without knowing why. He was glad when he could free himself and get out into the fresh night air; it seemed all the fresher after the atmosphere he had breathed in-doors.

The night was bright and mild. After cold, un-spring-like weather had come an ephemeral balminess. The moon was at full, and he stepped across the threshold into a light as clear as day.

He walked rapidly, scarcely noting the road he passed over until he had reached the

house which stood alone among its trees,—the house Haworth had pointed out a few months before. It was lighted now, and its lights attracted his attention.

"It's a brighter-looking place than it was then," he said.

He never afterward could exactly recall how it was that at this moment he started, turned, and for a breath's space came to a full stop.

He had passed out of the shadow of the high boundary wall into the broad moonlight which flooded the gate-way. The iron gates were open, and a white figure stood in the light—the figure of a tall young woman who did not move.

He was so near that her dress almost touched him. In another moment he was hurrying along the road again, not having spoken, and scarcely understanding the momentary shock he had received.

"That," he said to himself,—“that was she!”

When he reached home and opened the door of the little parlor, the girl Christian Murdoch was sitting alone by the dying fire in the grate. She turned and looked at him curiously.

"Something," she said, "has happened to you. What is it?"

"I don't know," he answered, "that anything has happened to me—anything of importance."

She turned to the fire again and sat gazing at it, rubbing the back of one hand slowly with the palm of the other, as it lay on her knee.

"Something has happened to *me*," she said. "To-day I have seen some one I know."

"Some one you know?" he echoed. "Here?"

She nodded her head.

"Some one I know," she repeated, "though I do not know her name. I should like to know it."

"*Her* name," he said. "Then it is a woman?"

"Yes, a woman—a young woman. I saw her abroad—four—five times."

She began to check off the number of times on her fingers.

"In Florence once," she said. "In Munich twice; in Paris—yes, in Paris twice again."

"When and how?" he asked.

As he spoke, he thought of the unruffled serenity of the face he had just seen.

"Years ago, the first time," she answered,

without the least change of tone, "in a church in Florence. I went in because I was wet and cold and hungry, and it was light and warm there. I was a little thing, and left to ramble in the streets. I liked the streets better than my mother's room. I was standing in the church, looking at the people and trying to feel warm, when a girl came in with a servant. She was handsome and well dressed, and looked almost like a woman. When she saw me, she laughed. I was such a little thing, and so draggled and forlorn. That was why she laughed. The next year I saw her again, at Munich. Her room was across the street and opposite mine, and she sat at the window, amusing herself by playing with her dog and staring at me. She had forgotten me, but I had not forgotten her; and she laughed at me again. In Paris it was the same thing. Our windows were opposite each other again. It was five years after, but that time she knew me, though she pretended she did not. She drove past the house to-day, and I saw her. I should like to know her name."

"I think I can tell you what it is," he said. "She is a Miss Ffrench. Her father is a Broxton man. They have a place here."

"Have they?" she asked. "Will they live here?"

"I believe so," he answered.

She sat for a moment, rubbing her hand slowly as before, and then she spoke.

"So much the worse," she said,—"so much the worse for me."

She went up to her room when she left him. It was a little room in the second story, and she had become fond of it. She often sat alone there. She had been sitting at its window when Rachel Ffrench had driven by in the afternoon. The window was still open she saw as she entered, and a gust of wind passing through it had scattered several light articles about the floor. She went to pick them up. They were principally loose papers, and as she bent to raise the first one she discovered that it was yellow with age and covered with a rough drawing of some mechanical appliance. Another and another presented the same plan—drawn again and again, elaborately and with great pains at times, and then hastily as if some new thought had suggested itself. On several were written dates and on others a few words.

She was endeavoring to decipher some of these faintly written words when a fresh gust of rising wind rushed past her as she stood and

immediately there fell upon her ear a slight ghostly rustle. Near her was a small unused closet whose door had been thrown open and as she turned toward it there fluttered from one of the shelves a sheet of paper yellower than the rest. She picked it up and read the words written upon the back of the drawing. They had been written twenty-six years before.

"To-day the child was born. It is a boy. By the time he is a year old my work will be done."

The girl's heart began to beat quickly. The papers rustled again and a kind of fear took possession of her.

"He wrote it," she said aloud. "The man who is dead—who is *dead*; and it was not finished at all."

She closed the window, eager to shut out the wind; then she closed the door and went back to the papers. Her fancies concerning Steven Murdoch had taken very definite shape from the first. She knew two things of him; that he had been gentle and unworldly, and that he had cherished throughout his life a hope which had eluded him until death had come between him and his patient and unflagging labor.

The sight of the yellow faded papers moved her to powerful feeling. She had never had a friend; she had stood alone from her earliest childhood, and here was a creature who had been desolate too—who must have been desolate, since he had been impelled to write the simple outcome of his thoughts again and again upon the paper he wrought on, as if no human being had been near to hear. It was this which touched her most of all. There was scarcely a sheet upon which some few words were not written. Each new plan bore its date, and some hopeful or weary thought. He had been tired often, but never faithless to his belief. The end was never very far off. A few days, one more touch, would bring it,—and then he had forgotten all the past.

"I can afford to forget it," he said once. "It only seems strange now that it should have lasted so long when so few steps remain to be taken."

These words had been written on his leaving America. He was ready for his departure. They were the last record. When she had read them, Christian pushed the papers away and sat gazing into space with dilated eyes.

"He died," she said. "He is *dead*. Nothing can bring him back; and it is forgotten."

(To be continued.)

## THE NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

THE history of banking in the United States is marked by two remarkable facts. One is that the notion that banks are especially institutions for issuing notes has acquired traditional force which it seems impossible to break. The other is that there has been a regular alternation of periods in which banks have been petted and endowed with dangerous privileges, and of periods in which terror of the "money power" has aroused senseless hostility against them. The explanation of these facts is not difficult. The great need of the country has always been capital. The need for capital has been confused with a need for money, and bank-notes have been supposed to be money. It has therefore been believed that to multiply banks and to give them free powers of issue would supply the need of capital. The consequence has always been that after a few years, the banks, which have abused their powers of issue in every way and to the utmost extent, have been found to be the owners of much of the property of the community. Their chartered privileges have shielded them against just responsibility. They have escaped their share of the ills which they helped to bring on the community by "suspending," and the business community has been forced by its own dependent position to acquiesce in the action of the banks.

The consequence is that there is a strong distrust of banks of the old kind in certain portions of the country, especially where the abuses were formerly greatest. By comparison with the currency used in the Ohio valley during the twenty years before the war, the currency since the war may justly be called "the best we ever had," and probably any one acquainted with public opinion in that region would confirm the statement that it is largely influenced by memory and fear of the old "Wild-cat" banking.\* It is

\* A very well informed member of Congress from Central Illinois once said to me: "If you should come here to preach hard money, and convince your entire audience, I could take them all away from you by just rising and shouting 'Masillon!'" It appears that a "bank" was organized at Masillon, Ohio, during the fifties, which printed a mass of notes. With these, certain agents went through Illinois buying grain. The grain was shipped eastward. The bank then failed and the farmers held its notes. Forty years earlier the same operation was repeated in very numerous instances through the Middle States.

a good instance of the way in which one error begets another.

When the banking system collapses and its terrible injustice is perceived, the outcry against the "money power" begins. It was heard in Massachusetts during the colonial times, and in Pennsylvania under the Confederation, when a fierce opposition to the Bank of North America arose. It was heard again in 1819, and in the distress which followed the crisis of 1837. Capital is unquestionably a great power. If it were not, men would not work as hard as they do to get it, and those who want to borrow it would not offer such strong inducements to those who have it to lend. These promises, in the eagerness of demand, and under sanguine hopes of the future, go beyond what is possible to be performed. A frontier district which wants a railroad can be checked by no warning, when it makes impossible promises to the capitalists who can build it. The community which wants a bank has no patience with a legislature which would put salutary restraints in the charter. The "money power" becomes odious when it claims a fulfillment of the promises, or uses the powers granted. Capital, moreover, is a social and civil force which, if recognized, may be made to serve the state. The men who want to lead an idle life are very few, and they are never found amongst men who have acquired fortunes by an active life. Men of the latter class find a natural field of activity in public life, which offers scope to their ambition, and at the same time stimulates honor and patriotism. If, however, the possession of wealth, when wealth is fairly and openly regarded as security and independence from the harshest needs of life, constitutes a bar to public activity, the "money power" is driven into secret, corrupt, and demoralizing modes of activity. The energetic man has no method of employing his energies save in further accumulation, and the force, repressed in public, is exerted in corrupting elections and in lobbying. The more we attempt to deny or ignore the power of capital, and to exclude it from its just public influence, the more dangerous it becomes.

We have reached another period of outcry against banks and clamor against the "money power." The national banks have

certainly no sins to answer for, such as those which have been above referred to on the part of banks in former times. Neither have they made offensive exhibitions of the power of wealth. It may be doubted whether they care very much for the threat to deprive them of the power to issue notes. With the resumption of specie payments, that power would lose much of the value which it has had. The proposition to retire the national bank notes, and replace them by greenbacks is a question of public policy, in which banks are especially interested only as they are financial institutions. If the proposition is discussed at all, it must be discussed as a question of public policy.

The issue of notes to circulate as substitutes for money is a monopoly. Taking the supply and demand of the precious metals as they stand at any moment, the United States needs a certain number of grains of gold to do its business with. We put so and so many grains into a single piece and call it a dollar; then we need so many dollars. The total amount of dollars for which we can issue notes is thus fixed by the requirement for money. The notes displace gold to the extent to which they are issued, and if this is less than the requirement, the remainder will be specie. If the notes exceed the requirement, specie will be at a premium. It is immaterial whether there be one issuer or two thousand.

The gain of the issuer comes from the fact that he, in effect, gains possession of the coin which his note displaces; with the coin he buys capital and earns interest. He has, therefore, printed a promise to pay, for which he gets interest. If he keeps a dollar in gold in his vaults for every dollar he issues, he loses an equivalent interest, and the note only saves wear of coin and serves convenience. Therefore, the proportion of gold which he keeps goes just so far to offset the interest obtained for his notes, and, if he has no gold at all, and is issuing a purely irredeemable note, he is winning interest on the product of the printing-press, as if it were capital. An irredeemable bank-note is therefore a pure swindle. On the other hand, the public is often told about the economy and profit of a paper currency, convertible, but only partially protected by reserve. It should not be forgotten, however, that this gain is not won by the public, but by the note-issuer. In any case, the public pays for a value currency to the full amount of its requirement, and, if it gives up any part of it, and makes

use of a substitute, it makes a gift of just that amount to the issuer of the substitute. Cheap money is never cheap to anybody but the issuer.

It is now urged, in view of these facts, that the nation ought to provide its own paper, and win the profits on it, since it is the people who, by using the paper, provide the profit. Some propose that the national paper issues shall be convertible, but the demand comes chiefly from those who favor irredeemable paper money, and who urge the replacement of bank-notes by greenbacks, because resumption would turn the bank-notes into convertible notes, if not by law, by the force of circumstances. The two propositions may be considered separately, but it must be observed at the outset that the profit of paper issues, beyond a remuneration for the cost, and care of them, ought to accrue to the public treasury. One beneficial result of steps to secure this would be that only a few of the largest and strongest banks at the different financial centers would find it profitable to retain their circulation.

The notion that the public treasury could carry a circulation of convertible notes on a reserve of one-third specie is erroneous. Those who believe in it forget that a bank does this only by virtue of its discount and deposit business. A bank is really an intermediary between the parties to an exchange, which is not completed on the spot. The bank pays for the goods which are delivered to-day, and waits a few months for its payment on the delivery of the goods given in exchange. The outflow and inflow of money in this transaction must be equal and, as the transactions are opened and closed every day, the outflow and inflow are continuous. The public treasury has no analogous ebb and flow. The receipt of revenue and payment of expenditure bears no true analogy. It has not the same regularity; it is not controlled by natural laws; it bears no comparison in volume. A mere fraction of the total annual revenue would suffice for the transactions of the treasury, by frequent transfers. The demands for redemption would at one time be very heavy; at another time they would die out entirely. The old rule (if it can be called a rule), based on banking experience, would not apply to such a system at all.

It is difficult to see any way in which this proposition could be made practicable unless the issue department of the treasury should act automatically, like the issue department of the Bank of England, holding

coin for every note, and exchanging notes for gold or gold for notes as might be demanded. It is not impossible that such a plan might be perfected, and that the national banks might use the treasury notes as reserve, but it would be open to the second objection to the plan as already discussed. There would be very great danger in giving such a function to a governmental bureau. The coin deposit would be seized by the government in the first moment of financial trouble,—of course under a solemn promise to restore it. History contains abundant warnings that this is no vain fear, and the need of giving banks of issue an independent organization and existence over against the state is recognized by all the best financial authorities, and by all the wisest statesmen.

We have next to consider the proposition to replace the bank-notes by treasury notes, and to leave the whole amount irredeemable. If the present gold premium is an indication that the present volume of paper is just at or above the specie requirement of the country at the present time (a supposition which is open to doubt), then we should fix our paper issues at that amount in a currency totally without elasticity. The revival of business may be expected to release and set in motion much currency which is now idle, and it is very possible that, although the premium on gold is now slight, the present amount of paper may prove in excess of the normal and healthy requirement of the country. In any case, it is to be expected that, if the paper issues were fixed at the present amount, there would remain a slight premium on gold, just sufficient to retain and render permanent all the doubt, vexation and mischief which now exist. That state of things would also act as a continual stimulus to ruinous propositions, such as are now being made for increasing the issues. If the treasury notes existed as the sole paper money, and were in circulation for an amount far less than the requirement, they would be bad enough; but they would not have this effect. In short, the great reason for rejecting the proposition under consideration is the one on which the opponents of it have rightly laid the chief stress. So long as the nation issues any of the currency, so long the amount to be issued will be a political question. That question will form the issue between parties, arousing the bitterest passions, undermining civil order, and arraying citizen against citizen in malice. It will offer to dema-

gogue the material on which they fatten and prosper. It will give to the most reckless and disreputable men the greatest control in politics. It will corrupt elections beyond anything yet experienced. It will push out of sight all the reforms in legislation and administration by which we might abolish the advantages now enjoyed by the crafty and unscrupulous, and will re-open for that class the means by which they have won the success which is now used as an argument against all wealth. It will make every session of Congress a new occasion for doubt and dismay to the whole industrial community. Is not this a description of what we now see going on? If we perpetuate the causes, what can we expect but a continuation of the effects? There are but two points of rest; one is no government issues, the other is government issues expanded until they are worthless. So long as there are any greenbacks, we shall oscillate between these two points under continual apprehension and distress. At present we are at the very point where suffering on the road to no greenbacks ceases, and we can go forward to retire them, without distress. To establish them in perpetuity is to make trouble perpetual.

If we turn to consider the national bank circulation as a means of supplying such paper currency as we need, we shall gain something by observing the history of the bank-notes.

At the outbreak of the war, the currency of the country consisted of state bank notes up to the full requirement of the country, or, if anything, a little beyond it. During the year 1861, the banks of the Eastern cities strained their resources to assist the treasury, but their ability was small under the circumstances. The result was suspension, December 30, 1861. The treasury was overwhelmed by the necessity of meeting great war expenditures, and was forced to have recourse to all the quickest and most desperate financial means. It issued legal-tender notes, but, as the channels of circulation were already full of bank-notes, the treasury notes at once depreciated. It issued bonds and, like every debtor in distress, it offered high inducements to those who had capital to lend. It promised to divest itself of the power to tax the bonds, and to use its power to forbid any one else to tax them. It thus discounted any future taxes which it might itself have laid, and it discounted and appropriated the taxes which other authorities might have laid. It then



sold out to the subscribers to its loan the right to issue notes to be used as currency, to the extent of three hundred million dollars, for twenty years.

The plan of selling to the subscribers to a loan the right to issue convertible notes is not new. It was employed at the foundation of the Bank of England and of the first United States Bank. Primarily it is a financial resource for the government, and not a plan for giving security to the note-holders. It is a relic of the old financial systems in which privileges, franchises and monopolies were sold to obtain money to meet pressing necessities.

The value of the privilege of issuing convertible notes has been already described. The state pays to its creditors one interest and endows them with the privilege of taking another interest from the public for all the uncovered notes. Such a privilege ought, in any case, to be limited in its duration.

By the circumstances of the case our national banks acquired the privilege of issuing inconvertible notes, or, to describe the facts more accurately, the existing banks were forced by a tax on state bank notes, to change their issues already irredeemable, and not limited in amount, into issues limited in amount and secured by the bonds which they were forced to buy. The state bank notes were thus abolished, and national bank notes were put in their place, absorbing the loan to the same extent. The national bank notes were to circulate on a par with the government notes. It is to be observed that greenbacks to the same amount could not then have been issued without carrying the gold premium to 500 instead of 250.

By the law of July 12, 1870, additional issues were authorized to the extent of \$54,000,000. This act did not have its motive in the desire to place a public loan, but in a demand for "more money" from people who wanted more capital. As they had not capital they could not organize banks. New banks were organized only in the old states where capital was abundant, and, even there, never up to the limit allowed. By the Act of June 20, 1874, free banking was established for any who would buy bonds and organize under the law. Then the limit no longer existed, and the only monopoly was the one which is fixed in the nature of things. This act also was a concession to inflationist views. Up to this time all the natural forces of recuperation

have tended so forcibly toward a reduction of the amount of paper afloat that this law, which gave liberty for either increase or reduction, has operated only in the way of reduction, by the voluntary action of the banks, so that the amount of bank-notes now out is just above \$300,000,000. The advocates of this law, disappointed in its effects, are now those who want to abolish the bank circulation altogether. We cannot expect prosperity while interests so delicate as those which are here involved are at the sport of such varying and irresponsible clamors.

It has been shown above that the privilege of issuing irredeemable notes is one which is indefensible. So long as the national bank notes are of this character they are open to serious attack, but it has been in our power, at any time, by resuming, to correct this evil. The theory and intention of the National Bank Act never was to grant the privilege of irredeemable issues in perpetuity, or for any length of time. The act was evidently constructed with a view to immediate resumption after the war. Then the country was to have what it had always longed for—a uniform currency. It was to have a system of local small banks, such as it was accustomed to, and free from the objections raised against a great national bank. The notes were to be convertible and to be secured by the bonds deposited. Whenever the greenbacks were redeemed, the greenback reserves would become gold reserves, and the banks, prevented from expansion under suspension by the fixed limit on their issues, would resume when the government paid its floating debt.

It is not necessary now to inquire whether this theory is a good one, or whether the results expected will all be realized. Experience will soon show, after resumption, and it will be possible to go on and improve the banking system for the security of the public, as may appear necessary. The question now before the public is, whether, after resumption, it will be better to have convertible bank-notes, or either convertible or inconvertible greenbacks. The best result of the discussion will be to show that this is only another phase of the question whether to resume or not.

It is evident that resumption would at once do away with the chief objections to the bank-notes. It would bring the banks under the control of natural laws. It would by no means constitute a return to the old state bank system, as some seem to dread. The

free banking act might, very probably, become mischievous, for bank issues might be simply expanded to supply the place of greenbacks withdrawn. It certainly is not worth while for the public to buy back a value currency for the sake of giving it away to banks again. As fast as the greenbacks are redeemed with specie, specie ought to take their place in circulation. Some persons pretend to say that no one wants specie. It is difficult to see what right they have to speak for any one but themselves. A generation which has grown up to know only irredeemable paper, will not, probably, know the advantages of specie currency in elasticity, in uniformity, in retail business, in expenditures for consumption, in all the transactions of the man of small income. If they do not know this advantage, they may foolishly give it away. Business men and bankers educated in the same system, may not appreciate at once the great necessity which arises from time to time for a mass of specie in the circulation, which can be easily drawn to the banks to support

bank-notes, or the evils which may arise if no specie is present in the circulation. Nevertheless, it is true, and experience of convertible currency will soon show it, that a good currency must consist of both notes and specie. As to the proportion in which they should exist, that depends on convenience entirely. Sometimes one prefers notes and sometimes specie. The bank-note becomes mischievous the moment it displaces a coin which the holder might have and would prefer to have. It is useful and beneficial only so long as, under complete liberty of choice, it supplies a substitute which the holder's convenience prompts him to prefer. In the course of time, therefore, after resumption shall have been accomplished, it will be necessary to modify and improve the bank-note system until it answers the purpose of facilitating exchanges with absolute neutrality between the parties. For the present, the national bank notes offer the only paper issue upon which we can pass over to specie payments, if we are to resume at all.

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 THE CRICKET.

BLITHE minstrel of the fading year!  
I love thy song of cozy cheer,  
And though my cell be rude and bare  
With thee my lonely hearth I share,  
Nor would I thy thin pipe forego  
For sweetest reeds that man may blow.

Without, November's tempests roar;  
The maniac wind assaults the door,  
And shrill through mountain gorges bleak  
The writhen hemlocks sigh and shriek;  
But what care I how wild it be  
So Fate sends comrade such as thee?

Estranged, unvisited, forlorn,  
I give the false world scorn for scorn!  
Remote from man, to hear at night  
Thy faultless treble's crisp delight,  
And warm my old bones by the fire,  
Are the sole comforts I desire.

When on my ruined past I brood,  
And maddening memories intrude,  
Then, welcome guest! thy cheerful strain  
Diverts and solaces my pain,  
And makes me for an hour forget  
All, save thy tiny clarionet!

When sleep's soft fingers close my eyes,  
And childhood's fairy pictures rise,  
Thou art my sleepless sentinel,  
Whose watchword tells me all is well—  
Whose sudden silence warns my ear  
If aught of evil wanders near.

Thou art the hermit's closest friend;  
And when my mortal day shall end,  
And my cold hand at last shall tire  
To light at eve the fagot-fire—  
Though none are left to weep for me,  
Thy song my requiem shall be!

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## MY LOOK AT THE QUEEN.

ONE of the pleasantest incidents which I recall of a late tour in England was a look I had at the Queen. It happened under circumstances which gave it a singular interest to me, and I may possibly be able to communicate somewhat of this to the reader. I doubt whether, so far as I am concerned, I would have gone much out of my way, or paused long to look, had the present occupant of the throne been only the lovely but untried young girl who was projected upon the world's notice forty years ago; however highly trained she might have been for her great office, however accomplished, and however engaging for her romantic association with the handsome German prince. But Victoria has since then earned and achieved an individual reputation. She has set the seal of personal character upon the great system of government which she represents, and justified its wisdom and beauty before the world. She is known to us, not only as a monarch whose reign has been so unusually long, successful and brilliant, as to be already called the Victorian Age, on account of its splendor in literature, science, art, and the extension and consolidation of the Empire, but also as the prudent, good woman, the head of a model English home; with will enough to govern, and yet the sagacity to govern as little as possible; faithful, even in the midst of the desolateness of her widowhood, to every public duty; as intelligent and experienced in her cabinet as any of her counselors; with an individual character all her own; full of womanly kindness, sympathy and simplicity, and with so little regard for the mere pageantry of her position, as to retreat from the glare of the court and the stare of the people, and to claim, after every sovereign function had been performed, the privilege of retirement into the privacy of her woman's heart again.

Just as I was about leaving London, at the close of the season, for a summer circuit of the British Isles, intending to take the Isle of Wight in my way, a friend informed me that Her Majesty was spending her usual few weeks at Osborne, and that she was accustomed to attend church at Whippingham, near by. When I reached Portsmouth it was yet three or four days before Sunday, and I filled them up with a charming coast-wise ride around the

beautiful island, with here and there a divergence into the interior. As I bear it in memory now, it comes up as a sort of background to the closing event of the journey.

Starting in a ferry-boat from Portsmouth I was soon on the waters of the Solent Sea. In the distance, on the left, I could see the tower of Osborne, above the trees of its park, with the royal ensign floating from its summit, and on the right the little marine village of Cowes close to the water's edge. A few yachts, like seabirds, were resting on the tide, a full-rigged man-of-war was at anchor, and the Queen's yacht, upon which a few remaining flags of a recent decoration were still flying, lay close under the woody head-land of Osborne.

I spent the night at Cowes, in an inn so close to the edge of the low stone embankment that I could hear the waves plashing against it until I fell asleep. The next morning, finding an open carriage, with a rosy-faced old driver, I chartered it for the round trip, carefully stipulating that I was to be punctually dropped into Cowes again by Saturday night.

I need not detail my three days' impressions at length; but it may interest the reader if I gather them together in one vivid recollection, grouped as if under a sort of balloon-view. I have lovely memories of drives, continuing day after day, along roads full of picturesque objects; sometimes down into lanes almost overhung by the luxuriant growth of the wild hedge-rows on either side; the "great and wide sea also" almost always in view; the "Needles" shooting up their purple points within sight of the inn on the cliff where I spent the first night; Freshwater, on the next day, with its towering precipices of chalk, and the gay bathers disporting themselves in the surf which broke on the beach at their base; the treeless, hedgeless, endless, undulating "downs," through the short grass of which the chalky soil could be seen; the great "chines," terrible overhanging cliffs and gorges jagged out of the black soil and rock, contrasting strangely with the milk-white steeps elsewhere; the ride through Undercliffe, with its great terraces and land-slips tending to the sea; here and there stretches of wood full of noble trees; on the south side of the Island, Ventnor, with its

yellow-brown stone dwellings clinging one above another, to the hill-side; Brading and Bon-church, with their memory of Legh Richmond and Little Jane; John Stirling and William Adams sleeping nearly side by side in the same grave-yard: two young clergymen, in life and thought so far apart; one resting under the distant benediction of Carlyle and Julius Hare, the other literally under "the Shadow of the Cross," which lies supported by its nails above his tomb; both dismissed, at nearly the same age, to learn the great secret.

And, going back again to the beginning of the journey, my mind brings up Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles the First was confined and where his daughter died, now as far gone in ruin as the poor king himself; as roofless as he is headless; its walls and towers crumbling, like great bones, into decay, and its circling moat as dry as the royal arteries. And again, when nearly half-way round the island, as I drew near the residence of the Queen's Laureate, my coachman told me how he had driven him for hours, sitting by his side, and "not a word did he say to him all the way." And—most curious of all—that odd little church of St. Lawrence, which, when near the end of my circuit, I was told to get out and look for up a side-road on the hill, and found, after I had almost stepped upon it, nearly hidden behind its hedge and quite buried by the trees which stretched their branches over it. "The smallest church in Great Britain!" eleven feet high, eleven feet wide, thirty-five feet long (ten feet of this added a few years ago), and more than six hundred years old. There it crouched, like an aged dwarf, black with antiquity, its ridge-pole bent in like a decrepit back, and its low gable stubbly bearded with hoary moss. And what a Lilliputian interior! a nave, and a raised chancel, and an altar, and a lecturn, and a pulpit, and a service held every Sunday, the children of the hamlet put inside, and the grown people of the congregation sitting on forms under an awning in the grave-yard. What mutations had the tiny creature seen! What tides of life had swept over it, or near it, since the reign of Henry the Third! It had seen masses celebrated in it, and heard good Protestant sermons preached in it. Here, tucked away in its nook, the venerable little object had borne its vicissitudes like a Christian, and stooped under the trees and almost hid itself in the grass, as history sometimes trundled near it, and great kings were heard of as living, fighting, and dying; and priests

fled away and appeared again; and generation after generation sent each its lord and lady of the manor, and a thimbleful congregation of rustics to worship in it or upon it; and all the big world beyond went on with its mighty perturbations, leaving the pigmy sanctuary finally at peace under its bower of leaves, to amuse a tourist like me, who could only lean over its gate and laugh outright at the sight of it.

And now Saturday afternoon comes. We have passed through Ryde, and begin to touch, on the right, the farthest limit of the Queen's private domain of twenty-three hundred acres, once owned jointly by herself and Prince Albert. Here they had lived as English householders, and enjoyed each other in the seclusion of domestic life. The driver's homely gossip about the Queen's annoyance when intruders were seen by her on the grounds, and her failures in keeping them off, gave quite an air of its being only a fine gentlewoman's place that we were riding by.

It seemed as if we had proceeded a mile or two along the neat and well-kept "farm," as some would have called it, looking hard and curiously that way all the time, when we came suddenly, on the opposite side of the road, upon a pretty Gothic church of gray stone, somewhat peculiar in construction, and, if I remember rightly, with a square lantern tower at the intersection of the transept. It stood, like all English churches, in a grave-yard, the gate-way of which was the common lich-gate,—a pyramidal canopy resting on four pillars. Close by, in a grove of fine trees, was the rectory. This was the church at Whippingham, designed and built by Prince Albert, and which the Queen was accustomed to attend. The unusually deep chancel-recess, fronting eastward and on the road, was accounted for as having something to do with the accommodation of the royal household. A door on the south side, opening directly into it, surmounted by armorial carving and the sculptured monogram, V and A, indicated the private entrance of the Queen and her family.

I called on the Reverend Canon Prothero, who holds this interesting post, and received from him at once the kind promise that next morning he would place me in the church where I could see Her Majesty. He mentioned the fact that there was only one seat in the whole edifice from which she could be seen.

The next morning, with my rosy friend, the

coachman, I drove over from West Cowes, and, on entering the yard, found it already quite full of people, evidently bent as much upon offering the homage of a look to the august worshiper, as upon attending divine service. The church, also, appeared to be well filled. As I was passing through the crowd in order to reach the entrance in the rear, a lady came up to me, and, after asking whether I was the gentleman expected by Mr. Prothero, said that he had requested her to wait for me, in order that I might be sure of securing the one coveted seat. This great kindness was only one instance out of many which, as a stranger, I had shown me everywhere in England. I was ready to go in at once. But she added to her kindness by suggesting that, as the point of view inside might not prove to be all I desired, and as the Queen usually came about the commencement of the litany service, perhaps I might prefer to remain where I was, and see her alight and enter. After taking me in and making me known to the sexton, the courteous lady retired, and I withdrew to seek a good position outside.

Soon the service began, and from where I stood, close to the open window, it could be distinctly heard. I followed it with a consciousness curiously commingled; thinking, at one moment, of the worship due to the King of kings, and, at another, of the semi-deification which the sovereigns of the earth had received and claimed, of the deep obeisances and kneeling attitudes, the humble petitioning for favor, and the lauding ascriptions of power and glory which had surrounded the ancient ancestors of the very monarch who might now appear at any moment. I recalled to mind, also, the grand ideal of the British sovereign which Blackstone had painted on my imagination years ago, when I was a boy. I remembered that Constitutional picture now, as a magnificent amplification, in legal detail, of Shakspeare's

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

As the whole beauty of that wondrous fabric broke upon me which now perpetuates the old Divine Right of Kings in the new form of the Divine Right of Government, and which makes the old title, "Majesty," once given to the royal person in itself, even more befitting the person who sits within the political, almost poetic, periphery of this great sovereignty, the fact still forced itself through all, how intrinsic—how essential was the woman herself, whom

I was waiting to see, in her own bodily presence to the very strength, vitality, possibility—divinity if you please—of the whole structure. For it was the Queen who sustained the Throne, as much as the Throne the Queen. It had been built about her royal line. The virtue which lay in her dynastic blood was its interior support. At its back stood the right and the prestige of an ancestral house which had reigned by universal consent for one thousand years. And she had come by this long appointment of time,—time, that unpurchasable thing, unprocurable by any means but itself, the instrument and vehicle of Providence in the evolution of human progress. She was here in the necessity of a historic destiny, in the character of a historic being, the present evidence and assurance of the national unity, the ensign, still foremost though not unfurled, of the national identity during all this march of ages.

While thinking of this, in the fifteen or twenty minutes I had to wait, I looked round at the people standing about, and observed them curiously in their peculiar relation to it all. Here they were, English, every man and woman of them. Yellow-haired, fresh-featured, bluff, stout, sturdy, fattened on this soil, born to this allegiance, familiar with this idea. Their faces were full of expectancy. What was *their* interest in their monarch?

Just then the rustle of the congregation within the church was heard as they were going down upon their knees in prayer, and the voice of the minister came out to us:

"O Lord, save the Queen!"

Answered by the people:

"And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee."

In a few moments the anthem burst forth; which is a custom in the English church before the litany. Now, three or four uniformed policemen, with the usual felt-covered helmets, looking as if they had come down from London, began to move busily about, warning the crowd, this time, to get *on* the grass and to stay off the paths. The anticipated moment had evidently come. The church bell gave three startling taps. The Defender of the Faith was just issuing forth from her stately gates a little way down the road. In a few moments, with a sudden dash, a man, dressed like a groom, trotted by the lich-gate, on a white horse, and reined up somewhere out of



sight. Two barouches then drove up with coachmen and footmen in mourning livery. A man, who had been seated on the coach-box of the foremost vehicle, jumped quickly to the ground, and, taking off his hat, came with rapid steps up the path, and I had before me the immortal, the redoubtable, the irrepressible John Brown, once gillie to Prince Albert, now the Queen's constant attendant. The whole appearance and manner of the man entertained me exceedingly. His large and quite imposing figure was clothed in Highland costume, as black as midnight; kilt and hose, with tartan plaid flowing picturesquely down in front from his left shoulder to the knees, and the national bonnet in his hand. He had what the Scotch call a "dour" look; grim, doggedly defiant and self-conscious, as if his mind was full of petty determinations. His close-cut iron-gray hair lay thick and shocky on his stubborn head, which was slightly bent forward, as he came swiftly toward us, apparently ready to butt any one who should question either his own high prerogative or that of his mistress. With a grave, fussy, self-important air, yet somewhat shy, as if aware of the concentrated gaze of those who were overcome by his appearance and tremendous functions, he turned, and, looking at the private door which the sexton had already opened from within, satisfied himself that the way was clear. This duty done, he whisked back again with that quick, jerky, twinkling movement of the legs, and shooting out of splay feet, which makes the walk of the Highland Scots so peculiar.

I saw the Queen lean forward in the carriage and look at the crowd, and, as the great John came back to her and stood motionless and bonnetless behind the step, she apparently placed her hand upon his arm, as a part of the machine, and royalty touched the earth. Following Her Majesty came the Princess Beatrice, her youngest daughter, in bright pink summer attire,—a slender, lovely girl, blooming like an English rose. Beside her was her brother, Prince Leopold, a graceful and somewhat tall young fellow, not handsome or otherwise, but as distinguished-looking as might have been expected of one in his station. Behind them came the other carriageful, Lord Alfred Paget and several ladies of the royal household.

The Queen looked much as her portraits had made her familiar to me, but neither photograph nor painting had succeeded in conveying the agreeable and satisfactory im-

pression which I received. At the moment I could only take in her general appearance. She was dressed in a sort of half-mourning, in some fabric of quiet gray or lavender color, and a gauzy, transparent white veil softened, but did not conceal her features. She came up the pathway with simple, modest dignity, not noticeable for any manner, and no differently from any lady who might have set out for the parish church that morning. The policeman had already ordered our hats off, and there we had to stand in huddled absurdity, with not even the satisfaction of raising them in sign of respect as she passed. I, and others, I suppose, could do nothing but stand bolt upright and stare. Whether there was any stupid bobbing at her by those behind me I do not know, but I suspect it was a converging battery of eyes which she had to meet, without the break of an uplifted arm to relieve her from the *mitrailleuse* fire of eyeballs which began at the gates, and continued until she reached the corner where I was standing, when she turned, and slightly dipping her sunshade over her calm, unembarrassed face, entered the church. I could fancy how, a hundred or more years ago, we should have all been down upon our marrow-bones on the grass, but the recent leveling up of the people to a sense of sovereignty, and the lowering of royalty to the point of its intrinsic worth, had brought us to this rather rude and improper attitude,—quite a significant trifle, by the way.

As the crowd broke up and made for the rear door, I caught a glimpse of John Brown's figure, stepping with jerky and mighty strides over the graves, and disappearing around a buttress of the chancel,—probably for a smoke.

It was now the turn of a sovereign of another order to receive the attentions of the sexton, whom I found already at the door awaiting my royal pleasure. I followed him up the aisle, leaving these "subjects" to find what place they could, and was conducted to a pew behind the pulpit and quite underneath it, so unpromising at first sight that I hesitated whether I should enter. But the people in it began to move down, as if they had been expecting me, and I passed them until I reached the further end against the wall. When seated, I found myself about as much in seclusion as the Queen herself, but Her Majesty was in full view before me, almost *vis-à-vis*. The royal family occupied a cross-pew, a rather spacious compartment, sunk in the

side of the chancel recess opposite, and the pew I occupied was also a cross-pew in the body of the church. But the pulpit, which I suppose was intended to intercept the vision from this part of the edifice, had been placed about a foot from the pilasters of the chancel-arch, so that the seat, which had been, with such kindness, reserved for me, possessed the exclusive advantage of commanding that of the anointed presence itself. Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold sat in the front row. Their manner during service was like that which we have so much reason to admire in all English people at church; their attention was given to their prayer-books, and, in devout conformity with its requisitions, they sat, stood, or knelt, as they were called upon to listen, to praise, or to pray. While the service proceeded this was pretty much all that I noticed, but when the time for the sermon came I felt released from the obligation to attend, for the seat which was so excellent for observation, and perhaps meditation, was an utter failure for the appreciation of the discourse which was going on above, and with its back to me. All I could do, therefore, was to observe and meditate, and this I accordingly did. I had an opportunity, now, of looking at the Queen more attentively, and I was so placed that I could do so without impertinence. There was no mistaking the high-bred contour of her face, and the indications of one born to command, and accustomed to be obeyed. Pride, will, dignity, determination and even imperious force were written all over it, and yet the fair full brow and the beautiful, delicately chiseled nose, while they seemed, with the drooping eyelids, to add to this haughty look, contradicted the full and strong lower face, betokening as fine and womanly a nature as any one could desire. This expression of strength was by no means confined to the will, but suggested a capacity for intense, almost fierce affections and earnest sympathies. There was, besides, an evident honesty and directness of character, in which feminine subtlety had not even its usual proportion. No one, upon seeing her, unknown, in a group of women, would have failed to notice her before any other, and to wonder what circumstances could have produced such a face. Over all this was spread a settled melancholy. She had the look of one whose life had been blighted by a fearful grief,—a grief so overwhelming that it had become unendurable and irrepressible. We do not need

to revive the early romance of her life to understand why. All the world has heard of "the beauty of that star which shone so close beside her."

"How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,  
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,

A Prince indeed,  
Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good."

Any one, looking now upon that pensive face, after a widowhood of nearly seventeen years, is ready to say, as earnestly as the Laureate:

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure."

But it was not only the woman that was before me. This was the Queen of England, the sole monarch of the vast British empire, the mistress of more than two hundred and forty millions of people. And now whatever interest I may have already felt was magnified by the dynastic romance which lay about her. Here is the lineal descendant of William the Conqueror. Here is, beside, the result of how much great and commingled blood? My memory flew back past the Conqueror to *his* forefather, Rolf the Dane, the old Norse sea-robber at the mouth of the Seine, the fierce founder of the dukedom in Normandy. Then I bethought me of William's great-grandson, Henry the Second, and the two diverging lines behind *him*: on the one hand, through the Saxon Matilda, through Alfred the Great, to Egbert, of the house of Cerdic; and, on the other hand, through Geoffrey the Handsome, of the house of Anjou, through Fulc of Jerusalem, Fulc the Black, Fulc the Good, Fulc the Red, to Tortulf the Forester, half-brigand, half-hunter in the woods of Rennes, on the Breton border. Then James the First came before me, and the Queen's lineage opened anew through Mary, Queen of Scots, through Robert Bruce, through Malcolm Canmore, till it touched the tragedy of "Macbeth" in "the gracious Duncan." And, on the other side, I could see, spreading out, the many successive lines which had admitted the royal blood of France into almost every reign of her ancient forefathers. And last of all—as if a replenishing from the fountain-head of English origin—I saw descending to her, through the house of Brunswick, the Teuton-Saxon stream of the German princes.

There was no possibility of questioning the

accuracy of the genealogies which found their convergence in the woman sitting so quietly near me. There may be noble lineages as long and as varied as hers, and the tables may be extant which give them; but this has come down in

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne,"

and it lies on the surface of the world's history. In the atoms of her body do any of these ancestors linger? Is Rolf, is Tortulf, is Egbert, in the corpuscles of her blood? Is William the Norman still living in her brain? Does Alfred the Saxon survive in her heart? Do the lineaments of the Plantagenets, or the Tudors, or the Stuarts, play now and then unrecognized in the countenance of the Guelph?

I had another curious thought suggest itself. As a lineal descendant of the Conqueror, a vista seemed to open behind her directly up to him. There are thirty-one reigns, I believe, between her own and his. The historic line runs zigzag; but her *direct* personal ascent to him passes through only fifteen kings. She is the first queen regnant of her own private lineage. These are her grandfathers; the other royal personages, preceding her two uncles, are only her forty-second cousins. In the perspective of this vista some of the most remarkable characters which the world has known, or which ever filled the British throne, come into view.

First we see the Conqueror, gigantic in person, majestic in bearing, fierce in countenance, the inheritor of the terrible Norse nature; of such enormous strength that no one could bend his bow or wield his battle-ax; frightful in the field, bearing down with his lance every knight who met him; a natural sovereign, also, in affairs of state, with a genius equal to every emergency created by the establishment of a new empire; a consummate administrator, laying its foundations so deep and broad that it stands firm to this day; cruel and vindictive, yet often noble and generous; this was the tremendous personality who sent his propelling blood down the line of eight hundred years to Victoria.

Next to him is Henry the First (William Rufus is not in sight). Beaulerc, because well-learned for the age in which he lived, inheriting his father's genius for statesmanship, brave in battle, fascinating in manner, but vicious and violent.

Next, Henry the Second (Stephen is on one side), standing at the fork of two ancestries; by his father, the Angevine, by

his mother, the Saxon; Plantagenet, from the broom in his father's helmet; in person stout, bull-necked, gibbous-eyed; in character licentious, yet in disposition sensitive and noble; charming in address, in action practical and business-like; a progressive statesman, introducing measures which produced a permanent improvement in arts, laws, government, and civil liberty; (Richard, Cœur de Leon, does not appear), but Victoria must accept, in her retrospect, the able, fascinating, yet infamous John. Then Henry the Third, who commenced the present Westminster Abbey, the patron of arts, a man of letters, ostentatious and magnificent in expenditure, frivolous, changeable, false and superstitious. Then Edward the First, whose tall, deep-chested, long-limbed frame was found entire, five hundred years after his death, in his brown stone sarcophagus in the Abbey; in nature as in name a thorough Englishman; so insular in policy as to neglect his dominions on the continent. The admiration of his subjects, inheriting the force of his ancestors in war and in the state; wise, stubborn, cruel, revengeful; the founder of the Parliament and of the constitutional government which obtains to-day. Then Edward the Second,—weak, indolent, inoffensive. Then Edward the Third, of noble and gracious figure, in whom the powerful genius of his house re-appeared both in the cabinet and in the field; the builder of Windsor Castle. (Richard the Second is not in view.) Then Henry the Fourth, of Lancaster, full of political sagacity and military vigor, out of the legal line, but a grandson of Edward the Third. Then Henry the Fifth, "gallant prince Hal," an heroic monarch, able in statecraft, a splendid soldier, affable, magnanimous and generous. (Henry the Sixth is invisible.) Then Edward the Fourth, of York, beautiful in person, gay, voluptuous, indolent, treacherous, cruel and bloodthirsty, but with profound political ability. (Edward the Fifth, unseen, and the bad blood of Richard the Third, also out of this descent.) Then Henry the Seventh, Tudor, uniting Lancaster and York by a union with the daughter of Edward the Fourth, tying the loop of a double lineage from Edward the Third; valiant in the field, despotic in disposition but pacific by policy, sagacious in affairs, the promoter of industry, commerce and the arts. (The burly figure of Henry the Eighth does not cross the vista; neither does Edward the Sixth, nor Mary, nor Elizabeth appear.) Then James the First, Stuart, great-great-

grandson of Henry the Seventh, learned and ingenious, but pedantic, the king of Shakspeare and Bacon, the projector of the present English Bible. (Charles the First, and the Great Rebellion, Charles the Second, and the Restoration do not pass across the avenue of Victoria, nor does James the Second, nor William and Mary, nor Queen Anne.) But George the First, great-grandson of James the First, comes into the near distance with his Han-over figure and dullness. Then George the Second, active, warlike, intelligent. Then George the Third, the fine old English gentleman, who could not appreciate Shakspeare, the despotic old king who, in his craze, knocked out a large piece of his crown. (George the Fourth, and William the Fourth, go behind the scenes.) And here, in the foreground, not before the foot-lights like too many of them, but quietly at church,—Victoria.

Again did my mind contemplate her in another relation to the Conqueror. He earned his title, not by the battle of Senlac, but by the slow and successive conquest of his realm, and even this did not extend over the whole of the little island. In eight centuries from his day the empire he founded extends into four continents, and wholly envelops what must be considered a fifth.

As I thought of its all-encompassing extent, it seemed as if I could see the red cross of St. George floating in every breeze that was blowing round the earth. While the Conqueror could scarcely hold his dukedom across the channel, the Queen controls the destinies of countries and nations which have the great oceans of the globe rolling between them. While his Norse forefather coasted down to Normandy and was content to govern there, his royal daughter sends her navies into every sea, and her subjects have planted empires for her in every clime.

"In the dawn of this ampler day"

I could imagine her seated in the great golden throne of the House of Lords, clad in the magnificent investiture of her sovereignty; or, like an embodied Britannia, as I would figure her, surrounded by the radiance of civilization, in the fore-front of human progress, holding in a hand,—whose five mighty fingers are the printing-press, the steam-engine, the magnetic-telegraph, the mechanical arts, the mercantile marine,—whose palm is peace, and whose grasp is the whole armament of war,—England in

the palm, and her possessions under the inclosing touch of these fingers—holding in her hand—the world! What do I see? The hard-earned title "Conqueror" become the auspicious name "Victoria."

Had there not been enough to interest me? Sovereignty wrought into its highest ideal; ancestry regnant for a thousand years; dominions extending all over the earth, and an able, noble, pure, faithful, high-principled woman as the representative and frontispiece of it all! Here is one who has carried such a magnificent consciousness about with her for more than forty years. What a phenomenon in human nature and experience! What a strange inner life! What isolation!—as a woman, sharing with the humblest of her subjects a woman's heart and a woman's sphere; but, as a Queen, lifted up an immeasurable distance above sons and daughters, nobles and people. Wherever she moves the profoundest expression of respect must attend her, and silence must reign unless she speaks, or permits to speak. Is it strange that she feels her widowhood as no other can? for the stronger her nature is, the deeper must her loneliness be in such an allotment as hers!

The sermon closed, the concluding prayers were said, the benediction was pronounced, and, when I raised my head, she was gone.

After the crowd had departed, I went into her spacious blue-upholstered pew, with its double row of empty chairs. Her own was at the upper end, toward the body of the church, and was placed with its back against the intervening wall. Close at her right hand stood a beautiful mural monument. Making the royal seat my desk, while the sexton at the gate watched me uneasily, I copied the touching inscription on the back of a memorandum of the service which she had left under her prayer-book:

To the Beloved Memory

of  
Francis, Albert, Charles, Augustus, Emmanuel,  
PRINCE CONSORT,  
Who departed this life December 14, 1861,  
In his 43d year.  
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give  
thee a crown of life."  
Rev. 2, verse 10.

This Monument is placed  
In the Church erected under his direction,  
By  
His broken-hearted and devoted widow,  
QUEEN VICTORIA.  
1864.

## AN IRISH HEART.

## I.

It was one of those magical days when the bay at Oldport seems lifted away from all the storms of ocean and made a part of some enchanted region where it is "always afternoon." One can almost convince himself that the sinking sun has paused and become forever motionless, like the drooping sails that reflect it; as if the waning hours had been touched with immortality and would change no more. On the day of which I write, we found it too warm for exertion, but nothing ever made it too warm for the multitudinous children in the neighboring cottage to stray forth by land or sea; and we were not surprised to see half a dozen little Lanes push off in their leaky boat from the crumbling wharf that lay behind their small, black, unpainted abode. They paddled away with much shrill-voiced shouting, while the hazy afternoon glow fell on their bare, curly heads, as they rowed across to the light-house. It was a common sight, though always a pretty one, and we lazily watched them at intervals, that day, till they had passed the breakwater and steered for a point where the masts of a sunken vessel emerged from the waves, furnishing an attractive place where children might linger. All summer the wreck had lain there,—ever since it had first been sunk by a midnight collision with the New York steamboat,—and various attempts had been made either to raise it or to fish up its unmanageable cargo of scrap-iron. There it still lay, nevertheless, with the upper masts and rigging above the water, furnishing a sort of aquatic gymnasium, on which adventurous children liked to climb from their boats, while the more timid could at least look down into the water and watch the fish that glided above the submerged decks.

Each summer, as we returned to the bay-side, we found new playthings among the Lane children themselves. They belonged to one of those large households which are attributed by alarmists to the better days of the republic, but which are still to be found, if nowhere else, among the purely American population of our sea-side hamlets. Each summer a new baby was held up at the window for inspection, in Mrs. Lane's arms,—the mother's sunburnt face contrasting with the child's blond beauty;

each summer a new year-old child sat spilling bread-and-milk on the door-step, while the predecessors of these younglings were to be found about the house in successive stages of growth, and at first differing no more than so many shoots of the Madeira-vine which climbed upon the walls of the gambrel-roofed cottage. Each child was like a pictured cherub in prettiness and almost in bareness; the sun kept them all tanned and rosy, and half a dozen daily immersions in salt-water might well keep them clean. Their life was cherubic as to freedom, also, for a year or two; then the vigorous hand of the mother cropped the baby curls, and the children entered a sort of chrysalis of sedate duty during the morning hours of each day. I have gone in there and found Ellen, aged six, assisting at the perpetual wash-tub, while Eben, aged five, was sent down cellar with me to select the oars I wanted. Meantime, the mother ordered about the elder girls, superintended the dinner and the wash-tub already mentioned, and, at intervals, papered her walls, made a little dress for the last year's baby, and never forgot to train her sweet-brier or tend the gay flowers that in riotous confusion crowded her atom of a garden. During the long summer afternoons, the children were commonly turned adrift in their father's worn-out boat. Often had we sailed past them as they lay anchored off the light-house, one or two of the older boys fishing, while some curly little thing lay asleep on the thwarts or in the bottom of the boat, with not much more of care or of clothing than any little lazzarone at Naples.

Such was the pretty horde that we saw paddling away over the glassy water toward the sunken vessel on that quiet afternoon.

It had been a summer of almost daily afternoon fogs; no matter how beguiling the water, we were glad to come early home. The bay had a lurid look, with all its stillness, and the sky reflected a burnished luster on the waves. Little shreds of mist had been lying all day, with a shy and guilty look, on the hills of Conanicut. At last, we saw the usual line of south-west wind, drawing in from the mouth of the harbor; a dozen coasting vessels came up before it and dropped anchor opposite our door. Last of all, we saw two snow-white schooner-yachts sailing in, wing-and-wing, with the fog-bank



following close behind them, their white expanse relieved against its background of solemn gray. The fogs had been so weird and wayward as to seem half human, that summer, and on this particular day they seemed more than usually endowed with life.

Some one had just been inquiring as to the whereabouts of the Lane children, when we saw their boat crossing toward home. It was thought that there was a sound as of sobbing from the boat, but it made no strong impression and was forgotten. There seemed to be some bustle at their landing, however, and, after the children had been disembarked, we saw the boat pushed off again hastily, with a young girl rowing, who went out boldly toward the advancing fog.

"How is this?" said our young yachtsman; "it is a risky thing to do."

"Why?" we said.

"Look there," said he, pointing to the north-east; "the wind is going to change, and we shall have a blow."

We noticed that none of the fishermen were at their usual lounging-places; they had left the fences on which they leaned so constantly; some were hauling up their skiffs; others were out in the sail-boats, making all snug; meanwhile, more and more coasting vessels came in and anchored, and still the young girl rowed out into the fog, until we lost sight of her. We strained our eyes, but the fog-bank closed in upon us, until the light-house itself, less than half a mile away, was almost hidden.

Somebody was proposing to go to the Lanes' cottage for information, when suddenly the wind changed, as had been predicted, and a north-east gale was upon us. The doors and windows banged, the boughs were lashed about until they were torn and broken, the waves of the bay were higher than I had ever seen them, and a white scud blew across their tops. The line of anchored sail-boats rocked and plunged at their moorings, though their masts had been lowered; even the heavy lumber-schooners pitched and tugged, and one dragged its anchor and drifted into the inner harbor. We could see a sloop laden with granite gradually settling to the water's edge, beside a wharf. Presently we saw a boat shoot forth, manned by two oarsmen; they seemed to be making ready for a hard pull, and one of them took off his cap and put it under him, lest it should blow away. Our yachtsman studied them narrowly with his glass, amid the gathering gloom.

"It is an old man and a young one," he

said. "It is old Davis and George. They must be going out to some distressed vessel."

"Or to bring back that girl," said a certain observant lady, who had steadily watched the bay.

"Where can she be? Who can she be?" we all asked each other, for the twentieth time, in vain.

We watched the two men. As each wave passed and foamed beneath them, it threw up their boat with a dancing motion, so that we could see half under the keel. By this time the fog-banks had merged into the general gale, or had been replaced with flying scud that mingled the surface of the water with the air; but still the boat pulled on, keeping the track the girl had taken, just outside the light-house.

"What there is about that sunken barque," said our yachtsman, impatiently, "to make children and girls and men all row for it in weather like this, I can't imagine. Let us go down to the sea-wall."

As he spoke, we saw a ludicrous spectacle. A very stout black woman, cook at the house of a near neighbor, having the propensity of her race for doing everything at the most unwonted hours, was deliberately going down to bathe amidst the storm, clinging to the stones of the wharf as she ventured out; and her robust figure, clad in a crimson bathing-dress, formed a grotesque relief to the excitement of the scene, and seemed to imply a confidence in the protecting powers of the universe. The confidence was justified; the crisis of the storm passed; light clouds came scudding across the zenith, and soon along the horizon also, sometimes giving glimpses of the sinking sun; the wind lowered, and in the wild dim light we saw Davis and his son pulling wearily toward the shore, against wind and sea. In the boat lay two human figures, apparently those of a woman and a child.

We ran to the Lanes' landing, and waded into the water to keep the boat from swamping as it struck the beach. When it was once steadied, we saw that the young woman had fainted, while the child—one of the curly-headed Lane boys—clung to her and sobbed. George Davis, drenched and tired, rose to his feet, picked up the girl without a word, and carried her in his arms up the steep bank; the little boy scrambled over the bow and ran, crying, after; the whole Lane household came surging out to meet them, and I stayed to hear old Davis's story and know what had happened.

You could no more hurry old Davis than

you could persuade a light-house to waltz with you. He deliberately hauled the boat farther up the shore, secured the killick, put the oars into Lane's cellar, threw off his oil-skin jacket and overalls, sat down on one heel in the lee of the boat, took a fresh piece of tobacco, and began to talk.

"I don't know as I know," said he, in the guarded New England phrase, "as I ever see a young gal with any better grit than that one. You see, it was like this: Them Lane children went out to play in the rigging of the old "Trajan," that's sunk out yonder. They hadn't ought to ha' done it, but they did; and little Eben, that's always so venturesome, he up and climbs to the main cross-trees, and when the other children had got ready to come home to supper, he was kind o' cross, and wouldn't come; so they come without him.

"Then this gal, that is stayin' over to Lane's now,—she aint no relation, but just a friend,—she thought it was comin' up foggy and might blow, too, like as not, and she laid out to go and fetch him in. Wal, she got there easy enough, for she was used to an oar; but come to find out, all she could do, she couldn't get him down, for he had got frightened, and by this time the sea was some high. It had begun to blow, you see, and she couldn't make the boat fast to the mast of the sunk vessel, for she might have got swamped, and the boy he was afraid to jump. Finally, by what I can make out, she got a holt on the rigging and held the boat there. I shouldn't ha' thought she could ha' done it; but her hands they was all cut to ribbins; and finally she got him in. Then she wanted to row home; but the sea twitched the oars right out of her hands and dashed the boat up against the rigging once more, and she got the painter hitched somewhere so that it held; and there was rope enough for the boat to ride a little easier, and then, I guess, she just fainted dead away; but we heard the child crying loud as we come up. Her boat was half full of water, and we'd just lifted her and the child into ours, when the painter parted and the old thing went adrift. And the gal she just come to and went off again very quiet, before we got to shore. And it's my belief that there isn't another gal on the Point who could have done what she did,—not if this one *is* a Paddy!"

And old Davis raised himself up, as if impatient of his own long story, and strode away to compare notes with some of his mates who had just come in from bailing

out their boats, and were glad to get off so easily. "If it had blown that way an hour longer," we heard one say, "there isn't a boat but what would have sunk at her moorings." We meanwhile had stopped at Lane's to ask after the young girl and the child, and finding that they were without serious injury, went home to tell the tale. The wind soon blew itself away, and when the radiant morning came, the scenes of the preceding night seemed the vaguest of dreams.

## II.

It happened soon after, that Nora Sullivan became one of our household. She wore very modestly the honors of this little aquatic feat; and, indeed, was not so very much of a heroine in the fishing community around us. Nothing done on the water excites fishermen, as nothing done in the woods excites hunters. We are most readily amazed by things out of our own line. Nora was an American-born girl, whose parents were Irish. Her widowed mother was quite superior to many of her class, and Nora and her sisters had nothing of the Irish accent but a certain soft mellowness, and nothing visible of the Celtic race but its occasional beauty. There is a delicate refinement often seen in the second generation of Irish blood. It sometimes produces a type more graceful and attractive than we see in the purely American of the same social grade, and it promises an admixture not without value in our future national temperament. Nora had also been in dangerous contact with "our best society," for she had been in turn a lady's maid and a genteel dress-maker, and had brought with her from these pursuits some dainty ways and no visible harm. She had, if not beauty, at least a certain grace which produced the same effect; and some positive points of good looks she also possessed. She had a light alert figure, a rich olive complexion, white though irregular teeth, and the softest of black eyes, with long lashes and delicate brows. She had a quantity of soft black hair, always neatly kept. She showed a French readiness and tastefulness in dress, and she was more essentially a lady in her whole bearing than half of our summer acquaintances.

It took us some time to discover that under this dainty demureness she had, in full force, the impetuosity and vehemence of her race. Her velvet eyes could flash fire, and her well-bred tongue could grow

tolerably stinging at any rude approach. She would have nothing to say, under ordinary circumstances, to young men, avoided the occasional sailing-parties and clam-bakes of the fishermen, and equally the Irish merry-makings. Once, and only once, we discovered she had attended a St. Patrick's ball, and had quietly thrown a glass of water over her shoulder in the face of an intrusive admirer, who had touched her neck with his finger, while standing behind. There remains to this day a tradition at our police office, that when once a burglary had taken place at the house where Nora was living, and she was called upon to testify in court, she had boxed the ears of a recently appointed policeman who had attempted to put his arm round her waist. Yet it was hardly possible to recognize in these achievements the shy maiden, with downcast eyelashes, who consented to preside for a time over our china-closet.

Nora was rather reticent as to her own affairs, but her experiences of high life at a watering-place and even in New York had evidently left some painful impressions behind.

"No, ma'am," she would say to her chief patroness and friend, "I don't like those large houses very well. To be sure the work is easy, but they keep very late hours, ma'am, and you have to associate with all kinds in the kitchen. And sometimes the young gentlemen—" here she paused. "And then besides, ma'am, servants see a great deal that nobody thinks, and they are always talking one with another, and repeating things; and perhaps I ought not to say it, ma'am, but I've seen young ladies do such bold things that if a poor girl was to do it, ma'am, she'd lose her character."

One of the few mispronunciations that Nora retained was the accent on the second syllable of this word. I always like to hear Irish girls pronounce it thus. The word seems to become more solid and emphatic, and their intonation seems to show the great value they attach to the thing described.

"Yes, ma'am," resumed Nora, in answer to another question, "My mother was always very particular about me. She doesn't like any of the boys to come and see me, and they hardly ever come. And I don't know any of the young fishermen at all, except it is George Davis, ma'am. It's not I that ought to forget him, you know, seeing he saved my life. He is a good, steady young man, too, and he's a good son to his mother; I know, for I lived next door to them once."

Nora's eyes were drooping lower and lower, and the lady with whom she talked, and to whom George Davis had already become a hero, thought it very proper that Nora should be grateful to her preserver.

Meanwhile George went on his honest course, without regarding himself as anybody's hero. To him, Nora was the heroine, for she had done something out of her line, while he had been in the way of his accustomed work. He and his father had rowed out after the girl, in the first place, with only a shade more of emotion than if she had been a lost lobster-trap. They would equally have gone, in either case, and so their part seemed to themselves trifling. But Nora's act was not at all trifling to George. That a girl who had been a lady's maid and a dress-maker should have had the courage to do what his own sisters, brought up by the water, would not have dared to attempt—this was something he could thoroughly appreciate. And besides, what would a young fellow be worth who could first save a pretty girl from probable drowning, and then carry her up a slippery bank in his arms, without experiencing some emotion more penetrating than a wet jacket?

Now we had known George Davis for several summers, and with an increasing good opinion. We had heard of him first from Mrs. Lane herself, to whom a guest of ours had applied for a boatman to take him out sailing one Sunday.

"Well, there's George Davis," said she, reflectively; "but he's a kind of a meetin' man; I don't know as he would go out sailin' Sabbath, not for money."

"Wouldn't he go for a man who has to work hard all the week, and has no refreshment but his Sunday sail?" said my friend, persuasively.

"Well, I don't know as I'm so awful particular myself," said cheery Mrs. Lane; "but them Davises is right up and down; why, there, you can't move 'em; and they are real consistent, I tell 'em."

On our referring the matter to George, he answered very quietly:

"I don't mean to say what's right or what's wrong for you, sir; but you know boating's my business, and, if I was to go sailing Sabbaths, and was to take money for it, I should lose all the feeling of Sabbath, I can see that. I've thought it all over, and I guess I'd better not go. But I'll speak to some of the men as I go along to meeting, and some of 'em will go, fast enough."

So he sent up somebody who proved not

to be a "meetin' man" by any means; he took my friend out to sail, and charged him double for such conscience as he had in the matter; and I must say that whatever the rights of this particular case might be, I liked to see George stand by his colors.

He might be said to stand by his colors, physiologically speaking, very well, being of dark complexion, and burnt almost literally black as to arms and neck, by sun and wind. At the helm of a boat, in his blue shirt, rough clothes, and old straw hat, he was a good-looking young sailor enough, and the serious strength of his face commanded the confidence of all comers. This confidence he well repaid, and he had, withal, his own modest opinions to offer on many subjects. Besides being a thorough sailor and fisherman, he was a bit of a naturalist; he liked to be with people who could, as he said, "learn him something," and the great event of his life was a summer he had spent in scientific dredging with Professor Agassiz. His favorite reading next to the Bible was the "Popular Science Monthly," with which one of his dredging acquaintances kept him supplied, and Huxley's "Lay Sermons," which he had bought with his own earnings. These he read and re-read, and stoutly defended their orthodoxy, even against his own minister. But he was readily forgiven for such heresies, inasmuch as he went regularly to "meeting," sang in the choir, and did not take people out sailing on Sunday.

He had spent one summer as mate of an expensive yacht, but "did not like the life," he said; and the strongest feeling of his nature was an antipathy to certain elegant youths whom he had there seen.

"There was one of 'em," he said in an unusual burst of confidence, "whom I should have liked to have hove overboard, for the way he talked about some of our girls here, as if he'd only got to hold up his finger and any of 'em would come to him, just like a cade-lamb,"—Rhode Island for pet-lamb. "At last I said to him, 'Major Archer,' says I, 'you can say what you please upon the quarter-deck, and I can't help myself; but this is my part of the ship,'—we was forward, you see, looking at a new jib top-sail,—and if you don't just hush up, one or the other of us has got to leave this yacht." He aint no coward, the major aint, but he knowed he was wrong, and one of the other gentlemen just whispered to him, and they kind of pretended they didn't hear; but the sailing-master said I was right, afterward, and he was glad I did it. I was a good deal

more frightened than the major was, afterward, because it made me afraid of myself; before that, I always felt as if I'd got religion, but I saw that I had the devil in me after all; why, there was one minute when I felt as though I'd like to cut that young fellow into little bits, like a chum of menhaden,\* if I had had a knife for it, like these here I-talians and Portegees."

George had no other vehement prejudice, except that which he naturally derived both from his "meeting" and his science, against the Roman Catholic Church. Our attention was the more fixed on this last feeling, as it evidently did not interfere with a growing taste for the society of Nora. We had engaged him to take our whole kitchen force, such as it was, in his sail-boat every Saturday afternoon, but it was apt to be Nora who lingered at the wharf afterward to help him make fast the skiff—a most superfluous aid, which he accepted with absurd readiness. It was Nora whom the other girls teased about George; and it was she whom he actually took in his boat on Sunday—gratuitously, as was explained—to the Roman Catholic church at the end of the bay. When some one called him to account for thus aiding to supply that hated church with votaries, he said:

"She has a right to her opinion, sir, just as much as I have. Nora is a good girl, if she is a Romanist. I wish I was as good!"

"George," said the frank lady of the house, "would you marry a Catholic?"

"No, ma'am," said George, firmly, "I wouldn't; there'd always be trouble."

"But you might want to marry one," she said.

"Perhaps she'd change," said George, shyly.

But when Nora was asked the same question, she said:

"Indeed, and I would marry a Protestant, ma'am; and why not, if we loved each other, and he didn't meddle with my religion? I know whom you're thinking of, ma'am, and he's not keeping company with me at all; and he's better than I am, if he is a Protestant."

"Feminine reasoning," said the lady aforesaid. "She'll follow him, but he will not follow her."

There came, however, a week or two during which neither of the two seemed to be following the other, but the contrary;

\* Menhaden or other cheap fish minced in small pieces and thrown overboard to attract larger fish.

they began to keep a little apart, we fancied, until one evening, near the end of summer, I met Nora crossing from the main street toward our maritime suburb, and then, at some distance behind, I met George. This happened again some days later, and I frankly asked him if it was accidental.

"I can't exactly say that I'm following her," said George gravely, "but there's others that do it if I don't, and those that will be no good to her."

There was a serious, almost angry look upon his brown manly face; but I could get from him no farther explanation, nor had I seen anything to explain his anxiety.

A few nights later, about ten o'clock, I strolled down on our neighbor's pier to see if the waves were phosphorescent. The pier was already occupied by two persons; one being a young man and the other a young girl who was speaking rapidly and, it seemed, imploringly. They did not at first see me; but presently the man turned and went impulsively away; he could not help facing me; and I recognized a man whom I had often met in society, but without intimate acquaintance. He was a good-looking man of rather elegant manners, whose appearance at that time and place, in company with one of our fishermen's daughters—for such I suspected the girl to be—boded no good to either. Presently his companion also passed, walking quickly and drawing the shawl over her head. I recognized Nora.

It pained me a good deal, for I had put entire confidence in that girl. Not wishing to act too hastily, I resolved simply to watch her. The next day her face bore marks of care, but its dignified maidenly look was unchanged, and I utterly refused to believe anything to her discredit. That evening she seemed uneasy and impatient, and as I happened to be on the piazza, between nine and ten, I saw her gliding hastily out at the side gate, with the same red shawl over her head. There was a heavy fog, and as she glanced hastily back, on closing the gate, her fine face had a wild, hunted look, such as I had never seen on it before. My resolve was taken instantly; I still followed.

She walked through the dense fog, which soon made pearls of moisture on her dress and hair; as she passed the street lamps, these drops were visible, glistening brightly, and weird shadows seemed to chase her about the narrow circle of light. She went swiftly along the bay-side street, and turned

down one of the old unfrequented wharves. I still followed, in real solicitude.

As she neared the end of the wharf I saw the figure of a man rise up dilated and distorted by the mist. He had apparently been sitting on a pile of logs. By this time I was so near Nora that I could almost touch her, and I was very sure that she had come to meet the same dangerous companion. What was I to do? I saw the girl exposed to more danger than if she had thrown herself into the bay; had she done that I could have pulled her out, but could I now do the slightest good? While I stood irresolute, they talked a little; then the man moved away impatiently, she following him, and they came swiftly up the wharf, never noticing me in the shadow. My worst fears seemed justified by their words:

"It's very true that I'm always talking to you about marriage, marriage," said Nora. "What else should I talk to you about, when you know it is the only remedy for the wrong you have done?" Here her voice broke and she began again. "For the sake of an honest family, sir, for the sake of your own little child that any man might be proud to own." Here she seized him by the arm, as if pleading for life. Her voice had risen in a sudden indignation, then it softened into something like despair again.

"What's a poor girl's life," she said piteously, "without her character?"

He said not a word; it seemed as if her appeal had either touched him or hardened him; I could not tell. As they passed beyond hearing in the mist, I heard the sound of a skiff drawn up quickly, close by, as if by a single angry jerk on the seaweed-covered rocks,—for it was low tide. The next moment a man had seized from it the short oar used for sculling, had grasped it in his hand like a weapon, and ran up the rocks just by me. He started back at seeing me, and I too started, and grasped his arm strongly with both of mine.

"George," said I, "none of that!"

"Let me go," he said, wrenching his arm away. "What the devil does all this mean?"

"You know well enough; you have no need to ask; but you shall not follow them."

"We'll see," he answered, tearing himself from me.

"George, my poor fellow," said I gravely. "It is too late."

My voice quieted him for a moment, and he stopped and listened. I told him what



I had heard; and indeed he himself had caught part of it, following them in his skiff along the rocks. I explained that he could do nothing but harm by interfering; that his rival was a man of courage, whom threats would only drive the wrong way; that if Nora's pleadings did not soften him, no words of ours would; and that she had a right to exert her tender and touching influence, undisturbed by our ruder methods. I seemed to convince him, and began to hope that I might convince myself, that we ought not to interfere.

"It may all be very true," said George bitterly; "but if it is as you think, and he doesn't marry her, I'll serve him as I once said I would, and worse."

"But wait till we know, George," said I, hardly understanding what he meant. "I know the man; he is not altogether a scoundrel, and no man, who is not, could resist such pleading as that."

So it seemed to me at the time, but when I had got George home and thought it coolly over I was amazed at my own credulity. Going back, I saw a light in Nora's little window, then saw it go out; it seemed to me as if she were as much extinguished as the lamp. It was intolerable to think of the generous interest with which this spirited girl had inspired us; and all for this end, this degrading end. And poor George, with his shy first love, so utterly blasted, his grave manly nature, his high principles, his just anger, what would be the result of it all for him? Had they died together beneath the waves that night of the storm, I said to myself, it would have been a better end for both.

### III.

I KEPT my secret, and pondered what to do—turning it over and over in my mind with that dull delay which we men call deliberation. The next morning but one, as I was looking for a book in a closet, Nora came running into the parlor in one of her impetuous moods, like a wild creature, flung herself down on a low stool before her mistress, and began crying as if her heart would break.

"Nora," said the lady of the house, "what has happened?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't say," she answered confusedly, and then looking up with a radiant face she spoke through her tears, "but it's for joy I'm crying, ma'am; and it's all arranged, ma'am, and she'll be married next week, Monday. He's told his

mother and it's all settled, and he's sworn it too, ma'am."

"Nora," said the lady, sternly; "if it is possible to do such a thing, will you speak one word that can be understood?"

"Young Major Archer, ma'am, and didn't you know? I always supposed you knew, and I thought it was so kind in you never to speak of it once. My sister Mary, ma'am, that he deceived three years ago, and he promised to marry her then, and now he's going to; and it's for the sake of his little boy it is, and he's handsome enough for an angel; and I think it's for that Major Archer is going to marry her, he has such a love for that boy, but I think he loves Mary, too; and, oh! I'm so happy."

Here Nora was forced to retire behind her apron, from which nothing came forth but sobs, the accumulated reaction of long years of shame.

"But Nora," said I, striking into the conversation. She started to her feet at my voice,—not having suspected my presence,—and the apron came down. "How does it happen that he marries her after all?"

"Sure, I don't know, sir," said Nora, in a more anxious voice, as if counting less securely on my sympathy. "But I've been talking to him very plain for two evenings that I saw him, sir; and I said to him what was a poor girl's life worth without her character; and I told him how pale and sick Mary had grown, that used to be so handsome and strong. It was the little boy, though, that he liked best to hear about; but no matter, he'll marry Mary; for he's told his mother yesterday, that he's so afraid of, and that's so proud and high; and I told him if he talked about mothers, it was breaking my mother's heart it was, and why wouldn't it? But his mother behaved beautiful, sir, like a real lady, and she's sent for Mary and the boy to come and see her to-day, and I'm not afraid after that."

Thus Nora went passionately on, amid smiles and tears, and I am not sure that the tears were all hers; it was all so new and surprising; and then we knew, or thought we knew, what Mrs. Archer was. Her narrow pride was visible to all, but we had not been aware that it took, in difficult emergencies, the form of conscience.

"But," said I, "Major Archer is a Protestant," and I was about to add that he was in a circle of life quite different from that of his proposed wife; but the words died on my lips, they seemed so contemptible in

presence of motives and emotions so much deeper.

"He'll do it, sir," said Nora, proudly, "and they'll be married by the Episcopal clergyman, because she doesn't care about her own church these three years; and she'll go with him to the place in New York State where he lives. You mark my words!"

"Are you willing," said I, smiling at her vehemence, at which, indeed, she herself smiled,—“are you willing that the neighbors should know it?”

"It's wishing them to know it I am," she said, defiantly. "There's Mary, she's never gone beyond the house-door, sir, since she came back among them; and every one knows there wasn't a prettier or a more decent girl than she was; and she always used to think that she was just the same as married to Major Archer, she did, for she didn't know Protestant ways, and an old Scotchwoman that lived with us told her that if he called her his wife before people, it was the same as if she was that; and he often used to call her so, in the early days, and to say that he'd have the wedding when his mother would consent. And I think he really meant it, sir, for I don't believe he is such a bad man as George Davis makes him out."

"George Davis?" said I. "What has he to do with it?"

"Didn't you know he was on a yacht with Major Archer once, sir; and they say George threatened to throw him into the water? I don't know what it was all about; but once, when I was coming home at dusk, Major Archer spoke to me, and asked me was the little boy well; and George happened to see it, and he didn't know what was said, but he was very angry."

"Nora," said I, "would you like to have George know about the marriage?"

"He knows it already, sir," said she, and a deep blush rose to her cheeks, under which signal of distress she hastily left the room.

Some telegraph more rapid than any words had carried the good news to George. The next day there was a high wind in the morning, and it was cloudy, but the weather cleared by noon. In the afternoon a superb mound of purple cloud reared itself suddenly in the west; it had nodding crests above, amber caves in the side, and lurid fringes below. It spread northward; then came

a sudden shower and slight thunder, then a rainbow. Every breath of wind disappeared, and the bay was like glass, while the sky showed one weird bird's-eye of white, on the right of the sun, with snowy fringes spreading into the fading purple. The very spirit of the storm seemed there, looking through the sky upon the calm which had followed. Beneath this wild light we saw George's boat come gliding in, bearing Nora and the pretty child, her nephew, whom George helped out of the boat as tenderly as if he had never been tempted to throw that child's father overboard. It was a noble boy, indeed; and when Major Archer came down the rocks and took the little fellow in his arms, before all Israel and the sun; when he bowed to me as he passed, with grave courtesy, and without shrinking, I felt that I was witnessing a victory such as his Peninsular campaign had not seen. He was one of the many young Americans for whom life had been heroic during the war, and vacant and *désœuvré* ever after; but unless I mistook the look in the man's face, this new duty would bring out the heroic side again, and make life worth living.

Nora lingered till George had left his boat at the moorings, and had come ashore in the skiff; she helped him make the skiff fast, with her usual devoted and superfluous assistance; they sat on the rocks awhile, together, the sunset faded, the young moon shone, and I felt that for them there were no more clouds.

What are religious differences where love rules, and youth makes all things seem easy to accomplish? I strolled down on the wharf, this spring, and found old Davis basking in the sunshine under the lee of an upturned boat. He was whittling kelp-weed for amusement; I took out my pen-knife and whittled also; we were soon chatting over our aimless work like two old ladies at their knitting. My companion soon turned the conversation upon his daughter-in-law.

"I don't know as I know," he said, "as I ever set more store by any gal than I do by Nory. I always did think considerable of her, ever since that time George and I picked her up, the night of the blow. I liked her because I mistrusted she had grit, but I seem to know her still better now; and I tell 'em she's got a master good heart, if she is an Irish."

## DAWN.

WITH a ring of silver,  
And a ring of gold,  
And a red, red rose,  
Which illumines her face,  
The sun, like a lover  
Who glows and is bold,  
Wooes the lonely earth  
To his strong embrace.

## EVE.

IN millions of pieces,  
The beautiful rings  
And the scattered petals  
Of the rose so red,  
The sun, like a lover  
Who is weary, flings  
On the lonely earth  
When the day is dead.

## DORA D'ISTRIA.

A SKETCH of the distinguished woman, Helen Ghika, the Princess Massalsky, who, under the *nom de plume* of Dora D'Istria, has made for herself a reputation and position in the world of letters among the great women of our century, will at least have something of the charm of novelty for most American readers. In Europe this lady is everywhere known, beloved by many personal friends, and admired by all who have read her works. Her thought is profound and liberal, her views are broad and humane. As an authoress, philanthropist, traveler, artist, and one of the strongest advocates of freedom and liberty for the oppressed of both sexes, and of her suffering sisters especially, she is an honor to the time and to womanhood. The women of the old world have found in her a powerful, sympathizing, yet rational, champion; just in her arguments in their behalf, able in her statement of their needs, and thoroughly interested in their elevation and improvement.

Her works embrace a vast range of thought, and show profound study and industry. The subjects are many. They number about twenty on nationality, on social questions more than eight, on politics eighteen or twenty. Her travels fill fifteen books, and, beside all this, she has written three romances and numerous letters and articles for the daily papers, and addresses to be read before various learned societies, of which she is an honored member. M. Deschanel, the critic of the "*Journal des Débats*," has said of her that "each one of her works would suffice for the reputation of a man." As an artist, her paintings have been much admired. One of her books of travel, "*A Summer on the Banks of the Danube*," has a drawing by its author,

a view of Borgia in Roumania. From the Exhibition of 1854 at St. Petersburg she received a silver medal for two pictures called "*The Pine and the Palm*," suggested to her by Heine's beautiful little poem:

"A pine-tree sleeps alone  
On northern mountain-side;  
Eternal stainless snows  
Stretch round it far and wide.

The pine dreams of a palm,  
As lonely, sad, and still,  
In glowing eastern clime,  
On burning, rocky hill."

In writing of those scenes which inspired her pencil in this instance, she said: "To those who come from the brightness of the extreme south, which is identified with their dearest reminiscences,—for Nature has everywhere her own poetry,—the north impresses the imagination more than any other region. Miss Bremer, the celebrated Swedish authoress, spoke at Athens with enthusiasm of the immense forests of pine in the Scandinavian peninsula, through which the cold rays of the northern sun scarcely penetrate. It was natural that my impressions should be different. The wild majesty of the northern winter, the endless tracts covered with spotless snow, apparently as infinite as the azure of the cold and transparent atmosphere, the silence of the vast solitudes only traversed by the fleet and noiseless sledges, possess a poetry which I have tried to express on canvas."

The princess is the idol of her native people, who have called her, with the warm enthusiasm of their race, "*The Star of Albania*." The learned and cultivated have also done her homage. Named by Fredrika Bremer and the Athenians, "*The New Corinne*," she has been invested by

the Greeks with the citizenship of Greece for her efforts to assist the people of Candia to throw off the oppressor's yoke, this being the first time this honor has ever been granted to a woman.

The catalogue of her writings fills several pages, the list of titles given her by learned societies nearly as many more; and, while born a princess of an ancient race and by marriage one also, she counts these titles of rank as nothing compared to her working name, and is more widely known as Dora D'Istria than as the Princess Koltzoff Massalsky.

There is a romantic fascination about this woman's life as brilliant as fiction, but more strange and remarkable in that it is all sober truth,—nay, to her much of it is even sad reality. Her career has been a glorious one, but lonely as the position of her pictured palm-tree, and oftentimes only upheld by her own consciousness of the right; she has felt the trials of minds isolated by greatness. Singularly gifted by nature with both mental and physical, as well as social, superiority, the princess unites in an unusual degree masculine strength of character, grasp of thought, philosophical calmness, love of study and research, joined to an ardent and impassioned love of the grand, the true, and the beautiful. She has the grace and tenderness of the most sensitive of women, added to mental endowments rare in a man. Her beauty, which has been remarkable, is the result of perfect health, careful training, and an active nature. Her physical training has made her a fearless swimmer, a bold rider and an excellent walker,—all of which have greatly added to her active habits and powers of observation in traveling, for she has traveled much. Only a person of uncommon bodily vigor can so enjoy Nature in her wildest moods and grandest aspects.

Helen Ghika was born at Bucharest, Wallachia, the 22nd of January, 1829. The Ghika family is of an ancient and noble race. It originated in Albania, and two centuries ago the head of it went to Wallachia, where it has been a powerful and ruling family, having given ten *Hospodars*, or *Căimacans* to the people of this province. This elective office of ruler has long connected them with Wallachia, which is one of the Danubian provinces, and has for many years been an object of strife between Russia, Austria, and Turkey. After the first Russian occupation, Gregory Ghika was the restorer of the throne

of Bucharest, and the resuscitator of their beloved Roumanian language and literature. This prince instituted numerous reforms, relieved his country of a debt which had burdened it for a century, and formed a plan of national education. Russia and Austria had no intention of allowing too much happiness to this unfortunate province, and managed soon to plunge them anew into difficulties. From 1828 to 1834 the throne of Bucharest was vacant, and only once since that time the country has had a native ruler—Alexander Ghika, a noble but unfortunate prince. The "*Rivista Europea*" says of Wallachia: "A nation that in our times has produced such a living masterpiece as Princess Dora D'Istria, cannot be dead, nor can it be condemned to die."

Helen Ghika is the niece of these two princes, and daughter of a third brother, Prince Michael Ghika, who for a time was Minister of the Interior to his younger brother, Alexander. The Ghika family are of Roman origin, and on her mother's side the Princess Helen has Grecian descent. "She unites in her person," says one of her biographers, Demetrio Camarda, "three of the divine Pelasgian races—the Albanian, Hellenic, and Roumanian." Her mother, the Princess Catherine, was a woman of literary taste and culture, the first who ever wrote in Roumanian, into which language she translated and completed a work on education, by Madame Campan.

Heliades Radulesco, a native poet, has addressed the Princess Helen at an early age in Roumanian, in a little poem which follows. This poem is only one of many in her honor; but its simple and natural beauty may interest the reader more than the intense pathos and enthusiasm of some of the later songs. It is called "*Elenitza*," and is the first of many poems in a collection dedicated to her name and fame:

"I saw a little sister, sweet and graceful, beautiful as an angel:  
Whoever saw her, forgets her not.  
Auburn is her hair, her eyes are blue as the sky,  
her whiteness is that of the lily:  
Whoever, etc.  
She is so good and lovely, as pure and meek as a young dove; Elenitza is her name:  
Whoever, etc.  
When she smiles, white pearls shine through garrets; peace dwells in her face:  
Whoever, etc.  
Active and nimble, she is followed by all the graces, surrounded with happiness:  
Whoever, etc.  
How pretty and how dear she is, the fair one knows not; she is as comely as her mother:  
Whoever, etc."

Prince Michael early determined that his daughters should do justice to her fine talents and his race; for this purpose she had an English *bonne* who watched over her first years, and at the age of seven her future education was confided to the care of "the admirable Professor Pappadapoulus, a gentleman animated by an intense love of country, who fondly loved to trace, in the Canaris and Botzaris of his beloved Greece, a reflex of the ancient glories of Themistocles and Epaminondas." Greek, Latin and French formed the foundations of a liberal and extensive education which was pursued by the princess, and from the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and other lights of the Greek Church, and the wisdom of the Grecian and Latin philosophers, she imbibed truly rare and extended views of liberty and humanity. These extended and liberal studies women have not often enjoyed, and as a rule they would find them too arduous; but the mind of the young princess was receptive, and she learned gladly.

During all her life in the East, the princess saw her unhappy country struggling against the overwhelming odds under which it finally succumbed, conquered, but not crushed. In 1841, foreseeing the revolution which took place there in 1842, Prince Michael had taken his family to Dresden to complete the education of his children. Here his daughter completed her studies of the modern languages, and made herself acquainted with the masterpieces of the English and German literatures, reading these works in the originals. During the succeeding years previous to her marriage, the princess saw much of the best society in Germany, and from a sketch of her by the Marquis de Villemer,—"Carlo Yriate," the brilliant author of "Portraits Cosmopolites" and "Princes D'Orleans,"—we have a picture of her appearance at Sans Souci in her first youth, where she equally charmed by her mental and physical beauty. After a brilliant passage recalling the circle which gathered at Sans Souci when the Great Frederick was its master, the writer says:

"It was the time when the king (Frederic William IV.), in the most brilliant period of his reign, gathered around himself the learned poets and artists. It was a renewal of the days of the *renaissance*,—a kind of small court of Ferrara without the sun and flowers,—a recollection of the King's Academy. Frederic William wrote no poems, like the Great Frederic; but instead sent invitations in verses to Humboldt, and sealed those invitations to dinner with the state seal. This union of the highest sym-

bols of power and fancy has a gallant and very artistic side.

"The prince had received a number of cases containing ancient sculptures and vases found in the excavations; it was a holiday for an artist sovereign. The great Berlin statuary, Rauch, and Humboldt, were invited, the latter being as fond of archaeology as he was of natural sciences. Rauch is a true *type* (representative man), the oldest of German artists; he has a noble appearance, and belongs to a race which is not yet dead. Old Cornelius, who married when eighty years old, declared that he began then to understand love. Rauch had been in the service of Princess Louisa. Having accompanied her to Rome, he was so affected by the sight of those antiquities, that the princess said he seemed transformed whilst looking at them. The glory of having understood this genius is due to her. She assigned him a competency, and left him free. Prussia acquired a great artist. Rauch made a masterpiece—the monumental statue of Frederic the Great.

"Whilst these two illustrious men were engaged in looking at a bass-relief with a Greek inscription, the king entered, followed by a handsome old man, who was giving his arm to a couple of girls in the freshness of youth and beauty. The new-comers stopped to admire that work, somewhat damaged, but upon which a few Greek words were perfectly preserved. The king desired the author of 'Pictures of Nature' to translate them. Humboldt, with the gallantry of an old chamberlain, turned to one of those girls, saying he would not do it in the presence of so great a Greek scholar. 'It is for you, young lady,' said he, 'to make the oracle speak.'

"And the handsome maiden, blushing with emotion, directly translated the inscription. Frederic William complimented the comely stranger, and old Rauch, struck by her grace and youth, asked who was the girl that looked like Venus and spoke like Minerva. \* \* \* The girl was Helen Ghika, by marriage now Princess Koltzoff-Massalsky, more known by her literary name of Dora D'Istria. The old man was Prince Michael, her father."

After some years passed in Germany, in the cities of Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, a winter was passed by the princess in Venice, and there, while studying art in the studio of Felix Schiavone, she saw the approach of the revolution of 1848. The society of Venice was less congenial to her, for the *Concordat* had turned the tide of progress elsewhere, and made an unfavorable change in the social and literary circles of the city.

In 1849, at the age of twenty, the princess was married to a Russian, Prince Koltzoff Massalsky, a descendant of the old Vikings of Moldavia, who entered Russia in the reign of Vladimir in 988, and have never been very popular with the comparatively modern dynasty of the Romanoffs. They are now the principal branch of the Rurikoviches, the family of the founder of the Russian empire. In order properly to understand the position of the princess after this period, it is necessary to say that her marriage has not been a congenial one. She



lived six years at the court of Russia, and must have graced its assemblages of people of noble birth and breeding; but her sympathies, her very mental superiority, unfitted her for the autocratic and oppressive government of that period. The reign of Nicholas was not one of love, and one can hardly imagine anything less congenial to the liberal thought and cultivated mind of the princess.

The cheerless climate, an unsatisfied heart, health suffering under physical and mental influences at once crushing and agonizing,—all united to render her very unhappy. She saw her beloved country suffering, and could not openly express her sympathy, and silence must be her only refuge. She herself says, in alluding to the Empress of Russia, who was sister of Frederick William IV.: "She had retained all the affability of the Hohenzollerns; I know that when the old Russian party showed itself the most irritated by my ideas, the empress was very far from encouraging the fanatic absolutism of the people who would be *plus royaliste que le roi*. She reminded them on the contrary that *jeune personne de mon esprit et de mon caractère avait quel-que droit d'exprimer ses opinions*." Unfortunately, this moderate council did not prevail, and when she, more fearlessly than wisely, in the midst of a people who knew but one will, ventured to remonstrate against the invasion of Wallachia by Russia in 1853, she came very near being sent by the old Russian party to Siberia with two other noble ladies whose crimes were the same; but more fortunate than they, who were exiled for life to that fearful country; she was not so treated by the emperor. She was advised, however, to travel, and went forth to find among other people a dwelling-place denied her there. She had never liked Russia, she was not happy there, and, being without children to link her in feeling to Russia, the punishment was hardly to be considered a difficult one to bear. As an instance of the princess's fearlessness, it is related that, in 1854, near Moscow, she saved the life of her sister's governess who fell into a pond at night-fall, and as the ladies were without attendants, she owed her life to the excellent skill of the princess. She once crossed an arm of the sea, swimming a great distance, thus repeating the feat of Leander,—with better results, however.

The first winter of her new life, for it can hardly be called exile, was passed at Ostend in deep retirement. While there, in the year

1855, she published her first book, "Monastic Life," which appeared at Brussels. The next year she passed in Switzerland in the Canton of Tessin, to enjoy the soft air of Lago Maggiore. Her books, entitled severally, German, French and Italian Switzerland, owe their origin to her life spent there for some years. They are exceedingly interesting and valuable, filling a void in literature. Miss Anna C. Johnson, an American lady who dedicated to Madame Dora D'Istria, her book, "The Cottages of the Alps," has given her readers a short but appreciative sketch of the life of Madame Dora. She who had seen almost all the European courts, been the guest of the kings and emperors of Europe, met and known intimately some of the greatest men of the century, was glad to escape from the life of courts, and *salons*, and live a simple life. Retired in her habits she could not long remain, however, as volume after volume has appeared to attest her genius, her industry, and her enthusiastic love of free thought, liberty, and culture.

In her large work on "Switzerland, the Pioneer of the Reformation," she has given the world an admirable account of the natural wonders and glorious scenery of that country, with vivid sketches of the great and patriotic men who have lived for it and died for it. In this book she describes her ascent of the Monk in 1855. This peak was then untrodden, and to Madame Dora D'Istria belongs the honor of its first ascent. She had determined to visit the Jungfrau, and after many difficulties which the guides made, as they feared that her endurance might fail, even if her courage did not, she started from the Grindelwald side then untraversed by any,—as Agassiz, who had ascended it, made his way up from the Valais. She had with her John Jaun, of Meyringen, the guide who accompanied Agassiz in his ascent. Almost at the final steep of the Jungfrau they were suddenly enveloped in mist, and after all the dangers and fatigues, the lady could not resign herself to so great a disappointment; she proposed to the guides that, as the Jungfrau peak was rapidly disappearing in the mist, they should ascend the Mirich; they were amazed and replied:

"But, do you know that that mountain has never been ascended?"

"So much the better," was her fearless rejoinder, "we shall christen it," and, seizing the flag of Wallachia, one of the guides led the way.

After the final difficulties of the way were

surmounted, Madame Dora placed her beloved country's flag, "a white, yellow, and blue one, with the name of Wallachia embroidered upon it" fairly on the height, and the ascent was a success. She thus describes her sensations, when the panorama was stretched before her, which 12,666 feet of elevation affords, and the Oberland chain lay before her view: "There the image of the Infinite came home to my spirit in all its terrible grandeur; my oppressed heart felt it as palpably as my eyes perceived the Swiss plains almost lost in the snows of the neighboring mountains, floating in golden vapor. Then my soul was full of thoughts of the wonderful power of God."

In the same year in which her large work on Switzerland saw the light, she printed a vast number of articles and essays on the East and Eastern questions. "Fragments of Italian Switzerland," also appeared. In 1858, Madame Dora published the "Ionian Isles," which was first printed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." This work was translated into Greek. In the "Revue," for 1859, she printed her "Roumanian Nationality," drawn from the popular poetry of the country, and articles on "Italian Switzerland;" and her account of her "Ascension of San Salvador," also appeared that year.

The year 1860 was one of mark for our subject; then appeared her "Femmes en Orient," a book of marked ability and full of study, observation and information. In this work the authoress describes all the various races of women in the East,—Russians, Hellenes, Servians, Albanese, and Turks. "Women in the East," made a real sensation in literature on the Continent, and even England did the authoress homage. It has been translated into both Russian and Greek. Besides this exhaustive treatise on her great subject, Madame Dora published many sketches this year. The European press united to sound her praises, and she was spoken of as "the accomplished philanthropist princess, who, under the fictitious designation Dora D'Istria, has attained high European celebrity," by the London "Athenæum," in a long review of this work.

In June of 1860, Madame Dora was at Athens, and while there met the Swedish authoress, Frederika Bremer, whose account of her meeting and acquaintance with the princess is so charming that it cannot be omitted. Miss Bremer heads the chapter wherein she describes her sister authoress, "The New Corinne," and says: "There

arrived this spring in Athens two foreign ladies, who created a sensation throughout its society. The one is the Princess Koltzoff Massalsky, known and already celebrated as an author under the cognomen of Dora D'Istria. After a brief acquaintance with her by letter, already in Sweden, it was not until toward the close of my residence in Switzerland that I read her great work, written in French, 'La Suisse Allemande.'" After a description of this book which has already been mentioned, Miss Bremer says much of Madame Dora D'Istria's genius, her position, and her books. She quotes the opinion of one who fancied himself well qualified to criticise the princess,—"'Madame Dora D'Istria,' said a great book-seller of Geneva to me in an oracular tone, 'will never write a book that will be read.' But he was mistaken," she adds; "a year afterward and the Countess Dora D'Istria's work 'Les Femmes en Orient,' was one of the best-read and most celebrated books in the circles of the cultivated French reading world. I had met with it even in Athens."

Miss Bremer, with much gossip, has mixed up a very interesting personal description of the princess. She tells us how she was received in Athens by the Court and her friends; how the anecdotes of her early life threw over her character an added charm; alludes to her toast for "the allied armies," which she says was the final cause of her leaving Russia. "These stories gave her for me an increased power of attraction, and soon it was said that she was coming to Athens to see the instructor of her youth,—a Greek who has a large school for boys in the city. Shortly after, her arrival I went to discover her. I found her in the laurel grove in the *Aula* of the learned preceptor of her youth. That which I saw first in her was the woman of the world, still beautiful, in age between thirty and forty, with a well-developed, strong, physical frame, and a countenance whose refined features, delicately penciled eyebrows, handsome dark eyes, with a refined rather than ardent glance, reminded me of the type of beauty which I had observed in the aristocracy of Roumelia. The voice struck me as masculine, and the tone as a little dogmatical; her manner extremely polite, but not quite natural, and for that reason not engaging. I saw in her a woman of the great world, accustomed to be on her guard against the world, and not exhibit her inner self.

"Afterward I came to see a different

person in her,—a deeply sensitive, loving, noble and even humble woman; a soul which was well acquainted with suffering, which would endure a great deal without complaint, and who, although accustomed to keep guard over her expressions, yet never to conceal her convictions; a peculiar character of rare inner wealth and originality; a woman to admire and love at the same time. As an author she is unquestionably one of the most important of the present day. From the glimpses she has now and then allowed me to have into her soul, and her past life, I can well understand how a soul like hers, thirsting for light, warmth, and the intelligence of life, must, of necessity, suffer in a severe climate, and in a social sphere of artificial cultivation. 'Sometimes,' she said to me on one occasion, 'I dream that I am still there in that cold, damp atmosphere, under that sky without a sun, and I awake weeping! And it will then be some time before I can believe that it is the sun of Greece I see!'

"For the rest she says little about herself. There is a something mysterious and sorrowful in her history which she evidently will not reveal. Study and work seem to be her only passion,—her chief consolation and enjoyment. She is an extraordinary woman. In Athens she is for the present celebrated as a new Corinne, and spite of all the talk about her disgrace at the court of St. Petersburg, she has been within the last few days presented by the Russian Minister, Baron Ozeroff, to Queen Amelia."

Miss Bremer alludes openly to the unhappy marriage made by the princess, and speaks of her only with the most perfect admiration. Space prevents more than brief extracts from these personal reminiscences, but another must find place here. After a glowing description of the princess's appearance she says: "In the evening I stood with the princess on her balcony; the full moon poured through the twilight her silvery splendor on her head, a spray of double white jasmine in her dark brown hair diffused around its strong perfume, whilst with a melancholy expression she glanced forth into the free dark space. She was romantically beautiful at this moment; I shall never forget her glance this last evening on which I saw her in Greece,—that sorrowful glance directed into distance, which told me that she sought for herself and for her buried life a judge—but not of the earth. \* \* \* \* \* Miss Bremer, in concluding her long and affectionate sketch of

the princess, says, "She is still young, and with her turn of mind and her gifts I know no height on the path of human development to which she may not attain. Long life and health to her, both of soul and body!"

"On the Shores of the Helvetian Lakes," and "Excursions in Roumelia and the Morea," were among the fruits of her visit to Greece. One of her biographers relates that when the mountaineers of Laconia (who, like all Greeks, recognize in her the generous champion of their national rights) see her pass on horseback, they cry enthusiastically, "There goes a Lacedemonian!"

The very extended travels of the princess have been productive of countless sketches and many books. She herself says: "It appears to me that women can furnish more exact chronicles of travels than most learned men. Woman has a special aptitude for this kind of literature; she has more perception than a man of all that regards the domestic life of nations, their customs, etc." In the year 1864 appeared "A Walk on the Banks of Lago Maggiore," and in the following season the princess's most philosophic and thorough study was given to the world in her book, "Des Femmes par une Femme." The position of women is treated in this work, the estimation in which they have been held by different nations during the preceding centuries, and their social and legal position, especially among the Latin and Germanic races. The press of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Greece united to admire and review this work, and Professor Gabba, the learned writer of the University of Pisa, in the article "La Principessa Dora D'Istria e la questione femminile," described it as "one of the most interesting that had ever been written on such a subject." This is a profound and valuable contribution to the study of woman's position and should be known to English readers. It has not yet been translated.

In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" her recent articles on "The Servian Nation," drawn from their poetry, appeared; and she also wrote for another periodical "The Story of the Dante Festival at Ravenna." The "Revue des Deux Mondes" also printed "The Albanian Nation" in 1866. In the following year the princess wrote another article for the "Revue" on "The Hellenic Nation," and several other articles on Albanian and Roumanian subjects were written and appeared in the Italian and

Greek periodicals. Her letters to the Legislative Chamber of Athens and "The Reply to the Epiro-Thessalo-Macedonian Committee of Women," with her article in the "Illustration" on "The Cretan Insurrection," showed that she was full of sympathy for her Eastern friends.

In 1867 her "Recollections of the Canton of Ticino," and sketches of Venice and Venetian life appeared; two romances were printed,—one in a paper at Milan, the other, "The Outlaw of Biberstein," was published in the "Courier de Paris." In 1868 many more Oriental studies were published by our authoress, some of these appearing in Grecian, others in German and Italian papers. For several years the princess has lived in Florence, and her Villa D'Istria in the Via Leonardo da Vinci is known to many American friends and admirers who have been welcome guests there. Her appearance in Italy was heralded by a glowing and animated letter of Garibaldi to the Italian patriots, announcing the arrival of one whom he had long revered and admired. This celebrated letter of the great Italian patriot was but a just tribute to one who has done so much for liberty, and been so long an avowed champion of freedom of thought and government.

Since her appearance in Italy she has made that land her home, and the homage and reverence paid her there show the love and sympathy of her adopted countrymen. Made by the learned a member of the most scholarly and erudite societies, she has also the honor of citizenship from Italy, and from two cities she has received the rare distinction of *cittadinanza d'onore*, seldom accorded to women. In the year 1868 she revisited the studio of her old master in art, the celebrated Felice Schiavoni, and recorded her impressions of that visit in a sketch published in the "Messenger Franco-American" of New York. Her portrait which accompanies this sketch is from his hand, and is said to be a graphic likeness.

In 1869 appeared her account of a "Pilgrimage to the Tomb of Dante" and "Women in Asia." She also prepared and read to the "Minerva" of Trieste, a society of which she is a member, her article on Marco Polo,—a brilliant sketch of that great traveler, which was published later. In the year 1870 appeared a number of vigorous and humane articles on war. She has a truly enlightened and Christian horror of

war and its terrible consequences, and has lifted her voice against its existence whenever she felt it might be of influence. In this year she also wrote articles on "The Planting of Forests" and "Giovanni Dupré" for the "Indépendance Hellénique." In 1860 she was made honorary member of the Archæological Society of Athens. In 1866 she became member of the Geographical Society of France, and lately she has received from *l'Institut Confucius* of France a gold medal for her Oriental studies. Honorary member of most of the great societies of Italy and the East, she numbers among her most important titles that of *présidente d'honneur* and member of honor of many of the societies of Italy and Greece, including the Roman Academy of Quirites, the Syllagos Homère of Smyrna, the Syllagos of Athens and of Constantinople, the Minerva of Trieste, the Parnassus of Athens; and these are only a few of the societies numbering her among their eminent workers.

Among the numerous poems addressed to the princess in the Albanian, Skipic, Roumanian and Latin languages is one written in Latin by the Commander C. Ferrucci, librarian of the Medicea-Laurenziana Library. The following free translation hardly conveys an adequate impression of the elegance of the poetry. The Commander is regarded, says one authority, as "the first Latin poet of our times." In these lines he celebrates the palm-tree that grows in the magnificent garden of the princess:

"DORA D'ISTRIA'S PALM-TREE."

"Among the great variety of plants cultivated by thee,  
O Dora, thy palm-tree is the queen.  
Each one of them, beautiful and fragrant, whatever  
be the family to which it belongs, has its name  
in thy memory.  
Thou knowest the names of all, their properties and  
country, and how or when they prospered  
among us, whether they come from the East  
or the West.  
Thou who gatherest palms of knowledge, look  
graciously on this palm-tree that grows by thy  
side.  
From it a crown will be added to thy name whose  
fame resounds all over the world."

Some of these addresses to the princess are exceedingly quaint and full of the wildest Oriental imagery. There is one entitled "To Dora D'Istria, A Young Man of Albania," which is full of fiery and enthusiastic admiration for the princess, whom he calls "a brilliant star," while he laments over the fate of Albania, "once the land of heroes

and now lonely like a forest," and he predicts for her great things from this "noble Dora." Another of these poems, which are all worthy of more notice did space allow, compares the princess to "a mountain flower in the citadel." Still another commences thus:

"There have been two Helens. Thou art the third.  
The first passed away like wild fire and vanished  
amidst the curses of men.  
The second also went to her grave, but left behind  
a great renown, for it was she who found  
the hidden Cross."

These various poems in the Skipic dialects were prepared with a biographical sketch of the princess and a treatise on the Albanian dialects and poetry, and the portrait by Felice Schiavoni. Afterward the whole was translated into the Italian, whence these extracts are translated into English.

The year 1871 was one of great industry for the princess, and in it she published many sketches. Among the more important articles may be named that on "The Removal of the Ashes of Ugo Foscolo," and one read before the Congress of Archaeological and Prehistoric Anthropology, at Ravenna; her article on "The Popular Poetry of the Magyars," published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and "Indian Studies in Northern Italy: the Mahâbârata," which was read to the Archaeological Society of Athens. These, with that on "The Indian Epopea—the Râmâyana," which was first read to the Syllagos Ellinikos of Constantinople, and "The Persian Epopea—the Shah-Nameh," form valuable contributions to the study of Eastern literature. The princess's two romances—"Eleonore of Halligen" and "Ghislana"—also appeared in this year; but it is not as a writer of fiction that she will be famed in the future. The last, but by no means the least, book of the princess, which appeared in the same year—1871—is her great work on "The Albanians in Roumania." This extensive and very valuable contribution to Eastern history is drawn from unedited and rare documents in the archives of Vienna, Constantinople, and other Eastern and European cities. It is a history of the Ghika family in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Though not wanting in interest for an American reader, it is of real importance for the intelligent European who desires to understand and comprehend fully the history, the past, and probable future of these Danubian provinces,

which have already been the cause of more than one war which involved the kingdoms who desire to preserve always the balance of power on the Continent.

In 1872, the princess wrote for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" two more of her very able and brilliant articles, the first one treating of the "Mongols." The second was an article on "Jean de Plan de Carpin." Many other articles and essays also were published in less important periodicals and journals during this and the following year. In the "International Review" for July and August of 1874, she gave to American and English readers a very exhaustive and powerful article, "The Orthodox Church." She has also contributed some valuable Eastern studies to the "Penn Monthly" of this year, 1878.

One admirer says: "I look in vain for something which Dora D'Istria has not read and commented upon. She speaks fluently seven languages, besides ancient Greek and Latin, and writes them with great elegance. You would think she was a Parisian, like Garamie; Italian, like Belgiofoso; Spaniard, like Lara; German, like Goethe; Russian, like Tuschkin; Wallachian, like a Ghika; Greek, like Botzaris or Lord Byron, who, like her, received from Greece the title of 'Great Citizen.' Genius gives her many a letter of citizenship. Germany, knowing her to have been a pupil of great Humboldt, bestows on her some of the affection she had for that glorious old man. Russian society remembers how she is united with it by intimate ties. New Italy is pleased with her liberal views, and feels proud at having been chosen as her second country."

Madame Dora has always expressed a warm interest in America and its progress, and recently contributed an important paper to the proceedings of the Social Science Association.

The latest printed sketch of our illustrious author was that, I believe, written by Professor De Gubernatis, which appeared in 1873, in the "Rivista Europea." He had already welcomed her in an article called "Illustrious Strangers in Italy," published in 1869. The sketch of 1873, which the princess herself sent me among other material for this brief and too superficial portrait of one so profound, has the following energetic and forcible words of praise:

"I have never seen the Princess Elena of Roumania; but, in accordance with the encomiums on her Grecian beauty that resound on every side of





HELEN GHICA, THE PRINCESS KOLTZOFF MASSALSKY ("DORA D'ISTRIA"). THE ORIGINAL BY FELICE SCHIAVONI.

me,—praises of fishermen as well as princes, of poets and critics, of severe Sarmatians and indulgent Latins,—I conclude that they do not speak of a marble Diana, of a hot-bed flower, but of a lovely, powerful woman, glowing with health and spirit. Roumanians, Albanians, Greeks, Slaves and Latins regard her equally as their own champion and citizen, because everywhere she has brought enlightenment. To the West she has made known the ancient tribes and civilizations of the East, and to the East the great nations of the West; because her wider and unbiassed mind comprehends that progress and improvement are not the exclusive privilege of any single people or country."

To the reader who asks for more knowledge of the Princess Dora D'Istria, I can only say: Study her works, and there learn what a woman devoted to literature, to humanity, and to freedom, can accomplish. She has had great obstacles to overcome,—the bonds of society, at once enervating and fascinating; high rank, another barrier to clearness of vision, sympathy with the masses, and free speech; these hindrances have only strengthened her in her purpose, and to-day she is hailed, as we have seen, by the educated and refined, the ignorant and uncultured, as one of the great master-

minds of our century. Endowed with great natural gifts, she has neglected none of them; born to high rank, she has fulfilled the duty which is expressed so briefly in the remark, "*Noblesse oblige*," in a manner as remarkable as it is grand.

To those who have had the rare pleasure of meeting this accomplished lady, we must look for a personal description of her, and from those favored visitors I hear only the most charming accounts of her elegance, personal beauty, and the intellectual brilliancy which pervades and perfects her whole being. She has probably received as much homage as any author was ever favored with; but it has only stimulated her to new efforts and greater industry. This New Year makes the twenty-third which has passed since she first appeared before the world as a writer, and each successive season has been the herald of renewed activity, of greater work, for her. To the women of America she must ever be a shining example,—“a brilliant star” of hope for what their own future may become by industry, study, and elevated thought.

## CARIBOU-HUNTING.

To determine accurately the geographical distribution of an animal of such wandering habits as the caribou, or American reindeer (*Cervus tarandus*—Linn.; Rangifer Caribou—Audubon and Bachman), is extremely difficult. Every few years make a change. One year finds the species receding from haunts previously occupied and encroaching upon grounds hitherto unfrequented; and in some districts, from various causes, we find them exterminated.

I may say, however, that the caribou largely inhabits Labrador and Newfoundland, still exists in considerable numbers in the province of New Brunswick, in the wilderness regions of the Restigouché, in the country watered by the upper southwest branch of the Miramichi, also on Cairns River—another branch of the Miramichi. He is also abundant at the headwaters of Green River, in the county of Madawaska. In Queens County, he is found at head of Grand Lake, Salmon River. In Kent County he is again met with on the Kishanaguak and Kishanaguaksis, also frequently on the Bathurst road, between Bathurst and Chatham. A few years ago the animals were quite numerous in Charlotte County, and are still occasionally met with. In the adjoining province of Nova Scotia their numbers are gradually decreasing, their strongholds at present being confined to the Cobequid Mountains and the uplands of Cape Breton. Going westward and south of the St. Lawrence, the caribou is again met with in Rimouski, his haunts extending southward along the borders of the state of Maine and the country south of the city of Quebec to New Hampshire. The moose is found with him all through this district, and also the Virginia deer in its southern part. North of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, the caribou ranges all through the vast forest regions as far as the southern limits of Hudson's Bay, and is abundant in the north-west territories, as far as the McKenzie River, and is also found inhabiting the high lands of British Columbia.

In the state of Maine they are met with in tolerable abundance, and if the existing game-laws are strictly enforced, we may hope that their numbers will not be diminished. In the wilderness tracts of that state there are vast stretches of barrens, amply provided with the reindeer lichen

and interspersed with innumerable lakes and uplands, constituting a country admirably adapted to the habits of the caribou. It has been said that the caribou extends along the border west of Lake Superior to the Pacific, but as late as 1874 none were found along the border of Dakota and Montana. If the species reaches the wooded region at and west of the Rocky Mountains, its presence does not seem to be well attested. It is, however, said to occur in Washington Territory, but I may add that a competent authority doubts the existence of the caribou in the United States west of the Red River of the North. Within the last year, the presence of the caribou in Minnesota and Wisconsin has been authenticated.

The prevailing color of the caribou is a dark fawn inclining to gray, darkest at the tips of the hairs, on the sides, ears, face, and outside of the legs, and fading to almost pure white on the neck and throat. The under part of the body and tail is white, and a ring of white encircles the legs just above the hoof. Some specimens have a light spot on the shoulders, and a black patch on the mouth. It is not uncommon to find aged and full-grown animals adorned with a flowing mane, which adds greatly to the grace and beauty of their appearance. In midwinter, I have noticed departures from the above description, the coats of some animals inclining more to light gray, and in others one-half of the body was very light gray, and the other half much darker. In particular, I remember having killed a doe of extraordinary size and beauty of form, whose general color was an exceedingly rich dark brown, and entirely different from that of any other caribou in the herd.

The heads and antlers of the caribou present much diversity of form, and seldom are any two found alike. In the same herd I have seen heads very like that of a two-year-old colt, then again, others had pronounced Roman noses, the whole head appearing much longer. In some instances, the palmation extends throughout the horns, while in others, such as the Labrador caribou, it is often confined to the tines at the top of the horn, the main stem being nearly round. Again, we find in the caribou inhabiting Newfoundland, horns of very great size, perfect in palmation, and in many cases having both brow antlers developed.



CARIBOU BARRENS.

The construction of the caribou's hoof differs from that of any other animal of the deer tribe, and is wonderfully adapted to the services it is required to perform, and enables the animal to travel in deep snows, over frozen lakes and icy crusts, when the moose and deer are confined to their yards, and at the mercy of their foes. Toward the end of the season the frog begins to be absorbed, and in the month of December is entirely so,—at the same time the hoof expands and becomes concave, with sharp and very hard shell-like edges. A full-grown caribou stands nearly five feet at the shoulder, and weighs from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds.

The animal is very compact in form, possessed of great speed and endurance, and is a very Ishmaelite in its wandering habits; changing, as the pest of flies draws near, from the low-lying swamps and woods where its principal article of diet, the *Cladonia rangiferina*, or reindeer lichen, abounds, to the highest mountain fastnesses; then again as the cold nights give warning of the changing season, descending to the plains.

The rutting season begins early in the month of September, the antlers then have attained their full growth and the animals engage in fierce conflicts, similar to those indulged in by the moose, and frequently with as tragic an ending. The does bring forth one, and sometimes two, fawns in the month of May; and bucks, does, and the young, herd together in numbers varying from nine or ten individuals to several hundreds.

Horns are common to both sexes, but the horns of the bucks are seldom carried later than the month of December, while the does

carry theirs all winter, and use them to defend the fawns against the attacks of the bucks. Both sexes use their hoofs to clear away the snow in searching for mosses on the barrens. In their biennial migrations, they form well-defined tracks or paths, along which the herds travel in Indian file. I have often studied their habits on the extensive caribou barrens between New River and the head of Lake Utopia, in Charlotte County, New Brunswick. These barrens are about sixteen miles in extent, and marked with well-defined trails, over which the animals were constantly passing and re-passing, here and there spending a day where the lichens afforded good living, then away again on their never-ending wanderings.

A friend of mine, who visited Newfoundland on an exploring expedition, informs me that there the caribou holds almost exclusive domain over an unbroken wilderness of nearly thirty thousand square miles, in a country wonderfully adapted to his habits, and bountifully supplied with his favorite food—the reindeer lichen.

The caribou is possessed of much curiosity, and does not readily take alarm at what he sees. Where his haunts have been unmolested, he will unconcernedly trot up within range of the rifle. I am inclined to believe that a great deal of this apparent fearlessness is due to defective vision. If this is so, he is compensated by having a marvelous gift of scent, quite equal, if not superior, to that of the moose. And well for the caribou that he is thus gifted. The wolf follows the herds throughout all their wanderings. On the plains or on the hills, where the poor caribou retire to rear their young, he is constantly

lurking near, ready to pounce on any straggler, or—if in sufficient numbers—to boldly attack the herd.

The woodland caribou is very swift, and cunning in devices to escape his pursuers; his gait is a long swinging trot, which he performs with his head erect and scut up, and there is no animal of the deer tribe that affords better sport or more delicious food when captured. The wandering habits of the caribou make it very uncertain where one will fall in with him, even in his accustomed and well-known haunts. When once started, the chase is sure to be a long one, and its results doubtful,—in fact so much so that an old hunter seldom follows up a retreating herd, but resorts to strategy and tries to head them off, or at once proceeds by the shortest way to some other barren in hopes of finding them there.

It seems to be a mooted question, whether the barren-ground caribou (*R. Groenlandicus*) found inhabiting the Arctic regions and shores of Hudson's Bay, is another species, or only a variety of the woodland caribou. The barren-ground caribou is a much smaller animal, and seldom exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds weight, while large specimens of the woodland caribou weigh nearly five hundred pounds.

The caribou is very fond of the water, is a capital swimmer, and in jumping he is more than the equal of any other deer. His adventurous disposition, no doubt, in some degree influences the geographical distribution of the species. In the month of December, 1877, a caribou was discovered

floating out to sea on a cake of ice near Dalhousie, on the Restigouché River in New Brunswick, and was captured alive by some men who put off to him in a boat.

It is said that in very severe seasons, large numbers of caribou cross from Labrador to Newfoundland on the ice. His admirably constructed hoof, with its sharp, shell-like, cutting edges, enables him to cross the icy floes; when traveling in deep snow, its lateral expansion prevents him from sinking. The hoof figured in this paper is drawn from nature, and measures fourteen inches in circumference, five inches in diameter, and has a lateral spread of ten inches.

At one time the Indians were as great adepts at calling the woodland caribou, as they are in the present day in deluding the moose. My Indian friend Sebatis is the only Indian I know who can imitate the calls of the caribou, and he has for a long time given up this manner of hunting. He informs me that, from being so much hunted and molested in their haunts, the caribou have become much more timid and wary even during the rutting season, and also seem to be much more critical of the sounds produced by the birch-bark call, and consequently very seldom respond thereto.

The quiet gray color of the caribou is well adapted to conceal his presence from the hunter, and it requires an educated eye to pick out his form on the heathy barren, where everything assimilates to him in color, and were it not for occasional effects of light disclosing his position, the hunter might frequently pass within easy shot without seeing him. The Indians are so well aware of this, that they always approach a barren with extreme caution, always traveling down wind, and never disconcerted if game is not sighted at once. Nor is the case improved when one comes to hunt for them in the forest; there, the gray tree-trunks and tangled undergrowth make it extremely difficult to see them.

The caribou, whatever may be his need for haste, seldom bounds or gallops except for a few jumps when first he spies his enemy, and then only for an instant, for presently he drops into his accustomed trot, which carries him over the ground with great rapidity, and then no matter how old a hand the hunter may be, nothing but the admirable skill in ventry of his Indian guide will afford him the slightest chance of coming up with the game again.

The indifference or curiosity with regard



WOODLAND CARIBOU HOOF.

to the noise of fire-arms exhibited by the caribou often stands the hunter in good stead, and affords him a chance for a second shot, should his first prove ineffectual; for it is not uncommon for a herd to stand stock-still on hearing the report of a gun, even when one of their number has fallen a victim thereto. The pause is but for an instant, and the hunter must be quick to take advantage of it, or his chance will be gone before he is aware of it, for, recovering quickly from the shock, or alarm, or whatever it may be, the herd dash off at a rattling pace through the thick timber.

A caribou, if not mortally wounded, will endeavor to keep up with the herd, and will travel a long way without giving out. If near the sea-coast, the wounded animal seeks it to die, and is often thus recovered by the hunter. In such cases, the skill of the Indian again comes in play, and he will follow the track of the wounded animal, readily picking it out from all the others, and seldom failing to run it down. The Indians

say that the caribou likes to feed on seaweed, and goes to the coast in the spring and fall of the year for that purpose.

Once upon a time, not so long ago as when "little birds built their nests in old men's beards," but quite long enough to make one regret the days when caribou were plenty on all the barrens in Charlotte County, New Brunswick, the writer, in company with his Indian friend Sebatis, and an old Indian named Tomah, traveled all day in pursuit of a herd of caribou, and, after losing much time lying in ambush behind a big boulder, were suddenly overtaken by night-fall, which, in the short November days, shuts down without warning.

"How far to camp, Sebatis?" I inquired.

"Well, s'pose daylight, about five miles; but so dark now, you see makes it good deal further."

"Can you find the camp?"

"Find 'im camp? Sartin, but take good while, so dark, can't see nothin' 'tall, tum-



CARIBOU MIGRATING.

ble down good deal, you see, so many win'falls, then may be get in swamp besides."

Had daylight given us the opportunity of selecting a camping-place, we could not have found a spot better suited to our purpose than the grove of grand old firs and hemlocks that hemmed us in on every side and sheltered us with broad, spreading branches. In front we had a forest lake, on the outskirts of our stronghold a plentiful supply of hard wood stood ready for the ax which Tomah was just releasing from its cover of leather.

The darkness and silence of these old woods were appalling, and as I stood leaning on the old tree against which we had piled our rifles, I gladly welcomed the quick strokes of Tomah's ax, that was already dealing death-blows to the birches and maples.

Sebatis had gone off in search of dry wood to start the fire. I had not heard him return, and was watching a curious object moving about in the gloom with something like the



actions of a bear. Presently it stopped, and seemed to be squatting on its haunches; then there came a curious, crackling sound, like the crunching of bones; then a faint light, gradually increasing in brightness and volume until the surroundings began to take form, and long shadows crept stealthily past me, and the object which I had mistaken for a bear arose upon his legs, and quietly observed:

"Pretty good fire by-em-by, when Tomah fetch dry hard wood;" then tramped off to assist Tomah in carrying in the fire-wood.

his kettle of birch-bark, and served in little cups of the same material deftly fashioned by Tomah, and held together by splints of wood.

The frosts of winter had not yet sealed the forest lakes, and the night was unusually mild,—so much so, indeed, that Sebatis predicted a sudden change ere long.

During lulls in the talk, I fancied that I heard the notes of a bird; but did not allude to it, as the sound might have been caused by steam escaping from one of the huge logs piled on the fire.



CARIBOU ATTACKED BY WOLF.

"Now, then, best cook supper first," said Sebatis; "then make 'im bough bed; too hungry now."

"All right, Sebatis; but how are you going to boil the water for the tea?"

"Well, sartin we don't have no kettle: have boil 'im water in birch-bark; make kin' of box, you see."

"I don't believe you can do it."

"You don't 'lieve it? Well, by t'unders, I show you pretty quick when Tomah fetch bark."

And show me he did; and better tea I never tasted than that brewed by Sebatis in

"Just so I told you," remarked Sebatis, as he arose to get a light for his pipe, "big snow-storm comin'."

"Why do you think so, Sebatis?"

"I hear 'im wa-be-pe singin' just now; that always sign storm comin'."

"Is wa-be-pe a bird?"

"Yes, wa-be-pe little bird; got kin' of small little spots all over."

"Does it sing at night?"

"Always, sings best when moonlight, then he sing once every hour all night; s'pose he sing dark night; sign storm comin'."



BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

"Is he like any of the birds that were about the camp yesterday?"

"No, he don't 'long here 't all, only summer time; this time year most always gone away warm country somewheres; s'pose he don't go pretty quick, sartin get froze."

"S'pose all han's stop talkin', may be chance hear wa-be-pe again," said Tomah.

Taking up a position far enough away to get rid of the noise made by the fire, I waited patiently for wa-be-pe. After listening intently for a few moments, I heard four inexpressibly mournful bell-like notes, uttered with marked distinctness, and surprisingly like the first four notes of "Auld lang syne." On reflection I became impressed with the idea that the notes of this bird were exactly like the first notes of the song of the white-throated finch, and after consultation with Sebatis, I was convinced that I had placed the nocturnal songster correctly. At the first dawn of day, after tightening our belts a hole or two, by way of breakfast, as the Indians facetiously remarked, we started to pick up the trail of the caribou. During the night several inches of light snow had fallen, and the storm still continued.

"Which way, Sebatis?"

"Try back on big barren, then s'pose we don't find 'im fresh track, go right camp 'fore snow gets too deep; you see we don't have no snow-shoes, make it pretty hard walkin' by-em-by."

The storm was increasing every moment, and the light snow drifting rapidly before the rising wind, as tramping in Indian file we approached the confines of the big barren. The drift was so heavy on the barren that it was hard work to make headway against it, and I had just turned to regain my wind, when I heard Tomah ejaculate in Indian,—

"Megahlip! Chin-e-ga-bo!" (Caribou—be careful.)

The words were hardly spoken, when down the wind came a herd of caribou, trotting at a terrific pace, with head and scut up, and sending the snow in clouds on every side. I tried to get a shot, but was not quick enough. "Bang!" to right of me—"Bang!" to left of me, from the smooth-bores of Sebatis and Tomah, and all is smoke and drifting snow, out of which I get a glimpse of a head or horns, then the full figure of a fast-trotting caribou, and last a noble buck wildly plunging in the flying *poudre*—a victim to the fire of the Indians.

"Come, Tomah, be quick help butcher caribou; no time lose gettin' camp, by-em-by, pretty hard chance get there storm so heavy you see," said Sebatis as he stripped off the caribou's hide.

In a few moments, the venison intended for the camp was cut, apportioned into loads, and the rest of the animal securely *caché*, to be brought in when wanted. Then we hastened to get off the barren and



CARIBOU FLOATING OUT TO SEA ON A CAKE OF ICE.

into the shelter of the woods, where we could draw a free breath unoppressed by the terrible drift.

As the storm promised to be very heavy, we lost no time in gaining the protection of our camp.

"Now then," said Sebatis, as he dropped his load on arriving at camp, "all han's get fire-wood ready, stan' big snow-storms, by t'unders, pretty lucky, we get 'im that caribou."

"Who kill 'im that caribou?" inquired Tomah, "two shots fired."

I had been dreading this for some time, but Sebatis cleverly evaded the question, and prevented the endless discussion sure to follow, by facetiously replying:

"Well, I guess bullet kill 'im, sartin."

Fortunately, in the hurry of skinning the caribou and cutting up the venison, they either forgot, or had not time to examine whether there was more than one bullet-hole in the skin, and as the latter, probably, would not be recovered until we were on the home trail, I flattered myself that the discussion would not be revived. However, in this I was mistaken, as will be seen in the sequel.

In appearance, no two men could differ more widely than my two henchmen. Sebatis stood six feet and two inches in his moccasins, had clear-cut features, and was possessed of infinite patience and good humor. Under severe provocation his temper was apt to be short, but it was over

quickly, and he never sulked. Tomah was very short in stature, bow-legged, and had a countenance terrible to look upon, the fierce expression of his restless eyes indicating unmistakably his savage ancestry; and yet, withal, he was not an ill-tempered man, and the deep tragic tones in which he spoke, even when saying the most commonplace things, made some of his utterances irresistibly comical. His friendship for Sebatis was of long standing, and they got on very well together, except when a dispute arose about the shooting of a moose or caribou; my ingenuity was taxed, at such times, to prevent a fight. Soon their united efforts as ax-men, with my aid in carrying in, accumulated such a goodly pile of hard wood, as enabled us to laugh at the howling storm.

"Sartin I think, no chance hunt 'im, caribou to-morrow, always bad snow-shoein' when snow so light," said Sebatis, as he shook off the snow from his clothes and prepared to cook our dinner of fat caribou steaks.

"Sebatis, where are our little friends the birds? I haven't seen one since our return to camp."

"Well, you see, hide somewhere when storm so heavy. S'pose sunshine, then you see 'im comin' again: ah-mon-a-tuk (cross-bill), kich-e-ge-gelas (chickadee), ump-kanusis (moose-bird), an' ki-ha-neas (red-poll linnet)."

Sebatis had unbounded curiosity about



the manners and customs of other nations, and was diligent in seeking information. On one of my hunting excursions, I was accompanied by a friend who had recently returned from the East Indies, and in one of the talks over the camp-fire he related, whether in jest or earnest I know not, that it was a custom of one of the religious sects of India to place their aged and infirm people in casks supplied with a small quantity of food, and then to set them adrift. Sebatist listened eagerly until my friend finished his story, and then emphatically remarked:

"By t'unders! S'pose by-em-by when I get old man, somebody try put me in barrel, I make 'im pretty good fight first."

Long afterward, when it had all passed from my memory, Sebatist astonished me by remarking, with a quiet chuckle, on observing that my friend Colonel W. was pretty stiff after his first day's tramp in the woods:

"You see 'im? Gettin' pretty old. By-em-by somebody have put 'im in barrel."

Early next morning Tomah was absent, and I asked Sebatist where he was.

"Gone away somewhere 'bout daylight," he replied; "try find 'im sign caribou, may be."

At noon Tomah marched into camp, bringing with him, to my horror, the head and skin of the caribou slain the previous day.

"Who kill 'im this caribou? Only one ball-hole in skin!" he said, defiantly and in his deepest bass, as he deposited his spoils on the snow.

"I fire right on his head," said Sebatist, springing to his feet.

"Well, you miss him, sartin. Bullet strike 'im on ribs jus' where I fire," rejoined Tomah.

"Sartin you tell 'im big lie. I don't miss

'im 'tall," returned Sebatís, fiercely, as he unrolled the skin to examine for himself. His search disclosed but one bullet-hole, and that was on the side, just as Tomah stated.

After carefully examining the skin, I turned my attention to the head, and was about to give up in despair, when I observed that one of the tines had been completely carried away close to the main stem.

"Here's where your ball struck," I said to Sebatís, pointing out the recent fracture on the horn.

"Sartin, that's true," said Sebatís. "I know I didn't miss 'im 'tall."

"Always Sebatís come out pretty well. S'pose nobody else fire, sartin no caribou-steak breakfast this mornin'," growled Tomah.

In the afternoon the sun shone out bright and warm, and our pert little friends the birds shyly renewed our acquaintance. The tameness of these forest birds is ever a source of delight to me. It is quite common to see cross-bills, pine-finches, chickadees and red-polls all picking up crumbs together at one's feet, and often after a few days' acquaintance they become so familiar that they will accept food from the hand,—bread-crumbs, bits of raw meat, and even salt pork is readily accepted. In fact, nothing seems to come amiss to the little beauties, and they evidently enjoy the change from the dry cones and buds which form the staple of their winter diet.

It seems ungrateful to single out any one bird where all are so tame, but I think that I must give the palm in this respect to my

favorite—little black-cap. The naturalists give this little bird a dreadful character, and say of him that he smashes in the skulls of other little birds and eats their brains. I shall always consider it a vile slander, Audubon and all the rest of them to the contrary, notwithstanding. These charming little birds are seldom seen except in the depths of the forests; at rare intervals they come out to the clearings, but their homes are in the forest. In order to give an idea of the tameness of these birds I may mention that at this moment as I write a cedar-bird is begging to be taken on my finger and held up to my face so that he may indulge in his pet occupation of preening my mustache, and a red-poll linnet is industriously strewing the floor with my pencils and paper, and if scolded flies away uttering his plaintive call, "Sweet-Willie!"

At night as we sat over the camp-fire smoking our pipes, we heard a horrid screech in the forest.

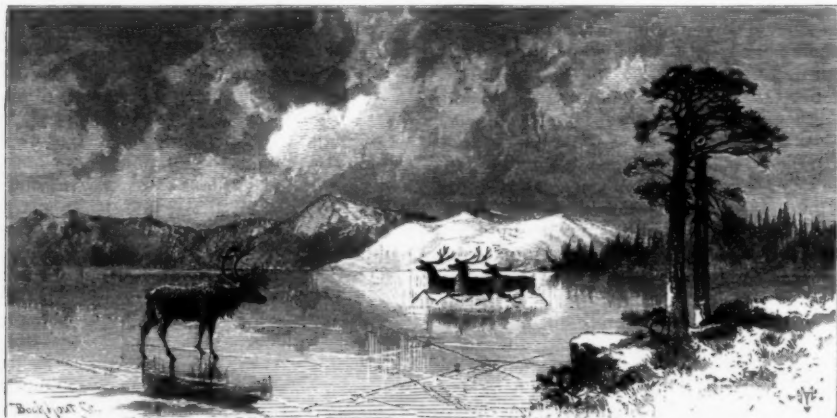
"Up-we-pe-se-kin (lynx) chasin' rabbits," said Tomah, in sepulchral tones, between the whiffs of his pipe.

"You see," said Sebatís, in explanation of Tomah's remark, "when up-we-pe-se-kin make noise like that, scar 'im rabbit so bad he jump right out sight in deep snow, then you see up-we-pe-se-kin dig him out an' have pretty good supper."

Just as I was turning out next morning, Sebatís walked into camp, and said:

"Sartin caribou very hungry this mornin'; I find plenty places where he eat 'im off old men's beards, close up."

The "old men's beards" referred to by



CARIBOU CROSSING A FROZEN LAKE.





"MEGAHLIP! CHIN-E-GA-BO."

Sebatis is the long, trailing moss which hangs from the trees and bushes, and is a favorite food of the caribou.

"What kind of snow-shoeing to-day, Sebatis?"

"Just right; sun pack 'im down snow good deal; very good chance snow-shoein' now."

Tomah had breakfast ready, and in a few moments moccasins and snow-shoes were the order of the day.

"Which way, Sebatis?"

"Try 'im big barren again."

"Sartin, best go little barren first," said Tomah; "s'pose we don't find 'im caribou, then try 'im big barren."

"May be Tomah right," said Sebatis; "little barren nearest,—only 'bout two miles,—an' very good ground fin' caribou."

Just enough snow had fallen to make good snow-shoeing; in fact, we could have got on without snow-shoes, but for the drifts and swampy parts of the barrens, over which the broad snow-shoes bore us safely. Fortunately for our comfort, the high wind that prevailed prevented the snow lodging in the spreading boughs of the coniferous trees, and we escaped the smothering often experienced from avalanches of snow immediately after a snow-storm. These avalanches are one of the most disagreeable things encountered in the forest in winter. Sometimes, as the hunter tries to force his way under the pendent boughs of a large fir-tree, the accumulated snow will be discharged upon his head, getting down his neck if

his hood is not up, wetting the locks and barrels of his gun, and piling up on his snow-shoes in such a manner as to hold him prisoner for the time; and often, in trying to work clear, he gets his snow-shoes tangled and takes a header into the snow, and his misery is complete. Moreover, the chances are ten to one that, while he is helplessly floundering in the snow, he hears the sharp crack of his comrade's rifle, who has stolen a march on him and is up with the game; and then good-bye to any sport that day, for even if he could get his gun dry and serviceable again, his nerves are so unstrung that he could not hit the side of a house, much less the swift caribou.

On our way to the barren we saw several fresh tracks of caribou, but had not discovered their beds, as the Indians term the depressions in the snow made by the caribou when lying down to rest. After inspecting indications of that kind, the Indian can form a correct opinion of the time elapsed since the beds were occupied, and is guided thereby in his decision as to whether it is wise to follow up the tracks leading therefrom.

Silent as mutes, we tramped along in Indian file; but if the Indians did not use their tongues, their eyes were not idle, and the slightest caribou sign was instantly discovered and examined. We had nearly reached the barren, without finding any fresh tracks, and I was getting a little impatient, and sorry that we had not gone to the big

barren, as first suggested by Sebatís, as it was in that direction he saw the places where the caribou had cropped off the "old men's beards."



FOREST BIRDS.

"Little barren handy now," said Sebatís with his usual abruptness.

"Where is Tomah?" I inquired, having just discovered the absence of that worthy.

"Where's Tomah, sure enough?" echoed Sebatís. "I don't miss him myself only just now."

He had vanished like a "spirit of eld," and as where he had gone, or on what errand was past finding out, we made our way quietly to the edge of the barren without him.

Long and earnestly Sebatís scanned the barren with his searching gaze; then ventured out a few paces, stopped suddenly, and beckoned me to him.

"Hist, don't make noise," he whispered. "Caribou somewhere on this barren; you see 'im track just 'longside big rock, then little ways 'head you see 'im tracks go everywhere; must be nine, may be ten caribou go that way."

"Are they fresh tracks?"

"We look by-em-by; find out which way wind first. By t'unders we got wrong end barren."

"What do you mean?"

"Wind blow straight down barren; s'pose we try hunt 'im caribou, sartin he smell us."

"Well, what had we better do?"

"Best hide 'im somewheres on barren."

"There's a clump of firs nearly in the middle of the barren, I should think that a good place."

"We go try 'im; you see caribou movin' all time; may be by-em-by comin' back on his tracks, then very good chance."

The barren was about three miles long and over one mile wide, sprinkled with groups of fir-trees, and the usual supply of alders, bowlders, and old dead tree-trunks. Lurking about in our place of concealment was tedious in the extreme, and I was about to beguile the time with a smoke, but remembered in time the terrible rating old Tomah got from Sebatís when smoking, for we were in ambush behind the big bowlder.

Just then we heard the boom of a gun.

"By t'unders that's old Tomah sartin, so cunnin' you see, just like fox; he find out wind wrong way then he go round on woods, an' come out other end barren."

"Do you think he has turned the caribou back this way?"

"Sartin, that just reason he go round woods, so cunnin' you see, that old Tomah."

We now moved out of our shelter a little so as to command a better view of the barren.

"Do you see any caribou, Sebatís?"

"No, don't see nothin' 't all."

I was looking intently, and fancied that I saw the form of a caribou disappearing behind a bunch of alders. Sebatís saw him at the same moment, and several others that I failed to detect.

"By t'unders!" he whispered, "you see 'im, one, two, five caribou, just goin' behin' bushes up there; good chance now, s'pose don't make 'im noise."

The good chance was so long in coming that I was well-nigh in despair. Sebatís had crossed to another clump of bushes, and being rid of him I was just about to resort to my pipe when I heard the peculiar and unmistakable castanet sound caused by the split hoof of the caribou striking together as he recovered in his stride, and looking out on the barren I saw five caribou, trotting full speed, almost abreast of me and not over forty yards distant. They raised such clouds of snow that I could only see their heads and occasionally their shoulders, but as it was my only chance I fired at the second caribou in the herd, and unfortunately only wounded him. He tried to keep up with the herd, but they soon distanced him and I was hurrying on in pursuit when "bang!" goes Sebatís's gun from behind some bushes and down goes my caribou.

"I wounded that caribou, Sebatís; there were four others ahead of him."

"Sartin that's too bad. I don't see 'im 'tall, only this one. You see I been look other side bushes, and when I hear gun I run this way; then I see caribou kin' of limpin', you see, an' I think may be get away, so best shoot 'im more."

"Who kill 'im that caribou? Two guns fire, on'y one caribou dead," said a voice over my shoulder in tones that could be none other than those of Tomah.

"Two bullets kill 'im that caribou sartin this time," said Sebatiss, pointing to two bullet-holes in the body of the poor caribou.

"Where have you been, Tomah? We thought you were lost."

"No, not lost. When I fin' out wind wrong way then I go in woods an' come out head barren; turn 'im caribou."

"Did you get a shot at them?"

"Sartin, I kill 'im caribou."

"How many did you see?"

"'Bout t'irteen. Five come this way, rest gone away somewhere, may be big barren. Sartin plenty caribou big barren to-morrow."

"Why do you say to-morrow?"

"'Cause caribou all travelin' to-day. I see 'im tracks go everywhere, an' plenty sign bite 'im moss, besides."

We *cached* the caribou killed by Sebatiss and I, then tramped to the head of the barren and performed a like office for the one killed by Tomah,—a two-year-old buck,—then to camp as it was too late in the day to try the big barren.

"Now," said Sebatiss, after dinner and the invariable pipes, "Tomah an' me go hunt 'im wood an' bark, make 'im tobaugan, then we haul 'im caribou camp. Keep 'im safe, you see."

During the night there was a fall of snow which made the snow-shoeing heavy. However, we determined to try the big barren; and a weary day we had of it, tramping over the soft snow, which accumulated on the front of the snow-shoe and required quite an effort to throw it off. All traces of the old tracks were obliterated, and we did not see a fresh track that day, although we searched the greater part of the barren, being careful to disturb the snow as little as possible, as a snow-shoe trail is almost certain to frighten off a herd of caribou.

After patient watching and manifold observations obtained by climbing trees, the Indians at length, in despair, gave up hunting and took to their pipes. Although as much disappointed as they were, I well knew that it would be futile to urge them on to

hunt, until they recovered their spirits. Like two graven images they sat puffing away at their pipes, and to all appearance might have continued so doing until the crack of doom, but for an opportune crash as of breaking branches, followed by a resounding fall that came from the forest, a little to the right of our position; and although they were well aware of the cause of the noise—a lodged tree suddenly released by the branches giving way, and letting it fall to the ground—it had the effect of waking them up and loosening their tongues.

"Sundown come pretty quick now; best go camp," said Sebatiss.



"SEN-TA-GA-BO!"

"Best go camp," echoed Tomah.

And go to camp we did in double-quick time, arriving just as darkness was closing in.

There were several changes of weather during the night, first a drizzling rain, then a sharp frost, followed by more snow.

"Better luck to-day," said Sebatiss. "I dreamin' last night, see 'im plenty caribou."

"John very good han' dreamin'; I like see 'im fin' caribou first, then I 'lieve him," said Tomah.

"Why does Tomah call you John?" I asked Sebatiss.

"Well, you see, I got t'ree—four—names, John Baptist Joseph, that's my name."

"Dreamin' so hard he forgot his name," said Tomah, "he got 'nother name 'sides, Saint John Baptist Joseph, that's his name."

"Sartin, that's true," said Sebatis; "now, I 'member, I tell you all 'bout it—used to

or eighteen inches, and no matter how familiar one may be with it, every fresh experience excites the same apprehension.

I had just been let down in that way, when my attention was attracted by Sebatis, and he beckoned me to where he and Tomah were examining something.



A SHOT FROM TOMAH.

be my name just same Tomah tell, well, you see, that pretty long name, then make 'im shorter, call 'im Saint Baptist, then make 'im shorter 'gain, call 'im Sebatis, s'pose, make 'im any shorter, by-em-by, name all gone."

"Then, your surname—I mean your family name—is Joseph?"

"Sartin, my father, all my brothers, got same name, Joseph."

"Now, Sebatis got fix 'im his name 'gain, s'pose he show us where find 'im caribou," said Tomah.

"Sartin, snow most over, we go big barren 'gain."

The snow was greatly in our favor, as just enough had fallen to enable us to walk noiselessly on the crust.

A very strange sensation is often experienced by the hunter as he walks unconcernedly on his way, after the formation of a crust; at first he hears a peculiar creaking sound, and fancies that the snow is moving under him, then the creaking becomes louder, and is accompanied by a muffled, rumbling noise, and suddenly the snow under and around him sinks, and he fears that he is about to fall into an abyss. The snow in reality seldom settles over one foot

"Eight caribou all sleep here last night," he said, pointing to a number of depressions in the snow.

"How long since they started, Sebatis?"

"Start only little while, you see tracks so fresh. Always good time hunt 'im when first started, 'cause bite 'im moss an' feedin', then he don't go fast 'tall."

"Best take 'im off snow-shoes an' walk in caribou tracks," said Tomah.

"Sartin that best, then don't make no noise," said Sebatis.

This mode of traveling is anything but agreeable, but as the snow was not very deep it was greatly preferable to what I have often experienced on other occasions, when one would sink half-way to the knees at every step, and woe betide him if he made a false step!

"Caribou stop here feedin' little while," said Sebatis, pointing to some newly cropped "old men's beard."

"Caribou go two ways," said Tomah, who was a little in advance.

The herd had separated, three caribou going toward the big barren and five off in another direction. As it promised a better chance for game I imitated the tactics of the

caribou and divided our party, taking Sebatis with me on the track of the five and sending Tomah off after the others.

Plodding along in the foot-holes of the caribou was very leg-tiring, but Sebatis kept on at a trot until brought to a stand by some very fresh sign.

"Caribou bite 'im moss here only 'bout t'ree minutes ago; must be handy somewhere, best put 'im on snow-shoes again, may be have run pretty quick by-em-by."

After putting on his snow-shoes, Sebatis struck out in a direction nearly parallel to the caribou trail, and we set off at a very much quicker gait.

We were just descending a slight declivity when Sebatis waved his hand to me, exclaiming at the same time;

"Seh-ta-ga-bo!" (Keep back.)

At the word I dropped in my tracks and awaited further orders. Twice he raised his gun as if to fire, then lowered the muzzle and beckoned me to him.

"What is it all about? Do you see the caribou?" I whispered.

"Sartin, see 'im all five walkin' in woods just little ways 'head. You look same way I point, by-em-by you see 'im."

We had just entered a glade of fir-trees, and between the tree-trunks I caught a glimpse of what I supposed to be a lake, but did not discover any caribou.

"Hist! there goes caribou, there goes 'nother one—two—t'ree more, you see 'im? Quick, fire!"

Bang! goes my rifle at an indistinct form moving past the tree-trunks some thirty yards distant.

"You kill 'im, sartin," Sebatis whispered. "I see 'im give big jump, then he don't move 'tall."

"Are the other's gone?"

"No, scared pretty bad; stan' listenin' somewheres. By t'unders!—look, you see 'im caribou move on small bushes right on lake—fire!"

"Blaze away, Sebatis. I don't see them, and they will be off sure if you wait for me."

Bang! goes his smooth-bore with a roar that made me as deaf as an adder for the moment.

"Did you kill him?"

"May be so. Not sure, you see, so much smoke."

We hastened to the spot and found my caribou—a large buck—lying dead in his tracks. A little further on, Sebatis found a bloody trail leading down to the lake, and about one hundred yards from the shore, we saw the other caribou—a fine doe—

vainly struggling to regain her feet on our approach.

At the sight, I vowed that I would break my gun and never hunt again, until——

"Here, Sebatis, take my rifle, and finish your work quickly."

"How far is it to the camp?"

"Little mor'n four miles. I go get tobaugan, an' bring some dinner. S'pose you stop here?"

"Yes. Be as quick as you can."

"Sartin, I go pretty quick. You see snow-in' again. By-em-by heavy storm, may be."

True to his promise, Sebatis returned inside of a couple of hours. With appetites born of the woods, we dispatched our lunch. Then to work to get our game to camp. The angry gusts of wind souging through the lofty branches of the fir-trees, and driving the fast-falling snow into clouds of impalpable *poudre*, warned us to hasten our packing.

"Ready, now, no time spare. By-em-by storm so heavy, hard chance find 'im camp," said Sebatis. He had fastened one end of a serviceable rope of withes to the tobaugan, passed part of it over his shoulder and gave me the other end to pass over mine, and away we tramped.

These sudden winter storms possess the magic power of investing the hunter with an indefinable terror. In a very short time all land-marks are obliterated and the air filled with a blinding *poudre*. Now and then the snow settles under him with a crash, and he feels as if there was nothing real or substantial around him. The bewildering, drifting *poudre* is everywhere, and he is blinded and buffeted by it in such a manner as calls for the instant exertion of all his courage to carry him safely through.

"By t'unders! Never so glad get camp all my life. So tired, you see storm so heavy," said Sebatis, as we rested before the camp-fire after our fearful four-mile tramp from the lake.

The click of approaching snow-shoes announced the return of Tomah.

"Who kill 'im that cari——"

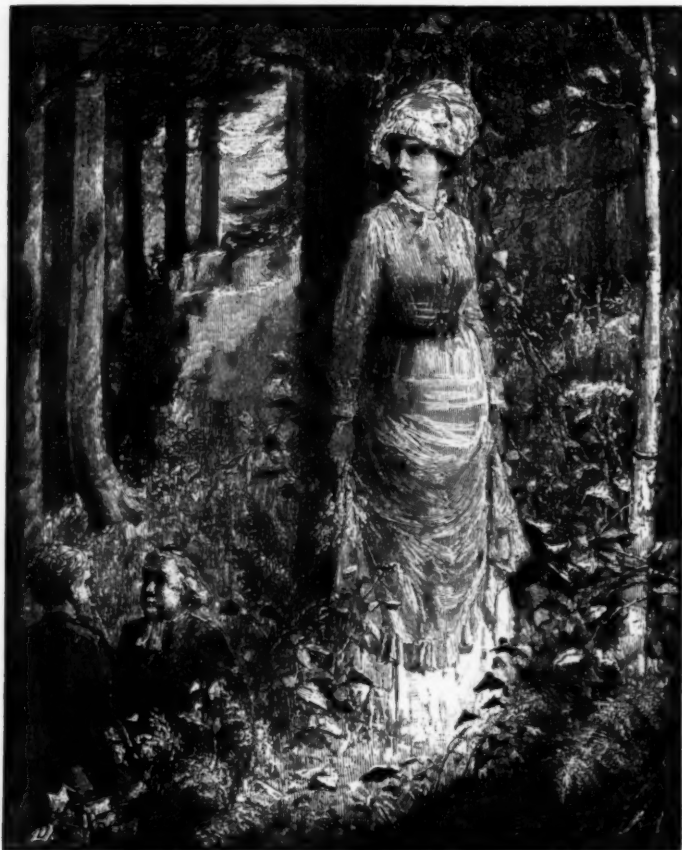
Just then he saw that there were two dead caribou, and, without another syllable, he shook the snow from his clothes and sat down by the fire.

NOTE.—The author's thanks are due to Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., for information regarding the geographical distribution of the caribou in the United States, and to Professor S. F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute for a photograph of the barren-ground caribou.



## FALCONBERG.\*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



IN THE RAVINE.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A MEMORABLE MEETING.

DURING the dinner which followed, Einar looked everywhere for Helga and Ingrid, but they were nowhere to be found. In the meanwhile he had to answer toast upon toast, and in the interval between the speeches he was beleaguered by farmers' wives who came up to shake hands with him and

with much friendly urging insisted upon his tasting the contents of their baskets. They assured him in their own simple fashion of their approval, declared that he "talked like a priest," and without the least suspicion of patronage complimented him on his handsome appearance. Nils Nyhus offered a toast for "The Citizen," in which he paid fresh tribute to the memory of his lamented sorrel, expressed his dissatisfaction with Andy Johnson's adminis-

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tration and predicted a brilliant future for the town of Hardanger. He seemed still to be laboring under the delusion that the idea of establishing the paper had originated in his own brain, but was generous enough to grant his colleagues a share of the honor. The speech called forth much merriment and hearty acclamation, which, however only added to the discomfort of Nyhus's wife, who was sitting flushed and trembling at his side. She had never known him in the capacity of an orator before, and she could not rid herself of the impression that the company were amusing themselves at his expense.

Up toward the end of the ravine where the trees stood denser and the noise of the waters was louder, sat Helga and Ingrid. A thick copse of pine sheltered them from sight, and the gray rock, dashed here and there with patches of red and yellow lichen, rose steep and threatening above them. The sprouting leaves filled the air with a fresh fragrance, to which the pines added a resinous flavor. The two girls sat each with one arm twined about the other's waist, while the elder with the hand which was disengaged stroked the hair caressingly from the younger's forehead. They were talking together in an undertone, and the near, unceasing rush of the water seemed to lift a shielding roof over their voices and make their confidence safer and easier.

"It certainly was very imprudent of my little girl," said Helga, "to burst into tears there before all the people. It was fortunate that he was too busy to notice you."

"But how could I help it?" protested Ingrid, eagerly. "It came upon me so suddenly that I had no time to think. I don't know why God made me so, that I must always cry when I don't want to do it at all. It was not for Mr. Finnson that I cried, as you think, but only because I felt so strange, and because I couldn't help it."

"Yes, because you felt so strange, and because you couldn't help it," repeated the other, smiling at the caprices of Ingrid's logic. "And do you imagine, you little chicken, that I have not read long ago that very transparent secret which you are trying to hide from me?"

Ingrid raised herself quickly and gazed at her friend with terror in her large blue eyes.

"You do not suppose that—that anybody else——"

"You need not look so frightened," and Helga clasped her once more in her arms.

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"No, I don't suppose that others have as keen eyes for reading your heart as I have. But now be a good little girl and promise me one thing. Promise me that you will be very, very prudent, always on your guard, and never describe the man you would like to marry, never say that he must have light curly hair and blue eyes, and so forth."

"But I never said that I should like to marry Mr. Finnson," rejoined Ingrid, once more with her little perverse pout. "And I don't think I ever shall marry, for that matter. But still I love him—love him," lingering fondly on the word. "And," she added, with a sudden trustful appeal to Helga, "don't you think he is very, very beautiful?"

"I don't know, my dear, what I think of him. He is one of those men who constantly puzzle me. I hope and believe that he is a good and upright man, but that is as far as my judgment goes. I am sorry, for your sake, that I cannot say more, but really I cannot. And now your eyes no longer betray that you have been crying. If you do not hurry back, your mother will be frightened about you."

"And will you not come with me?"

"No, not now. I promised mother to find some maidenhair for her to plant, and since I am here, I may just as well commence my search. I shall be with you in less than half an hour."

Helga stooped down over the young girl, kissed her and began to climb up through the ravine. She had not gone far when she heard a voice, which she instantly recognized as the pastor's, talking with loud and indignant emphasis somewhere under the ledge upon which she was standing. The stones were constantly loosening and rolling down from under her tread, and she feared that she had no choice but to remain until the speaker was no longer within reach of her involuntary missiles.

"I have watched you closely and with sincere interest ever since your first arrival," said the pastor, evidently addressing some invisible listener, "and I have seen with deep regret how you have, day by day, driven God out of your heart and allowed Mammon to take up his abode there in His stead. It is really a pity to see a young man with your undeniable talent going to the devil in that way."

"Mr. Falconberg," answered another voice, whose refined enunciation and dignified self-restraint immediately revealed the orator of the day, "I thank you for your

interest in my welfare, which I confess rather takes me by surprise, but I can hardly admit your right to judge me as severely as you do. A judgment of my character, in order to be correct, requires certain premises which you do not possess, and which I do not feel inclined to furnish you."

"Now really, young man," broke in Mr. Falconberg with increasing excitement, "I am afraid you have quite forgotten the office I hold as the pastor of my flock and a rightfully appointed shepherd of souls. How can I watch with complacency the direful work you are accomplishing in this community, where, before your arrival, peace, harmony and mutual good-will prevailed? Through your detestable paper you preach schism and rebellion against all divinely appointed authority, teach these poor ignorant farmers, who have hitherto trusted in the guidance of their spiritual superiors, to judge for themselves about politics and other things, about which they cannot possibly have even the most rudimentary notions, and what is worst of all, you steadily labor to break down the wall which has hitherto separated them from that idolatrous, sectarian Babel in which it is their and your misfortune to live."

"I regret to say, Mr. Pastor," answered the young man, calmly, "that our opinions on these subjects are so radically different that discussion would only widen the gulf between us, instead of bringing us nearer together."

"Ah, my dear sir," cried Mr. Falconberg, excitedly, "that is a mere pretext for evading my arguments. Your own conscience—if you are still possessed of such a thing—must have told you that you are guilty of the charges I have preferred against you. Have you not this very day stood up and flaunted your immature opinions in our faces? What do you, a mere stripling in years, who have yet hardly had the first glimpse of the life here, know about Norse and American civilization? And yet you presume to teach your elders, who have spent half a life-time here, and discourse to them about their duties to their new and their old fatherland, and God knows what not!"

"Ah, that is where the shoe pinches," thought Helga, whose growing interest in the discussion made her quite forget that she was involuntarily playing the eavesdropper. The strain of ill-natured abuse which the pastor had adopted had immediately enlisted her sympathy on his opponent's side,

and her womanly sense of justice and fair play made her eager to lift her voice in Einar's defense. At the same time Einar's well-bred coolness tried her sorely and vaguely impressed her as a lack of confidence in his own cause. Ignorant, as she was, of his real relation to the pastor, she could hardly appreciate the complications of motives which restrained the native vehemence of his speech. It was, however, a genuine relief to her, when in his next answer she detected a rising ardor and a clearer tinge of self-assertion.

"Mr. Falconberg," he said, with a touch of defiance in his voice, "what I have said to-day, and what I shall continue to say, as long as there is a single man left to listen to me, is no hasty whim, but my sincere and well-matured conviction. And I can see no reason why a young man, especially if he is publicly requested to speak, should not have the same right to express his conviction as one who has grown gray in the office of preaching. You and I, Mr. Falconberg, belong to two different generations, and I venture to assert that the future is in closer sympathy with my opinions than with yours. In private you may think me a conceited stripling or even an impostor, if you choose, but I do not admit your right to censure me to my face. I entertain due respect for your years and for your office, but I have never enlisted myself among your parishioners, and even if I had, I should say that you were overreaching your authority, if you undertook to abuse me, as you have done to-day, for things which do not come within the range of church discipline."

The pastor turned ashy pale; he sent his undaunted opponent a furious look, and clenched the golden head of his cane. He had felt so safe in the feeling of his strength and authority, and had been confident of an easy victory. The smooth manners and apparent modesty of this man had deceived him as to his real character, and now the fearlessness of his counter-attack stunned Mr. Falconberg and for the moment deprived him of his ample rhetorical resources.

"Young man," he whispered, in a tone which sounded like an angry snarl, "you and I have not yet done with each other. And beware, when we meet again."

Helga leaned out over the edge of the rock. She saw the pastor's bulky form retreating among the trees; she could hardly suppress a cry of exultation. She knew that her joy in his humiliation was rather

ungenerous, but for all that she could not but rejoice. He had found his match at last, and where he least expected it. She looked down and saw Einar sitting upon a stone, resting his head wearily upon his hands. How blind she had been! how shallow and faulty her judgment of him! She had mistaken his well-bred self-restraint for weakness, and had not seen the fine manly fiber in him which hid itself beneath a modest, unassuming exterior. He, too, had a noble life-work, a grand idea for which he struggled and suffered in silence. As she saw him sitting there, lonely and dejected, her heart went forward to him with a sudden tenderness—a mere impetuous wish to do him justice, to right the wrong she had done him. Generous and impulsive as she was, she yielded with a headlong eagerness to her first inspiration. One large and ardent thought with her habitually crushed all those smaller considerations, which with most of us kill our generous promptings before they have wrought themselves into action. The possibility of misinterpretation hardly occurred to her. She hastened onward over slippery stones and through jungled underbrush and stood at his side, before he was yet aware of her presence. She laid her hand gently upon his shoulder and whispered his name. He looked up with a startled, incredulous glance, then sprang to his feet and grasped the hand she had extended to him.

"Miss Raven!" cried he, with a vain effort to adjust his features into their usual expression of mere polite interest. "Have you gone astray, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," she said, smiling and making no attempt to withdraw her hand. "I only came to thank you for the beautiful speech you have given us to-day. You have stirred all the latent Americanism in me, and still made me feel more Norse and patriotic than I ever felt in my life before. Never did my duties appear so grand and so clearly defined as they do now. And you know I like even hardships better if they only seem large. It is only petty and insignificant troubles with which I have no patience."

"Sit down," he said, releasing her hand and spreading his light overcoat upon the stone where he had been sitting. "You do not know what a good deed you have done. I never needed praise more than I do at this moment. And the thought that you have come here to tell me that you have drawn inspiration from my words is sweeter to me than I dare tell you."

"And if I did not really come for that purpose," asked Helga, whose candor could not suffer even an implied deviation from the truth, "would my praise then be less welcome to you?"

He looked at her doubtfully as if he did not quite know what to answer.

"Then I must tell you all," she went on, returning his look with an almost boyish frankness. "I was gathering ferns up in the ravine right above your head, and the stones were rolling down under my feet. Then I heard the pastor's voice right under the ledge of the rock upon which I was standing, and without meaning to hear what he and you were saying, I could not really help it, for you were both talking quite loud. The expedient of putting my fingers into my ears did not occur to me until it was too late. I owe you an apology, and I offer it the more readily, because I can read in your face that you will forgive me. Am I not right? Will you not try to forget that I played the eavesdropper?"

And in her solicitude for his good-will she laid her hand on his arm and leaned over toward him, while her warm, appealing smile seemed suddenly to make the spring day more luminous around him.

"Forgive! forget!" cried he, dimly apprehending that this strange new happiness which pervaded him might carry his eager tongue beyond his control. "What have I to forgive or forget? I am in the maddest mood for saying wild things to-day, Miss Helga. And you must not mind what I may be saying. Only give me the comfort of pouring out my grievances in your ear. I am extravagantly happy. Never mind the paradox. And still I fear at times that I shall go mad, because it seems as if this silently struggling intensity within me must in the end explode my brain. Do not look so startled, please. I warned you that I was going to talk nonsense. It is so very rarely you give me the privilege to be with you, that I could go on talking forever, heedless of what I said, if I knew that my words had the power to keep you here at my side."

"That is another of your polite paradoxes, Mr. Finnson," answered she, gayly, "and I take it for what it is worth. And even if I should accept your offer and remain here with you, as long as you could entertain me, I am afraid I should be doing you a very poor service. I dare not monopolize you, you know, on a day like this, when you are the great lion, and every-

body is seeking the honor of your acquaintance. Therefore, if you will allow me to advise you, we will both return to the tent and try to practice the magnificent theory of citizenship which you have to-day been expounding to us."

"You are right," he murmured. "You are always right. Only not about the monopolizing."

He arose, took the few feathery ferns she was holding in her lap and helped her down the steep declivity. As they reached the bottom of the ravine, where there was a path along the banks of the stream, Helga discovered some tall, gracefully waving plumes of maidenhair on the other side, and gave vent to a long exclamation of admiration and playful despair. In an instant Einar was in the middle of the stream, where the strong current made it seem impossible for him to keep his footing. The water swept in small, gurgling eddies around his knees, and for a moment he tottered. Then, grasping hold of the branch of a tree which drooped at a very acute angle out over the clear shallows, he swung himself dexterously from stone to stone, and in three or four leaps landed on the further side. The ferns were carefully rooted up, and before Helga had time to frame a protest, he had recrossed the stream, and added them to the small collection already in hand.

"But, Mr. Finnson," she exclaimed, in a voice of alarm, "what made you do such a foolish thing as this? You are dripping wet, and will certainly catch your death of cold, if you do not return to town directly."

"That is rather unkind of you," he answered, shaking first one foot and then another; and he sent her a gaze in which a kind of dogged perverseness was visibly struggling with a more impetuous emotion which threatened to break out into flame.

"I meant no unkindness," said Helga, seriously. "I was only anxious about the consequences of your rashness. You may be sure, I shall never utter a wish again in your presence. I did not know that so polished a man as you could be guilty of such romantic eccentricities. But I am afraid I shall have to revise my judgment of you, radically and thoroughly. I see you utterly refuse to accommodate yourself to my former ideas of you. Indeed, you are almost a dangerous character."

She had meant to be gently admonitory, but the ludicrous side of the situation was

urging itself upon her, and she broke into a hearty laugh. She might persuade herself as much as she pleased that his act was a piece of unmitigated folly; it was, after all, the kind of folly which appealed to the romantic side of her nature. For beneath her quiet, decorous exterior lurked a vein of latent romance which imparted, as it were, a warmer flush to her very repose. You felt that her usual self-restraint was far removed from apathetic indifference, that it was rather an armed neutrality of strong invisible forces.

"You must really excuse me, Mr. Finnson," she said at last, checking her laughter. "But the *rôle* you are playing to-day is so out of keeping with the character I have ascribed to you,—is so utterly incongruous, that I cannot but laugh, although I am still doubtful whether I am laughing at myself or at you."

"The *rôle* I am playing," cried Einar with a vehemence not unmixed with indignation. "Never in my life was I more in earnest! How long will you persist in regarding me as an idle trifler? I always thought that you were generous and just, and would not allow yourself to be prejudiced by appearances, however much they may be against me. And if I have been mistaken, if you think me unworthy of your friendship, I pray you, do not tell me so. Even the possibility of gaining your good will is a great and precious boon to me, while the certainty that I could never gain it would stifle the courage which is just kindling within me."

Helga had suddenly become thoughtful; a vivid blush burned upon her cheek, and her heart palpitated violently. A strangely sweet and still guilty thought was knocking at the door of her heart and clamoring to be admitted. There was triumph in it and there was humiliation. She had imagined herself incapable of listening even to the faintest whisper of treachery; hitherto her proud integrity had carried off an easy victory, and the voice of temptation had ever seemed remote—absurdly remote and unreal. She was angry with herself, that she could not now repel a guilty thought with the same ease as in former days. Did Einar love her? The idea seemed quite preposterous; for she had made up her mind that he loved or must love Ingrid, who, indeed, would be the very wife for him. She had received Ingrid's confidence, and even encouraged it, and now she found herself cherishing with uncontrollable throbs



of pleasure the possibility that her lover had given his heart's first allegiance to herself. But whatever may have been her feelings, she managed outwardly to preserve her self-possession and to feign an unresponsive coolness which immediately checked her companion's impetuous outburst.

"I am afraid your success as an orator has disturbed your mental equilibrium, Mr. Finnson," she said. "If I should allow you to go on indulging your taste for hyperbole, I fear you would soon soar beyond the reach of my understanding. Then you must remember, I have not had my dinner yet, and it is a peculiarity of mine that hunger always makes me obtuse and unsympathetic."

Einar stood silent, but it was that agitated, restless silence which only finds relief in physical action and not in speech. He swung his cane nervously in his hand, and gazed with a grim intentness at some object on the other side of the creek. Helga, taking the lead, moved down the path, and he followed in a reckless saunter. The still May sunshine which, as the day wore on, had deepened in tone, fell with a warm profuseness through the thin, light foliage, and a luminous, half-transparent roof of cloud spread like a vast, tangled and torn spider's web over the dome of the heavens. The incessant rippling and gurgling of the water filled their ears and made speech seem superfluous. As they approached the lake, they heard the sounds of violins, human voices and the trampling of feet, all blended together and softened by the distance into a low, unbroken hum; only now and then a bit of melody somehow got detached from the blended confusion, straying off with a few airy leaps, and again vanishing with unaccountable suddenness. Gradually the noise grew louder, the vivid colors of ladies' dresses were seen shimmering through the leaves, and laughter resounded between the bleak rocks. With two long strides Einar was once more at Helga's side; without a word of warning, he seized her hand, while she stopped and looked at him with startled eyes.

"Miss Helga," he said, with a low, passionate earnestness, "forgive me my folly. You were right when you said that this day's triumph has been too much for me. And then the humiliation, too, and the intoxication of your sympathy. I do not really know whether I have offended you or not, but I fear I have. I know you must have had cause to be angry with me. But

you will not be angry with me. Will you, Miss Helga?"

There was something irresistibly sweet in this tender appeal, and a feeling which, in her blindness, she took for compassion, began to stir dimly within her. She raised her eyes to his, meaning merely to express that she was in a sisterly and forgiving mood, but half unconsciously responding to the fervid intensity of his gaze. But now there was a rustling in the bushes, and Ingrid was seen running up the path, all aglow with heat and excitement.

"Oh, are you there at last, you naughty girl?" she cried, as she caught sight of Helga. "I was getting quite anxious about you, fearing that you might have tumbled over some precipice. And there is Mr. Finnson, too. Everybody is asking for him and wondering what has become of him."

Helga had suddenly withdrawn her hand; her cheeks were burning, and her heart went hammering away with quick, audible throbs. She could think of nothing to say to Ingrid which did not seem in some way false and hypocritical; and a caress which, between them, was always an acceptable substitute for spoken sentiments, appeared now like base duplicity.

"Why, how very solemn you are, both of you!" continued Ingrid, innocently, as her first exclamations elicited no reply. "Has anything extraordinary happened?"

"Yes, Miss Ingrid," answered Einar, in the tone which one is apt to adopt toward a sweet but spoiled child, "something very extraordinary has happened. Miss Helga wanted some beautiful ferns that grew on the other side of the stream, and I, in my folly, wishing to do her a favor, waded across, which very naturally made me wet. And when I returned, Miss Helga, instead of thanking me, gave me a scolding, and now, you see, we are both pouting."

This explanation seemed very plausible to Ingrid, who threw her arms about her friend's waist and laughed so heartily, that the others were compelled to join.

"To think of Mr. Finnson doing anything so very unfashionable," she cried, while her child-like, unreflecting laughter rang through the woods. "The next time he will swim across the lake for a daisy or a dandelion, if you happen to want it."

In the great tent, where a rough plank floor had been laid, the dancing was going on, with trampling, shouting and arm-swinging, according to old Norse fashion. On the croft outside the unengaged maidens had

gathered in a throng, and large, awkward swains were hovering about, trying to conquer their modest reluctance by jocose persuasions, and when these proved unavailing, by more forcible means. On the edge of the gayly draped platform, which had but recently shaken under the weight of Einar's eloquence, Nils Nyhus was now sitting, developing his political creed to half a dozen farmers, who manifested their approval or dissent by emphatic nods or interjections of doubtful remonstrance. The orator held in his hand a flat pint bottle of brandy, with which he judiciously re-enforced his arguments whenever he became conscious of their weakness.

"I don't care much that Andy Johnson gets tight," Einar heard him saying; "the best man will get tight now and then, when he is in good company. But his gab, sir—his gab, that is what I can't just swallow. You just uncork him, and he will rattle away for an hour or more, as long as there is anything left in him, like a bag of peas as has got a hole in the bottom. Now, the king of Norway may be bad enough, and I don't say as he aint, but I don't think he ever lied. He saith to one, 'Come,' and he cometh, and to another, 'Go,' and he goeth; but he don't gab like a rickety old woman as haint got anything better to do."

The bottle was here passed from mouth to mouth, and was returned to the speaker, who continued to recite his objections to the President.

On a grassy hillock, near the entrance to the tent, Miss Ramsdale and Doctor Van Flint were engaged in an animated discussion. They were old friends, and, for this very reason, never missed the opportunity to have what they called a little "tilt" with one another.

"You and Miss Raven are as intimate as ever, I suppose," the doctor was saying, as he removed his horn spectacles from his nose and rubbed them with his silk handkerchief.

Van Flint's spectacles seemed to be such an essential part of his face that you half imagined him to have been born with them. To surprise him without his glasses would have been as embarrassing as to come upon him inadvertently in an unbecoming dishabille. His eyes then blinked incessantly, appeared to have grown smaller, and to have lost something of their usual genial luster.

"Well, yes; do you think that is so strange?" Miss Ramsdale replied, putting

herself immediately in an attitude of defense. "You probably fail to see what can attract her to so frivolous a creature as myself."

"Yes, it does seem rather singular," said the doctor, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"I shall have my revenge on you, Doctor, sometime when you least expect it," ejaculated Miss Ida, with her nervous little laugh, and shaking her tiny parasol threateningly in the doctor's face.

"But you certainly yourself provoked the attack. I was in a most peaceful frame of mind, and had no inclination to break a lance with you."

"It appears much more unaccountable to me, that Helga can have such an exalted notion of a man who cherishes so mean an opinion of her sex as you do, Doctor."

"I am quite ready to agree with you." And that radiant, winning smile, which seemed somehow an abstract of the doctor's whole personality, broke through his bushy mustache and spread slowly over his countenance. "But for all that," he went on, "I am agreeably surprised to hear that anybody, and especially Miss Raven, has an exalted idea of my accomplishments."

"And why 'especially Miss Raven'? Would it surprise you less if I were to tell you that I have the most unbounded admiration for you?"

"Yes. It would only confirm my previous opinion of your whimsicality, and add another to the many contradictions of your character."

"Now, that I call base treachery," cried the girl, shaking her piquant head and aiming a wild-flower, which she had been twirling in her hand, at the doctor's face. "Here I have for years been nursing a serpent in my bosom. I have believed you my friend and unsuspectingly revealed to you my peculiarities, and you have only been studying me,—only valued me as a means of confirming or testing the validity of your detestable theories of female imperfection."

"Even so, my dear. And since you have learned that it is not safe to measure strength with me in controversy, I propose that, temporarily at least, we suspend hostilities. Here is my hand."

Ida, with playful reluctance, put her small, daintily begloved hand into the doctor's broad palm, laughed and rose to go.

"I will forgive you this time," she said. "There, I see Helga and Mr. Finnson coming. Let us go to meet them."

"Tell me, Miss Ida," said Van Flint, in a confidential tone, as he walked on at her side, "can you imagine why Miss Raven has taken such a dislike to Finnson? She always scouts his opinions as utterly absurd, and refuses to show the amiable side of her nature in his presence. Finnson is certainly a very handsome and gentlemanly fellow, and I, for my part, cannot understand why anybody should dislike him."

"There, at last I have an advantage over you," answered Ida, smiling. "After all, I understand women better than you do. Helga, you know, has the idea that a man should be something grand and heroic, and I am afraid she is often apt to take mere oddity for heroism. Now, Mr. Finnson is too smooth and polished and gentlemanly for a hero, and that is what makes her so impatient with him. She was probably at the outset, judging from his magnificent performance on the organ, determined to believe him great, and has ever since been looking in vain for the heroic trait in him."

"I gave her credit for greater keenness of perception than she evidently possesses," said the doctor, meditatively. "However, everybody can't be a hero, and he certainly is more of one than either she or others are ready to suspect."

The subjects of their conversation were now within hearing, and Ida had to check her tongue and refrain from further comment.

"My dear girl," she cried, as Helga advanced toward her, tall, stately, and with a mild seriousness in her face, "I have saved half the contents of my lunch-basket for you, and as my appetite, thanks to the doctor's lecture, has had time to revive since dinner, I shall be happy to bear you company."

The discomfort of wet stockings and trousers rather chilled Einar's ardor for the rest of the day, and made him eager to return home by the first steamer, which started for the town about seven o'clock in the evening. Helga and Ingrid were both tired, and Van Flint, whose note-book had received many valuable contributions, had now quite satisfied his literary curiosity; he had observed how Norsemen conducted themselves in a crowd and when under the influence of patriotic excitement, which enabled him to settle several important points regarding the ancient *Althing*\* and to make

the picture of such a gathering vividly present to his imagination. Miss Ramsdale and Mrs. Norderud also boarded the same boat, which arrived in Hardanger just as the moon rose, large and glowing, over the eastern hill-tops.

In the tent the dance continued until twelve. Then the shrill steam whistles shrieked. The young men and maidens embarked, and as they sailed out upon the water a fine Norse tenor sang the beautiful national anthem, "Yes, we love this land of ours." It rose clear and solemn through the still night.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TAR AND FEATHERS.

THE editorial brilliancy and the financial success of "The Citizen" had for months past been the leading themes of conversation in Hardanger. The stock had risen rapidly and was now worth nearly three times its original value. The handsome young editor, whose polished exterior and undeniable cleverness had at first been commented upon with a certain knowing suspicion, rose with every day higher in popular favor, especially since his influence had manifested itself so strikingly in the late county and state elections. Be it in parenthesis remarked that virtue, according to the Hardanger code, must needs be clumsily arrayed, slow of speech and devoid of social graces; elegance and agility of mind and body, especially in a person whose antecedents were mythical, were *a priori* a suspicious circumstance. It was not until success had stamped them with approval that they were recognized as adding to the luster of their possessor.

The spirit of competition which sociologists assert to be the grand motor in our Western civilization was mightily stirred in Hardanger by the unexampled prosperity of Norderud's paper. Immediately after the spring elections no less than three new journals were started, two of which died an untimely death, while the third eked out a sort of negative existence by contradicting the statements of "The Citizen" and flinging abuse at its editor and candidates. This ill-natured survivor, which had been christened "The Democratic Banner," had secured the editorial services of Mr. George Washington Bingham, who, after having exhausted all manner of possible and impossible agencies and changed his profession and

\* The legislative assembly of the ancient Icelanders.

politics at least a dozen times (though never without some plausible reason), had now at last found his proper sphere. He dispensed his gall with a liberal hand, mostly in the shape of puns and watery witticisms, and strove with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, to feed the antagonism which had always existed between the Norse-Republican and the Irish-Democratic elements in the population.

To Einar, with his Norse notions of honor and civic duty, this manifest desire to produce hatred and discord seemed almost fiendish, and he and the doctor spent many an hour in earnest discussion as to what course they should pursue toward their importunate persecutor. With his keenly sensitive temperament he could never quite conquer the angry stirrings within him when he read the contemptuous adjectives which were daily applied to his name. It might have been easier to meet them with disdainful silence as the doctor advised, if his own tender conscience had not so often echoed the senseless accusations. The gad-fly to which the Greek sage compared himself might have been a mere petty annoyance to the noble horse of state, as long as his skin was whole; but if it kept ever pestering an open wound, the severe measure which the horse in the end adopted was not without excuse. Between our hero and his antagonist the advantages were almost as unequally divided, only here the case was reversed, the gad-fly having the advantage of the horse. The one was bound by scruples from which the other was conveniently free; and the one who scorned to retaliate with the same weapons with which he was attacked had, before the public which they both addressed, only very slow and ineffective means of redress. "The grand vizier of our self-constituted sultan," "That mendacious interloper," "That detestable ink-slinger," etc., were expressions at which the doctor could well afford to laugh, but which never quite lost their sting to him whom they were intended to vilify.

To complicate the situation still further, dissensions broke out among the Norsemen themselves. Any student of the Sagas knows what a genius this race has for quarreling, and the energy displayed on the present occasion was gratifying as a proof that the Saga spirit was still as active as ever. After the May festival the pastor no longer scrupled to invoke the wrath of God upon Norderud and his followers, and with every day he grew fiercer in his denunciations. It is so comfortable to believe that

one's own enemies are also the enemies of the Almighty; and the Old Testament, as Mr. Falconberg remarked, furnishes an abundance of evidence as to how people of that order ought to be dealt with. To eject Norderud from the church which he had himself built and for whose growth he had labored so faithfully, was a measure which had to be carefully prepared, and to this end the zealous prelate cautiously sounded the minds of the more influential members of his congregation, and as a skillful tactician rallied his forces about him. Like every powerful man, Norderud of course had his enviers, and, moreover, there were among the immigrants of later years many who honestly disapproved of his leaning toward Americanism and his apparent disloyalty to the land of his birth. Among all these the pastor found willing listeners and before long the hitherto peaceful settlement found itself divided into two opposing camps, each of which held itself in readiness for an hostile encounter. Mr. Falconberg's partisans, who clung to their Norse monarchical beliefs and traditions, soon became known as the Norse-Norsemen, while the progressive republicans who gathered around Norderud's banner called themselves Norse-Americans.

Hitherto the whole Norse population of Hardanger had (to use the pastor's phrase) followed the Republican party as faithfully as the tail follows the horse, but now the antagonism toward "The Citizen" and its editor produced numerous political conversions and brought an unexpected increase to the constituency of the "Democratic Banner." Both parties were equally primitive in the importance they attached to anything which appeared in print, and it would no doubt have transcended their logic if their scanty reading had brought anything to their notice which conflicted with the catechism and the tenets of Lutheran orthodoxy. It is therefore only fair to believe that the Norse-Norsemen acted in good faith when they chuckled over the witticisms of "The Banner" and spread the vituperations which were every week showered upon "the self-constituted sultan and his grand vizier."

On the evening of the fourth of July, while the town band was playing on the square in front of the Norderud block, an excited group of Scandinavian youths had gathered on the corner at O'Leary's saloon and were discussing the leading question of the day with considerable vehemence. "The Citizen" for that week had contained the asser-

tion that "the bondage in which the Norwegian clergy kept their countrymen not only retarded their growth to spiritual manhood, but also injured their political influence and made them subjects to the very power they were so zealously combating." The dispute was every moment growing more violent; the more hot-headed among the pastor's adherents accused their opponents of hypocrisy, disloyalty, etc.; from words they came to blows, and a street brawl seemed imminent, when they were joined by Mr. Bingham of "The Banner," and the Norse-Americans, seeing that they were outnumbered, retired from the field followed by the uproarious jeering and hooting of the victors. Bingham invited the remainder into the saloon, gave them a liberal treat and exhorted them not to waste their powder by fighting one another, but, if they had any pluck in them, "to go to head-quarters." A plan of attack was at last agreed upon; a barrel of tar and a few pounds of feathers were, by the help of the editor, procured from a neighboring store, and the company divided into two parties, one of which proceeded up Elm street to the doctor's dwelling, while the other stationed itself at a corner not far from the square.

Einar had been spending the afternoon at the office and had returned home rather later than usual. He had come to dread holidays of late, for he sometimes feared to be alone with himself. In the routine of his daily duties, while he was grappling with visible obstacles, he found a safeguard against dangerous thoughts. The motive of concealment, which at the time of its adoption had seemed so easy and innocent, weighed heavily upon his sensitive soul. Many a time a passionate yearning to fling the burden away rose within him, and again and again, when he sat alone with the doctor in the latter's study, the decisive word trembled upon his lips. But always the consequences rose dark and threatening before him and his courage died away. Even the affection of those whose friendship was dear to him was not without its sting of humiliation, for if they knew his real self, shorn of its imagined virtues, how long would their affection survive?

And still, he might perhaps in time have trained himself into a kind of restless resignation, and in the varied conquests of his career, found some source of contentment, if a new and powerful element had not entered into his life, and made a compromise with evil impossible. The fitful gusts

of enthusiasm which had agitated him at the first sight of Helga had now gathered themselves into a strong unceasing current, which swept his life onward with its passionate impulse, bending every thought, and purpose and deed to its sway. Love, if it be true and deep, is a terrible self-revealer. It shuns half measures. It turns its pitiless light upon the hidden stains of the soul, stimulating us to an ever keener perception of our faults. And Einar felt more acutely with every passing day that the endeavor to win Helga's love, as it were, under an assumed name and character, would only deepen his guilt, and add to the load which already oppressed him. And still, how his lonely heart hungered for the sight of her, for a touch of her hand, nay, even for the unconscious rebuke of those calm, serious eyes. He had noticed of late that she avoided meeting him; that she no longer smiled her kindly welcome upon him when he sought her on Sundays after the service; that she was invariably engaged when he called to see her. Had her unerring womanly perception revealed to her what he had so scrupulously striven to conceal? Alas! the doubt was even harder to bear than the hopeless certainty. If he confessed all to her, would she not have pity on him? For he felt sure that with all her proud integrity, there was a deep fund of womanly pity in her heart, and she would not coldly condemn him.

It was with reflections like these dimly struggling in his brain, that Einar started from the doctor's cottage on the Fourth of July, and his steps half imperceptibly led him in the direction of Mrs. Raven's residence. It had been a hot, sultry day, as the Fourth of July is apt to be, although the sky had, during the afternoon, been shrouded with a somber veil of cloud. After sunset, a grateful coolness had lightened the atmosphere, and now the clouds were rolling away over the heavens in large white masses, showing deep rifts of blue ether between their airy embankments. Here and there a little star twinkled unobtrusively, but from sheer modesty vanished if you gazed fixedly upon it. The air teemed with strange subdued noises—that remote, indefinable hum with which the summer night shrouds itself, in our temperate zone, as with a thin robe of sound. The locusts kept up their monotonous whirr in the elms along the road-side, the grasshoppers responded with their shrill metallic note from



their hidden ambushes in the grass, and swarms of mosquitoes, attaching themselves to any chance wanderer, danced up and down in the air, showing now with sudden distinctness against the sky, then again vanishing into the twilight. All was so hushed, so solemn, so gently subdued. Even the stiff frame-work of the scattered houses, which stood with their gables to the street, rose with a softened outline out of the dusk, and the little garden-plots wafted out breaths of vague, warm odor from the chalices of slumbering flowers.

Einar was sauntering leisurely along the wooden sidewalk, stopping now and gazing out upon the mist-flooded valley, as the haunting dread of the possible future came upon him, then again walking on with renewed energy. He was striving to rout the fears that he felt to be unworthy of him, to steel his courage, and gather into a definite resolve the strength that had hitherto wasted itself in wild yearnings. Yes, yes, he would confess all to Helga. She *must* hear him; she *must* hear him *now*. With impetuous speed he hurried forward, when a man suddenly started up from the ditch close to him, and gave a sharp whistle with his hands, which was answered with a loud yell from further up the street. He stood still and listened; his whole soul seemed to be trembling in his ear. He heard swift footsteps approaching, and with a sudden realization of the danger, flung himself about and started to run. The figure in the middle of the street whistled twice, but did not pursue him. Another whoop, louder than the first, answered from the other direction. He paused for a moment for breath, and stood panting, pale, and bewildered. The clatter of feet hummed in his ears, coming nearer and nearer. With a desperate resolution, he turned once more and ran with his utmost speed, he hardly knew whither. The ground surged and billowed under his feet, dark masses moved before his eyes, and he felt only the air whizzing fiercely about his temples.

"There, there! He is coming!" shouted a voice close in front.

"Catch him! Hold him tight—the d—d brute!" cried another.

"Tar him, feather him! The cursed hypocrite!" was shouted from behind.

All around him fierce, strong hands clutched him. His hat and coat were torn off. With all the strength of despair he struck right and left, rushing hither and thither, tearing, thrusting and leaping, until

something hard flew against his head, and through the cold numbness that held him as in an iron embrace, dim voices broke and hovered far and near, whirling him with an airy, dizzying speed upward, downward, through the wide unfathomable space.

Amund and Thorarin Norderud had been making an evening visit at Mrs. Raven's. They were just lingering at the gate in pleasant converse with Helga, who was sitting on the front steps, when the confused cries and noises from the street reached them.

"Hush, listen!" said Thorarin. "Some one is in distress. Let us go and see what it is."

"Yes," replied Amund, "and there is hardly any time to be lost. It is something serious. Good-night."

And they both started in hot haste down the road. Helga sprang to the gate, and peered anxiously in the direction where they had vanished. Her heart stood still, and a vague dread shook her frame.

The mob had, in the meanwhile, gathered in the middle of the street where Einar lay, half naked, bloody, and insensible. Some, terrified at the destruction they had wrought, had given up their ultimate purpose, and sauntered uneasily on the outskirts of the crowd. They had promised themselves a good sport, and now they trembled at the thought of having perhaps destroyed a human life. It is not such stuff as they that murderers are made of.

"The devil!" muttered one. "He fought like a wild beast. It is d—d business. I am glad I had nothing to do with it. I didn't touch him."

"You didn't!" cried another, whom the fascination of seeing a human being bleeding and mutilated still kept near the center. "I should like to know, then, who did. I saw you fling the brick. I can swear I saw it."

Here, in an instant, the crowd flew apart, and the two brothers sprang forward; then knelt down at the side of the victim.

"Great God!" exclaimed Amund. "It is Finnson. Dead! Dead!"

"Hurry, quick!" commanded Thorarin.

"Run for the doctor—Doctor Remsen. He is nearest. I dare not move him till he comes."

Amund rushed away, and his brother, hardly knowing what he could do, sat gazing mournfully at the pale, upturned face. There was a large wound on the side of the head and the blood flowed freely. Then at

least he was still alive. Thorarin was painfully conscious of his inability to help; he thought of raising the bruised head, of binding his handkerchief about the wound, to contrive in some way to stop the blood, but very likely he might be doing mischief instead of good. Of the hooting, jeering crowd not one was left; the street was silent and desolate as far as the eye could reach; only the crickets sounded their patient monotone in the grass.

At last rapid footsteps were heard approaching; it was Amund and the doctor. A light was struck, for the day was ebbing swiftly away and the twilight hardly permitted one to ascertain the extent of the injury. The face was deathly pale, and, strangely enough, one eye was staring with a glassy, dilated pupil, while the other was singularly contracted; the doctor placed his finger on the sufferer's pulse,—it was feeble and irregular. He shook his head in a way that the brothers well knew how to interpret. The nearest gate, leading into a bit of meadow, was torn from its hinges and the insensible body carefully placed upon it. Amund and Thorarin lifted it, one at each end, and led the way toward Mrs. Raven's dwelling. It was the nearest house within reach, except a few dismal cottages.

Helga was still standing at the garden gate. Her vague apprehension had in some unaccountable way deepened into a very definite dread, and as the men passed by her with their burden she hardly stirred or spoke. She only clung convulsively to the gate-post and trembled violently. But when the door was opened and the light from within revealed the hideous work of violence, she bounded forward, stooped down over the half-clad, motionless form outstretched on the bier, and stood staring with fierce, incredulous eyes. Then with a low moan she turned about and moved away.

Norderud's sons lifted the body, slowly, tenderly in their arms and carried it in. In the hall they were met by Mrs. Raven.

"God have mercy on us!" she cried, raising her hands above her head with a gesture of terror. "Great heavens, what has happened?"

"It is Finnson," said Thorarin; "we could not carry him farther."

The doctor, on examination, found that the skull was fractured, probably by the corner of a brick, but it was a clean wound and the brain appeared to be uninjured. The broken bone was easily raised without use of the trepan, but the concussion must

have been severe, for consciousness did not immediately return. The strange sighing respirations continued, but the pulse-beat became fuller and less rapid, and the eyes began to show a slight sensibility to the light.

Mrs. Raven and Thorarin in the meanwhile were engaged in making ready a room upstairs for the reception of the patient. It was the room which had once been occupied by Gustav Raven, and it had remained empty since the day he had departed for the war. The old lady went bustling about, talking half aloud to herself, but evidently for Thorarin's benefit. Now she paused to brush away a tear, as she took down the faded dressing-gown and the little round, tasseled smoking-cap which were hanging on nails against the wall; now she touched with caressing hands the white curtains around the looking-glass and the toilet-table and disposed the folds properly, or, perhaps, shook the rug in front of the bed, and gazed in regretful retrospect at the dainty embroidery of the slippers.

"To think that anybody should ever sleep in his bed, Thorarin," she said in a voice of tearful remonstrance (for as a gentlewoman she took the liberty of calling all Norderud's children by their first names). "Not that I would deny a poor fellow shelter as long as I have a shingle over my own head. No, God preserve me from ever committing such a sin. But here on this toilet-table I put out a bottle of the kind of perfumery which he always liked (and he *was* always fond of smelling things, poor boy!), and he never came and got it, and so here it stands until this day. And when he wrote that he was to come home in a month on a furlough, then I thanked God that my great calla-lily was swelling as if it were going to blossom about that time. And blossom it did. But at last I had to cut the flower and I made a fine bouquet of roses and hyacinths, and some greens and the great calla-flower in the middle. And as I went to bed that night I thought surely God would send him back to me that day. For it was He who had made the calla-lily open, and my Gustav always was so fond of the smell of it. The Lord knows I weep this day as I did then. Here are the flowers yet in the vase on the table, Thorarin. They are all dead now. And when we bought our new table and bed linen I would not mark it S. R. with my initials as I had always done before, but I marked it all G. R., for I thought that some day he would want to go to Nor-

way and get himself a good wife, and then it would be well to have the linen marked with his own name so he wouldn't have to buy it all new. Here you see, Thorarin—and then to think that he should never come home to his mother again and never go to Norway and never get any wife."

Mrs. Raven stood tearfully viewing the pillow-case with the embroidered initials, but seeing that her companion was too much absorbed in the present misfortune to have much sympathy to spare for her, she laid it down with a sigh of resignation, smoothed it out carefully, and moved toward the door.

"One moment, Mrs. Raven, if you please," demanded the young farmer, walking close up to her and speaking in a confidential whisper. "I am sorry that we have brought all this trouble upon you. It is all my fault, and I hope you will allow me to bear the expense, whatever it may be. But probably——"

"Sir!" interrupted the old gentlewoman fiercely, drawing herself up into an attitude of stiff dignity. "I hope you are not aware that you are speaking to the widow of a royal Norwegian government——"

(To be continued.)

"Yes, yes, certainly I am," broke in Thorarin, a little impatiently. "I assure you I meant no harm. But we will say nothing more about it, at least not to-night."

"I am glad you have recovered your senses," rejoined Mrs. Raven, still visibly bristling.

Down in the lower hall she met Amund, who inquired anxiously for Helga.

"How is he now, the poor young man?" asked she, heedless of his question.

"Not much change yet," answered Amund, sadly. "We must move him upstairs at once."

"Oh yes, yes, we must thank God," murmured she, moving her hands and head in token of effusive gratitude. "Since this thing had to happen, we should be grateful to God that it did not happen to us."

Mrs. Raven had a notion that sickness and misfortune were a kind of force or fluid which was hovering about in the air, and in the end had to come down on somebody; and with the generosity peculiar to her type of Christians she prayed devoutly to God that that somebody might be her neighbor rather than herself.

## THE DOUGLASS SQUIRREL OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Douglass squirrel is by far the most interesting and influential of all the California sciuridae, surpassing every other species in force of character, numbers, extent of range, and in the amount of influence he brings to bear upon the health and distribution of the vast forests he inhabits.

Go where you will throughout the noble woods of the Sierra Nevada,—among the giant pines and spruces of the lower zones, up through the towering silver-firs to the storm-bent thickets of the Alps, you everywhere find this little squirrel the master-existence. Though only a few inches long, so intense is his fiery vigor and restlessness, he stirs every grove with wild life, and makes himself more important than even the huge bears that shuffle through the tangled underbrush beneath him. Every wind is fretted by his voice, almost every bole and branch feels the sting of his sharp feet. How much the growth of the trees is stimulated by this means it is not easy to learn, but his action in manipulating their seeds is more appreciable. Nature has made him master-for-

ester and committed almost the whole of her coniferous crops to his paws. Probably over fifty per cent. of all the cones ripened on the Sierra are cut off and handled by the Douglass alone, and of those of the big trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), forming an interrupted belt nearly two hundred miles long, perhaps ninety per cent. pass through his hands. The greater portion is of course stored away for food during the winter and spring, but some of them are tucked separately into holes, and loosely covered, where they germinate and become trees. But the Sierra is only one of the many provinces over which he holds sway, for his dominion extends over all the redwood belt of the coast mountains, and far northward throughout the majestic forests of Oregon and Washington Territory. I make haste to mention these facts, to show upon how substantial a foundation the importance I ascribe to him rests.

The only one of the family to which the Douglass is very closely allied is the red squirrel or chickaree of the eastern woods.

Ours may be a lineal descendant of this species, probably distributed westward to the Pacific by way of the great lakes, and thence southward along our forested ranges. This view is suggested by the fact that our species becomes redder and more chickaree-like in general, the farther it is traced back along the course indicated above. But whatever their relationship, and the evolutionary forces that have acted upon them, the Douglass is now the larger and more beautiful animal.

From the nose to the root of the tail, he measures about eight inches; and his tail, which he so effectively uses in interpreting his feelings, is about six inches in length. He wears dark bluish gray over the back and half-way down the sides, bright buff on the belly, with a stripe of dark gray, nearly black, separating the upper and under colors. This dividing stripe, however, is not very sharply defined. He has long black whiskers, which gives him a rather fierce look when observed closely, strong claws, sharp as fish-hooks, and the brightest of bright eyes, full of telling speculation.

A King's River Indian told me that they call him "pillilooeet," which, rapidly pronounced with the first syllable heavily accented, is not unlike the lusty exclamation he utters on his way up a tree when excited. Most mountaineers in California call him the pine-squirrel, and when I asked an old trapper the other day whether he knew our little forester, he replied with brightening countenance:

"Oh yes, of course I know him; everybody knows him. When I'm hunting in the woods, I often find out where the deer are by his barking at them. I call 'em lightnin' squirrels, because they're so mighty quick and peert."

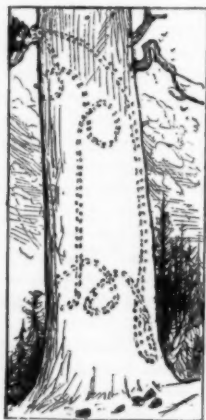
All the true squirrels are more or less bird-like in speech and movements; but the Douglass is pre-eminently so, possessing, as he does, every attribute peculiarly squirrelish enthusiastically concentrated. He is the squirrel of squirrels, flashing from branch to branch of his favorite evergreens, crisp and glossy, and undiseased as a sunbeam. Give him wings, and he would outfly any bird in the woods. His big, gray cousin is a looser animal, seemingly light enough to float on the wind. Yet when leaping from limb to limb, or out of one tree-top to another, he sometimes halts to gather strength, as if making efforts concerning the upshot of which he could not always feel exactly confident. But the Douglass, with his denser body,

leaps and glides in hidden strength, seemingly as independent of common muscles as a mountain stream. He threads the tasseled branches of the pines, stirring their needles like a rustling breeze; now shooting across openings in arrowy lines; now launching in curves, glinting deftly from side to side in sudden zigzags, and swirling in giddy loops and spirals around the knotty trunks; getting into what seem to be the most impossible situations, without sense of danger; now on his haunches, now on his head; yet ever graceful, and punctuating his most irrepressible outbursts of energy with little dots and dashes of perfect repose. He is, without exception, the wildest animal I ever saw,—a fiery, sputtering little bolt of life, luxuriating in quick oxygen and the woods' best juices. One can hardly think of such a creature being dependent, like the rest of us, on climate and food. But, after all, it requires no long acquaintance to learn he is human, for he works for a living. His busiest time is in the Indian summer. Then he gathers burrs and hazel-nuts like a plodding farmer, working continuously every day for hours; saying not a word; cutting off the ripe cones at the top of his speed, as if employed by the job, and examining every branch in regular order, as if careful that not one should escape him; then, descending, he stores them away beneath logs and stumps, in anticipation of the pinching hunger days of winter. He seems himself a kind of coniferous fruit, both fruit and flower. The rosy essences of the pines pervade every pore of his body, and eating his flesh is like chewing gum.

One never tires of this bright chip of nature,—this brave little voice crying in the wilderness,—observing his many works and ways, and listening to his curious language. His musical, piney gossip is savory to the ear as balsam to the palate; and, though he has not exactly the gift of song, some of his notes are sweet as those of a linnet,—almost flute-like in softness; while others prick and tingle like thistles. He is the mocking-bird of squirrels, pouring forth mixed chatter and song like a perennial fountain. Barking like a dog, screaming like a hawk, whistling like blackbirds and sparrows; while in bluff, audacious noisiness he is a jay.

In descending the trunk of a tree with the intention of alighting on the ground, he preserves a cautious silence, mindful, perhaps, of foxes and wild-cats; but there is no end to his capers and noise while rocking safely

at home; and woe to the gray squirrel or chipmunk that ventures to set foot on his favorite tree! No matter how slyly they trace the furrows of the bark, they are speedily discovered, and kicked down-stairs with comic vehemence, while a torrent of angry notes comes rushing from his whiskered lips that sounds remarkably like human swearing. He will even attempt at times to drive away dogs and men, especially if he has had no previous knowledge of them. Seeing a man for the first time, he approaches nearer and nearer, until within a few feet; then, with an angry outburst, he makes a sudden rush, all teeth and eyes, as if about to eat you up. But, finding that the big, forked animal doesn't scare worth a nut, he prudently beats a retreat, and sets himself up to reconnoiter on some overhanging branch, scrutinizing every movement you make with ludicrous solemnity. Gathering courage, he ventures down the



TRACK OF DOUGLASS SQUIRREL.  
ONCE DOWN AND UP A FINE-  
TREE WHEN SHOWING OFF  
TO A SPECTATOR.

of a hawk,—repeating this slowly and more emphatically at first, then gradually faster, until a rate of about a hundred and fifty words a minute is reached, and usually sitting all the time on his haunches, with paws resting on his belly, which pulses visibly with each word. It is remarkable, too, that, though articulating distinctly, he keeps his mouth shut most of the time, and speaks through his nose. I have occasionally observed him even eating sequoia seeds and nibbling a troublesome flea, without ceasing or in any way confusing

his steady “Peéah! peéah!” for a single moment.

While ascending trees all his claws come into play, but in descending, the weight of his body is sustained chiefly by those of the hind feet; still, in neither case do his movements suggest effort, though if you are near enough you may see the bulging strength of his short, bear-like arms, and note his sinewy fists clinched in the bark.

Whether going up or down, he carries his tail extended at full length in line with his body, unless it be required for gestures. But while running along horizontal limbs or fallen trunks, it is frequently folded forward over the back, with the airy tip daintily upcurled. In cool weather it keeps him warm. Then, after he has finished his meal, you may see him couched close on some level limb with his blanket neatly spread and reaching forward to his ears, the electric, out-standing hairs quivering in the breeze like pine-needles. But in wet or very cold weather he stays in his nest, and while curled up there his comforter is long enough to come forward around his nose. It is seldom so cold, however, as to prevent his going out to his stores when hungry.

Once while making a winter ascent of Mount Shasta, I lay storm-bound on the extreme upper edge of the timber line for three days, and while the thermometer stood nearly at zero and the sky was thick with driving snow, a Douglass came bravely out several times from one of the lower hollows of a dwarf pine, faced the wind without seeming to feel it much, frisked lightly about over the mealy snow and dug his way down to some hidden seeds with wonderful precision, as if to his eyes the thick snow-covering were glass.

No other of the Sierra animals of my acquaintance is better fed, not even the deer, amid abundance of sweet herbs and shrubs, or the mountain sheep, or omnivorous bears. His food consists of hazel-nuts, chinquapins, and the nuts and seeds of all the coniferous trees without exception,—pine, fir, spruce, libocedrus, torrey, juniper and sequoia,—he is fond of them all, and they all agree with him, green or ripe. No cone is too large for him to manage, none so small as to be beneath his notice. The smaller ones, such as those of the Williamson and Douglass spruce and the two-leaved pine, he cuts off and eats on a branch of the tree, without allowing them to fall; beginning at the bottom of



the cone and cutting away the scales to expose the seeds; not gnawing by guess like a bear, but turning them round and round in regular order, in compliance with their spiral arrangement.

When thus employed, his location in the tree is betrayed by a dribble of scales, shells, and seed-wings, and, every few minutes, by the stripped axis of the cone. Then of course he is ready for another, and if you are watching you may catch a glimpse of him as he glides silently out to the end of a branch and see him examining the cone-clusters until he finds one to his mind, then, leaning over, pull back the springy needles out of his way, grasp the cone with his paws to prevent its falling, snip it off in an incredibly short time, seize it with jaws grotesquely stretched, and return to his chosen seat near the trunk. But the immense size of the cones of the sugar-pine, —from sixteen to twenty inches in length— and those of the yellow-pine, compels him to adopt a quite different method. He cuts them off without attempting to hold them, then goes down and drags them from where they have chanced to fall up to the bare, swelling ground around the instep of the tree, where he demolishes them in the same methodical way, beginning at the bottom and following the scale-spirals to the top.

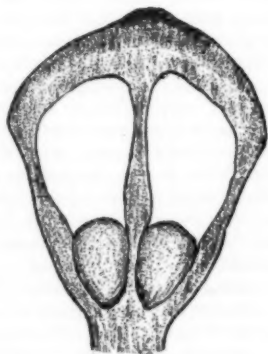
From a single sugar-pine cone he gets from two to four hundred seeds about half the size of a hazel-nut, so that in a few min-

ing to be cut. Both species are filled with an exceedingly pungent, aromatic oil, which spices all his flesh, and is of itself sufficient to account for his lightning energy.

You may easily know this little workman by his chips. On sunny hill-sides around the principal trees they lie in big piles, —bushels and basketfuls of them, all fresh and clean, making the most beautiful kitchen-middens imaginable. The brown and yellow scales and nut-shells are as abundant and as delicately penciled and tinted as the shells along the sea-shore; while the red and purple seed-wings mingled with them would lead one to fancy that innumerable butterflies had met their fate there.

He feasts on all the species long before they are ripe, but is wise enough to wait until they are fully matured before he gathers them into his barns. This is in October and November, which with him are the two busiest months of the year. All kinds of burrs, big and little, are now cut off and showered down alike, and the ground is speedily covered with them. A constant thudding and bumping is kept up; some of the larger cones chancing to fall on old logs make the forest re-echo with the sound. Other nut-eaters less industrious know well what is going on, and hasten to carry away the cones as they fall. But however busy the harvester may be, he is not slow to descry the pilferers below, and instantly leaves his work to drive them away. The little striped *tamias* is a thorn in his flesh, stealing persistently, punish him as he may. The large gray squirrel gives trouble also, although the Douglass has been accused of stealing from him. Generally, however, just the opposite is the case.

The excellence of the Sierra evergreens is beginning to be well known; consequently there is considerable demand for their seeds. The greater portion of the supply is procured by chopping down the trees in the more accessible sections of the forests alongside of bridle-paths that cross the range. Sequoia seeds bring about eight or ten dollars per pound, and therefore are eagerly sought after. Some of the smaller fruitful trees are cut down in the groves not protected by government, especially those of Fresno and Kings River. Most of them, however, are of so gigantic a size that the seedsmen have to look for the greater portion of their supplies to the Douglass, who soon learns that he is no match for these freebooters. He is wise enough, how-



SEEDS, WINGS AND SCALES OF SUGAR-PINE. (NAT. SIZE.)

utes he can procure enough to last a week. He seems, however, to prefer those of the two silver-firs above all others; perhaps because they are most easily obtained, as the scales drop off when ripe without need-

ever, to cease working the instant he perceives them, and never fails to embrace every opportunity to recover his burrs whenever they happen to be stored in any place accessible to him, and the busy seedsmen often find on returning to camp that the little Douglass has very exhaustively spoiled the spoiler. I know one seed-gatherer who, whenever he robs the squirrels, scatters wheat or barley beneath the trees as conscience-money.

The want of appreciable life remarked by so many travelers in the Sierra forests is never felt at this time of year. Banish all the humming insects and the birds and quadrupeds, leaving only Sir Douglass, and the most solitary of our so-called solitudes would still throb with ardent life. But if you should go impatiently even into the most populous of the groves on purpose to meet him, and walk about looking up among the branches, you will see very little of him. You should lie down at the foot of one of the trees and he will come. For, in the midst of the ordinary forest sounds, the fallings of burrs, piping of quails, the screams of the Clark crow, and the rustling of deer and bears among the chaparral, he is quick to detect your strange footsteps, and will hasten to make a good, close inspection of you as soon as you are still. First, you may hear him sounding a few notes of curious inquiry, but more likely the first intimation of his approach will be the prickly sounds of his feet as he descends the tree overhead, just before he makes his savage onrush to frighten you and proclaim your presence to every other squirrel and bird in the neighborhood. If you are now capable of remaining perfectly motionless, he will make a nearer and nearer approach, and probably set your flesh a-tingle by frisking across your body. Once, while seated at the foot of a Williamson spruce in one of the most inaccessible of the San Joaquin Yosemite engaged in sketching, a reckless fellow came up behind me, passed under my bended arm, and jumped on my paper. And while an old friend of mind was reading one warm afternoon out in the shade of his cabin, one of his Douglass neighbors jumped from the gable upon his head, then with admirable assurance ran down over his shoulder and on to the book he held in his hand.

• Our Douglass enjoys a large social circle. For besides his numerous relatives, *Sciurus fessor*, *Tamias quadrivittatus*, *T. Townsendii*, *Spermophilus Beecheyi*, *S. Douglassii*, he maintains intimate relations with the nut-

eating birds, particularly the Clark crow—*Picicorvus columbianus*—and the numerous woodpeckers and jays. The two spermophiles are astonishingly abundant in the lowlands and lower foot-hills, but more and more sparingly distributed up through the Douglass domains,—seldom venturing higher than six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The gray *sciurus* ranges but little higher than this. The little striped *tamias* alone is associated with him everywhere.

In the lower and middle zones, where they all meet, they are tolerably harmonious—a happy family, though very amusing skirmishes may occasionally be witnessed. Wherever the ancient glaciers that once loaded the range spread forest soil, there you find our wee hero, most abundant where depth of soil and genial climate have given rise to a corresponding luxuriance in the trees, but following every kind of growth up the curving moraines to the edge of the highest glacial fountains.

Though I cannot of course expect all my readers to sympathize fully in my admiration of this little animal, few I hope will think this sketch of his life too long. I cannot begin to tell here how much he has cheered my lonely wanderings during all the years I have been pursuing my studies in these glorious wilds; or how much unmistakable humanity I have found in him. Take this for example: One calm, creamy, Indian summer morning, when the nuts were ripe, I was camped in the upper pine-woods of the south fork of the San Joaquin, where the squirrels seemed to be about as plentiful as the ripe burrs. They were taking an early breakfast before going to their regular harvest work. While I was busy with my own breakfast I heard the thudding fall of two or three heavy cones from a yellow pine near me, and stole noiselessly forward within about twenty feet of the base of it to observe. In a few moments down came the Douglass. The breakfast-burrs he had cut off had rolled on the gently sloping ground into a clump of *ceanothus* bushes, but he seemed to know exactly where they were, for he found them at once, apparently without searching for them. They were more than twice as heavy as himself, but after turning them into the right position for getting a good hold with his long sickle-teeth he managed to drag them up to the foot of the tree he had cut them from, moving backward. Then seating himself comfortably, he held them on end, bottom



TRYING THE BOW.

up, and demolished them with easy rapidity. A good deal of nibbling had to be done before he got anything to eat, because the lower scales are barren, but when he had patiently worked his way up to the fertile ones he found two sweet nuts at the base of each, shaped like trimmed hams, and purple spotted like birds' eggs. And notwithstanding these cones were dripping with soft balsam, and covered with prickles, and so strongly put together that a boy would be puzzled to cut them open with a jack-knife, he accomplished his meal with easy dignity and cleanliness, making less effort apparently than a man would in eating soft cookery from a plate.

Breakfast done, I thought I would whistle a tune for him before he went to work, curious to see how he would be affected by it. He had not seen me all this while; but the instant I began he darted up the tree nearest to him, and came out on a small dead limb opposite me, and composed himself to listen. I sang and whistled more than a dozen tunes, and as the music changed his eyes sparkled, and he turned his head quickly from side to side, but made no other response. Other squirrels, hearing the strange sounds, came around on all sides, chipmunks also, and birds. One of the birds, a handsome, speckle-breasted thrush, seemed even more interested than the squirrels. After listening for a while on one of the lower dead sprays of a pine, he came swooping forward within a few feet

of my face, where he remained fluttering in the air for half a minute or so, sustaining himself with whirring wing-beats, like a humming-bird in front of a flower, while I could look into his eyes and see his innocent wonder.

By this time my performance must have lasted nearly half an hour. I sang or whistled "Bonnie Doon," "Lass o' Gowrie," "O'er the Water to Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Cragie Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglass sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me until I ventured to give the "Old Hundredth," when he screamed his Indian name, Pillillooet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, "I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiney." This acted as a signal for the general dispersal of the whole hairy tribe, though the birds seemed willing to wait further developments, music being naturally more in their line.

No one who makes the acquaintance of our forester will fail to admire him; but he is far too self-reliant and warlike ever to be taken for a darling.

I have no idea how long he lives. The young seem to sprout from knot-holes,—perfect from the first, and as enduring as their own trees. It is difficult, indeed, to

realize that so condensed a piece of sun-fire should ever become dim or die at all. He is seldom killed by hunters, for he is too small to encourage much of their attention, and when pursued in settled regions becomes excessively shy, and keeps close in the furrows of the highest trunks, many of which are of the same color as himself. Indian

boys, however, lie in wait with unbounded patience to shoot them with arrows. A few fall a prey to rattlesnakes in the lower and middle zones. Occasionally he is pursued by hawks and wild-cats, etc. But, upon the whole, he dwells safely in the deep bosom of the woods, the most highly favored of all his happy tribe. May his tribe increase!

### THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

OUR ancestors named this the New World. They grouped their cabins upon its shores, believing themselves to be the first who had planted colonies within its primeval forests. After several hundred years' possession, we discover that successive and unnumbered civilizations had, possibly, flourished and decayed upon this continent before Columbus crossed the sea. Archæologists have examined fortifications in the prairies, have unearthed cities in the valleys, found sacrificial altars on the bluffs, and burial mounds by the water-courses, showing that the so-called New World is the mausoleum of a prehistoric race,—the cemetery of lost tribes, whose crumbling habitations are their only headstones.

Of late, blown over the plains, come stories of strange newly discovered cities of the far south-west; picturesque piles of masonry, of an age unknown to tradition. These ruins mark an era among antiquarians. The mysterious mound-builders faded into comparative insignificance before the grander and more ancient cliff-dwellers, whose castles lift their towers amid the sands of Arizona and crown the terraced slopes of the Rio Mancos and the Hovenweep [pronounced Hôv-en-weep].

A ruin, accidentally discovered by A. D. Wilson of the Hayden Survey several years ago, while he was pursuing his labors as chief of the topographical corps in Southern Colorado, is described to me by Mr. Wilson



ANCIENT CAVE-DWELLINGS ON THE McELMO.

as a stone building, about the size of the Patent-Office. It stood upon the bank of the Animas, in the San Juan country, and contained perhaps five hundred rooms. The roof and portions of the walls had fallen, but the part standing indicated a height of four stories. A number of the rooms were fairly preserved, had small loop-hole windows, but no outer doors. The building had doubtless been entered originally by means of ladders resting on niches, and drawn in after the occupants. The floors were of cedar, each log as large around as a man's head, the spaces filled neatly by smaller poles and twigs, covered by a carpet of cedar-bark. The ends of the timber were bruised and frayed, as if severed by a dull instrument; in the vicinity were stone hatchets, and saws made of sand-stone slivers about two feet long, worn to a smooth edge. A few hundred yards from the mammoth building was a second large house in ruins, and between the two strongholds rows of small dwellings, built of cobble-stones laid in *adobe*, and arranged along streets, after the style of the village of to-day. The smaller houses were in a more advanced state of ruin, on account of the round stones being more readily disintegrated by the elements than the heavy masonry. The streets and houses of this deserted town are overgrown by juniper and piñon,—the latter a dwarf wide-spreading pine which bears beneath the scales of its cones delicious and nutritious nuts. From the size of the dead, as well as the living, trees, and from their position on the heaps of crumbling stone, Mr. Wilson concludes that a great period of time has elapsed since the buildings fell. How many hundred years they stood after desertion before yielding to the inroads of time cannot be certainly known.

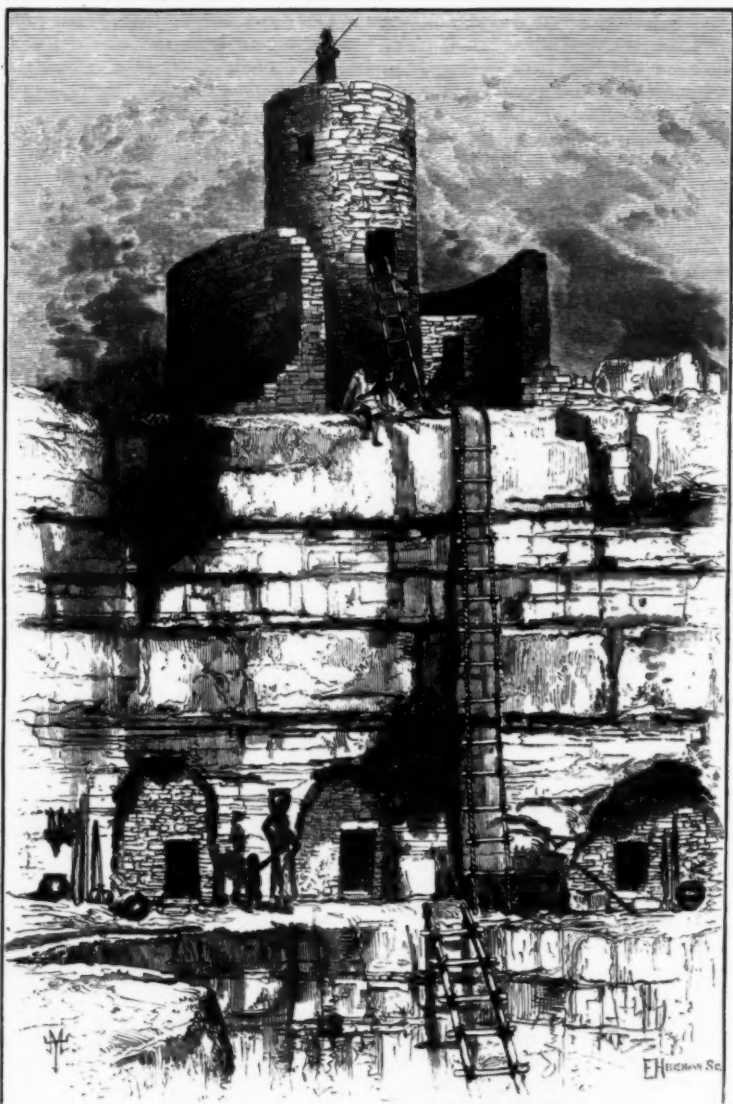
The presence of sound wood in the houses does not set aside their antiquity. In the dry, pure air of Southern Colorado, wood fairly protected will last for centuries. In Asia cedar-wood has been kept a thousand years, and in Egypt cedar is known to have been in perfect preservation two thousand years after it left the forest. The cedars throughout the territories of the southwest do not rot, even in the groves. They die, and stand erect, solid and sapless. The winds and whirling sands carve the dead trees into forms of fantastic beauty, drill holes through the trunks, and play at hide-and-go-seek in the perforated limbs until, after ages of resistance, they literally blow away in atoms of fine, clean dust.

On the Rio San Juan, about twenty-five miles distant from the city of the Animas, Mr. Wilson discovered the following evening a similar pile, looming solemnly in the twilight near their camping-place. The scene as described was weird in the extreme. As the moon arose, the shadows of the phantom buildings were thrown darkly across the silvery plain. The blaze of camp-fires, the tiny tents, the negro cook, the men in buckskin hunting garb, and the picketed mules, made a strange picture of the summer's night, with background of moonlit desert and crumbling ruins, on whose ramparts towered dead, gaunt cedars, lifting their bleached skeletons like sheeted ghosts within the silent watch-towers of the murky past.

In the summer of 1874, a division of the Hayden Survey, specially detailed for the work, under the direction of W. H. Jackson, started to find, and investigate thoroughly, the ancient cities of the south-west. They have brought back the first authentic and official information ever received upon the subject. They report the ruins found by Mr. Wilson to be on the northern edge of an immense settlement, which once extended its dense population far down into New Mexico. The area covered is several thousand square miles, and embraces the adjoining corners of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, the most southerly ruins showing much the finer specimens of architecture. The region is remote from civilization, and the nearest railroad point between two and three hundred miles distant. From Fort Garland, the way leads across a trackless desert, dotted by sage-bush and stunted grease-wood, and enlivened by rattlesnakes, horned toads and tarantulas. In patches, the alkali rests on the sand in fleecy flakes, likenew-fallen snow, and over all the sun beats down in tropical fury. The streams formed on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains have cut long cañoned valleys through nearly horizontal beds in the southern part of the desert, and have gashed the underlying rock to a depth sometimes of many thousand feet. The river-beds are for the most part dry, except when in spring the snows come from the mountains in a brief, cool flood, which, disappearing, leaves only pasty, brackish dregs in the pockets of the rocks. Very rarely there are found living springs trickling down the cañon-side, marked by the mosses and leaflets that even in deserts find out and dwell beside the tiniest rill.

Bounded by the Rio Mancos, the La Plata and the Rio San Juan, is a triangle

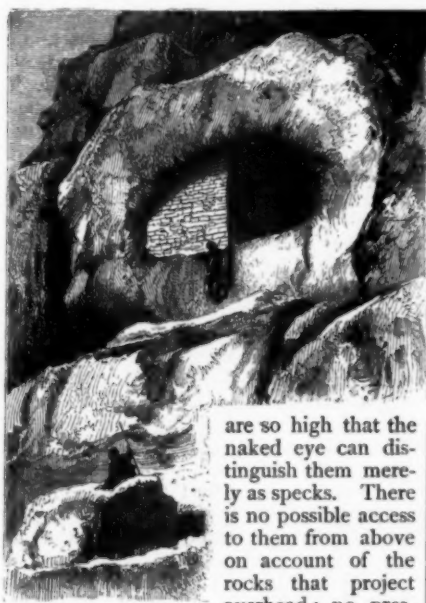




RESTORED TOWER AND CLIFF-HOUSES.

embracing an area of six hundred square miles which does not contain a drop of water. Around the edges of this triangle is a wide-spread net-work of ravines crusted with ruins. The San Juan and the La Plata have quite a width of bottom-land between their sides, but the Rio Mancos runs like a brooklet along its narrow path, shut in by sheer walls thousands of feet in height.

On the terraces of the more open cañons are multitudes of picturesque ruins; in the bottom-lands, the remains of towns; in the wilder cañons, houses perched upon the face of the dizzy chasm. In an encampment, one thousand feet above the valley of the Rio Mancos, are single houses, groups of two and three, and villages, according to the width of the shelf they occupy. They



MOOREY-MOON COTTAGE.

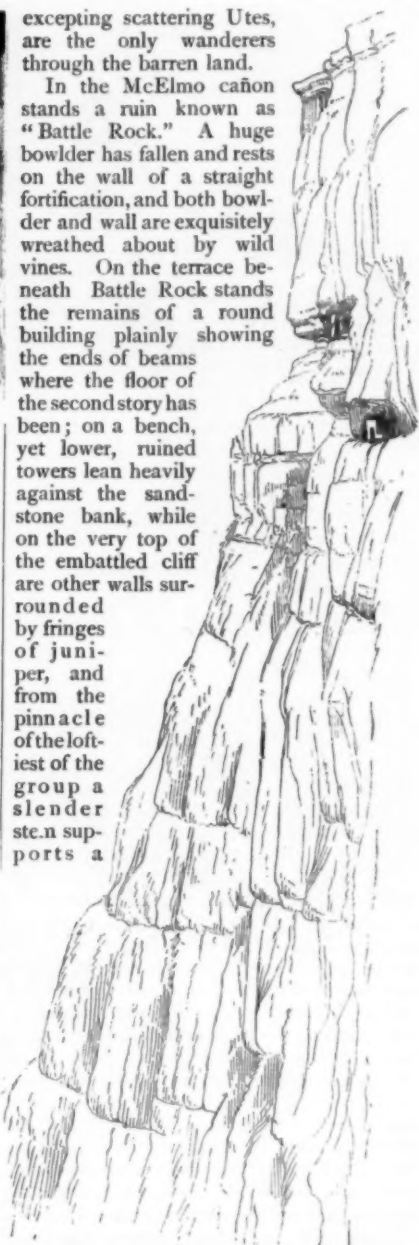
are so high that the naked eye can distinguish them merely as specks. There is no possible access to them from above on account of the rocks that project overhead; no present way of reaching

them from below, although doubling paths and foot-holes in the rocks show where the way has been of old trodden by human feet.

The cliffs are in some parts limestone, but more frequently sandstone, with alternating strata of shales or clay. The softer layers weather out, leaving caves, whose solid stone ledges serve as floors and roofs of the cliff-dwellings. A few houses are two stories, one showed four stories, but generally they are not higher than a man's head; division walls are built, beginning at the back of the opening and working outward to the front of the cave, which is so neatly walled by masonry of the prevailing stone that the artificial work is scarcely noticeable by a casual observer. Upon the summits of the loftier battlements are placed at irregular intervals round stone towers, supposed to have been signal-towers. The sketch on page 268 gives a better idea than words can give of "the ancient watch-tower of the cliffs." The curve of the aboriginal masonry is perfect; the side of the tower has fallen, and the summit is jagged by the gnawing tooth of time; but it stands boldly on the heights, and waits through the centuries the coming of the dead braves to light again its signal-fires. At present the roving Navajos,

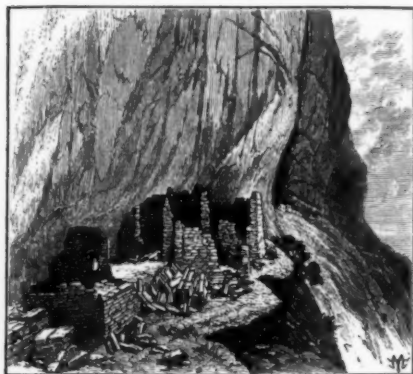
excepting scattering Utes, are the only wanderers through the barren land.

In the McElmo cañon stands a ruin known as "Battle Rock." A huge boulder has fallen and rests on the wall of a straight fortification, and both boulder and wall are exquisitely wreathed about by wild vines. On the terrace beneath Battle Rock stands the remains of a round building plainly showing the ends of beams where the floor of the second story has been; on a bench, yet lower, ruined towers lean heavily against the sandstone bank, while on the very top of the embattled cliff are other walls surrounded by fringes of juniper, and from the pinnacle of the loftiest of the group a slender ste. n supports a



SECTION OF CLIFF SHOWING SITUATION OF THE TWO-STORY HOUSE OF THE RIO MANCOS, 700 FEET ABOVE THE RIVER.

tuft of pine outlined like a black flag against the sky. The country around this spot is



RUINS IN CAÑON DE CHELLEY.

strewn with flint arrow-heads lodged in the crevices and buried in the ground. All the arrows lie with their points toward the ruins. In none of the settlements have there been signs discovered of partially completed points, or anything to indicate that the cliff-dwellers were a warlike people, or that they fought with bows. The arrows are supposed to have been left by an invading horde who swept, in some remote time, over the whole country and waged fierce warfare upon the rich cities of the south-land.

The Battle Rock of the McElmo is not more beautiful than its neighboring "Hovenweep Castle," or literally, "The Castle of the Deserted Valley." On the surrounding headlands of the Hovenweep, as well as on the distant plateaus of the Dolores and other streams, are somber "cities of the dead" lifting their monumental tablets from the bare desert sands. According to our authorities, no bones have been found in these cemeteries, no signs of graves, but charred wood and ash-heaps are mingled with the sand. In all probability this ancient people were fire-worshippers who cremated their dead and fancied that the souls of their race fled as the sparks upward and found their heaven in the bosom of the blazing sun. The stones are mere memorials showing the spot where the dead were burned. The fact that the sun was their deity is substantiated by the *estufas* in their dwellings and in their cities. The buildings where their sacred rites were performed are of circular shape, depressed in the center of the floor, show marks of altar fires, are often triple-walled, with partitions extending from the center through the walls, like sun's rays, dividing the space into small apartments where their treasures were stored. The present Pueblo Indians of

New Mexico and Arizona are believed to be the remnant of the descendants of the conquered cliff men. The mud houses of the Pueblos are modeled rudely after the stone dwellings of the bottom-lands, and some signs of retrograde civilization link them to a better time. The seven Moqui cities of Arizona have *estufas* and the tribes are fire-worshippers. The Moqui towns are now in precisely the state of preservation that they were described by the invading Spaniards to be, nearly four hundred years ago. Assuming the Moquis to be lineal descendants of the cliff-dwellers, how vast a time the old cañon castles must have been deserted when even the Moquis have no knowledge of the grand homes of their ancestors! Regarding the age of the Pueblos, they were said by Coronado, at the time of the conquest, to look very old. Castañeda records that the inhabitants told him that the Pueblos were older than the memory of seven generations.

The ruins now made known to the public, at the time of the Spanish invasion, were spoken of as fabulous, and in 1681, in the journal of Don Antonio de Otermín, mention is made of vague rumors to the effect that eighty leagues distant there were *Casas Grandas*, which had long before served as fortresses. Albert Gallatin said: "There are said to be in these parts ruins of ancient buildings known as *Casas Grandas*, ascribed to the Azteques."

That the Pueblo Moquis are fire-worshippers, as were the cliff-dwellers, is made evident by an account in Daviss' "Conquest of New Mexico." "Many curious tales are told of the superstitions of the Pueblos. It is said that Montezuma kindled sacred fires in the *estufas* and commanded that they be kept burning until his return. He was expected to appear with the rising sun, and every morning the inhabitants ascended to the house-tops and strained their eyes looking to the east for the appearance of their deliverer and king. The task of watching the sacred fires was assigned to the warriors, who served by turns a period of two days and two nights without eating or drinking, and some say that they remained upon duty until death, or exhaustion relieved them."

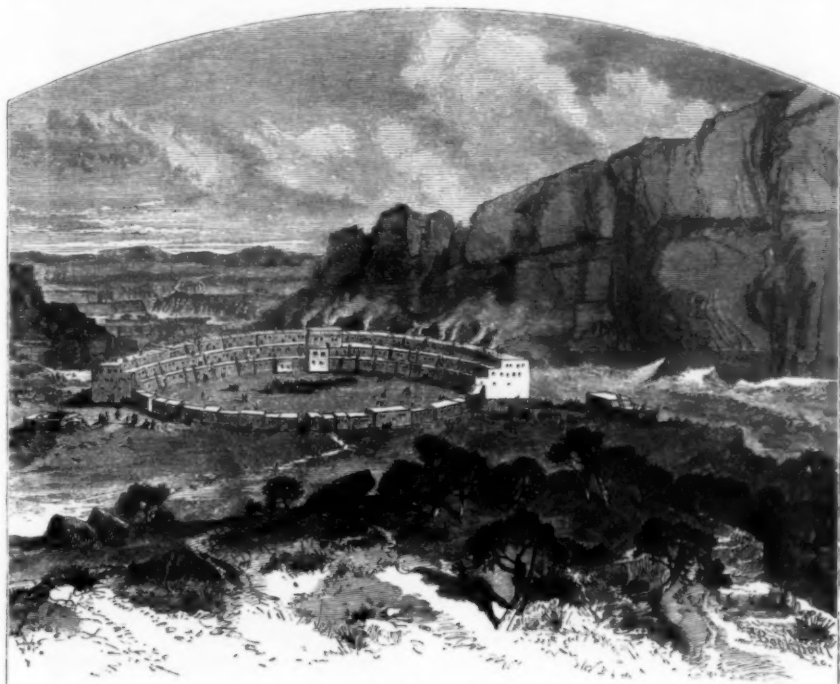
Espejo says: "In the Pueblos they represented, by means of pictures, the sun, moon, and stars, as objects of worship. When they saw the Spaniards' horses they were on the point of worshipping them as superior beings; they subsisted them in their most

beautiful homes and entreated them to accept the best they had."

Daviss says: "The houses are mud and stone, entered by means of outside ladders. I was shown their god Montezuma. It was made of tanned skin stretched on a circular frame nine inches in diameter; one-half was painted green and the other red; on the green part were holes representing eyes, on the red part pieces of leather for

now inaugurated must before long lead to clearer ideas concerning the lost tribes.

To return to the cliffs. Portions of the cañon walls are painted with pictorial word-writing and curious hieroglyphics. In one case inscriptions were seen back of a bowlder through the crevice, between it and the wall. The bowlder had fallen from above so many years ago that parts of it were imbedded in roots and trunks of trees, yet the writing



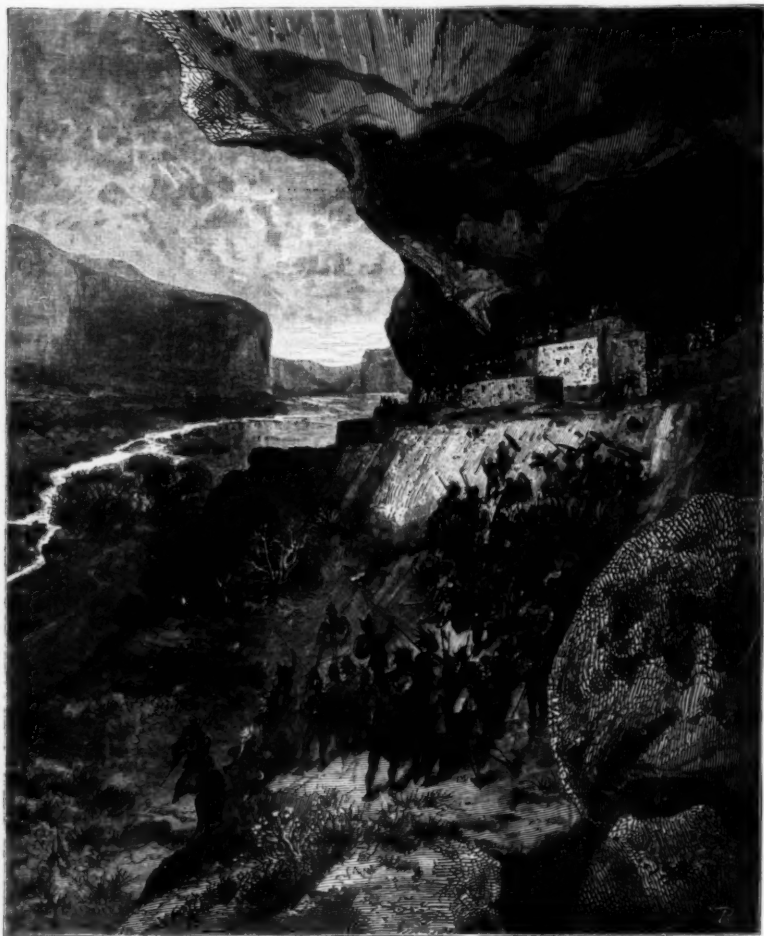
RESTORATION OF PUEBLO BLANCA.

ears and mouth. The people knelt around it and offered prayer. One of them told me this senseless thing was God and the brother of God."

One of the Hayden party who visited these Pueblos in 1875 says that at sunrise the inhabitants stand on the house-tops and stretch out their arms toward the east, waiting silently for the sun to rise above the horizon. When it appears they burst into a great shout and disappear within their homes. It cannot fail to be an interesting study to trace out the line of kinship between the Indians of the old Pueblos and the earlier residents of the stone buildings in the cañons. The investigations

back of it was fresh as though painted yesterday. The pottery found in all the ruins is similar in form and texture; it is thin, of hard finish and painted in colors that have lost none of their original brightness.

In a shallow cave of the Rio de Chelley, a few hundred feet above the river-bed, fifty exquisitely tinted arrow-heads and seven large jars were unearthed. The cave contains a house three stories high, having seventy-six rooms on the ground floor. The ruins are five hundred and fifty feet long. Within the work-room were large grind-stones and various implements of the stone age. The walls are plastered in white



AN ATTACK ON A VILLAGE OF CAVE-DWELLERS.

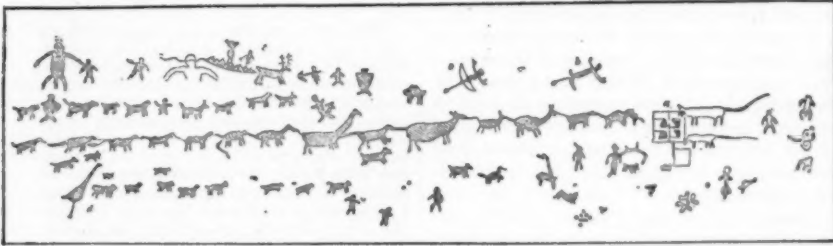
cement of stucco-like finish. That it was spread on the walls by human hands is evident from the marks of the pores of the skin to be found on the surface. Occasionally the whole print of the hand has been left; one woman's slender fingers are thus preserved for the people of the nineteenth century; they seem to be extended as though pleading to be rescued from the horror of annihilation. Low down on the walls are the chubby palms of little children, with every crease and dimple preserved.

A very picturesque ruin of the Rio de Chelley has been ingeniously modeled in miniature, together with the face of the bluff

in which it rests. The worn steps up the rock, the cave, and crumbling masonry, are more perfectly reproduced by the sculptor's chisel, than is possible by pen or pencil. Duplicates of the design have been made in plaster, painted in the warm buff tints of the shaly sandstone. These are framed, and will be sold at their first cost by Professor Hayden to colleges, or private individuals, and will be invaluable in explaining the cliff ruins to students interested in all that pertains to the former inhabitants of North America. The models are about three feet by two in size.

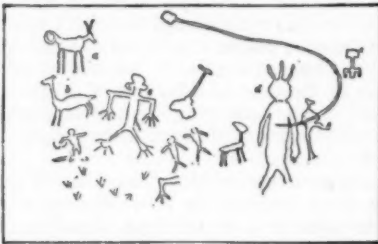
Among the countless ruins of the Rio San Juan there is a circular cave two hundred





HIEROGLYPHIC ROCK INSCRIPTION OF THE SAN JUAN. SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A MIGRATION OR THE TROPHIES OF A VICTORY. ABOUT ONE-TWENTY-FOURTH OF ORIGINAL SIZE.

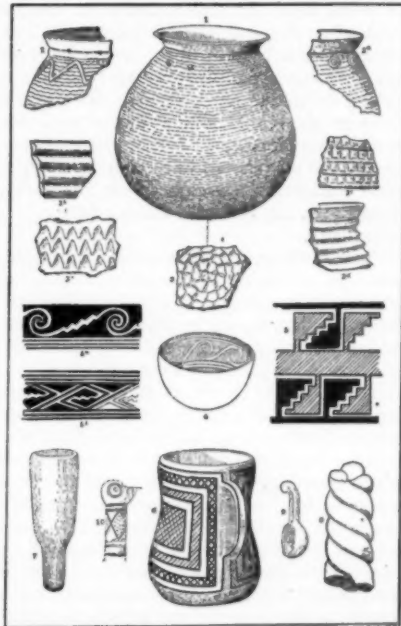
feet high, opening like a deep round tunnel in the cañon wall. Across the center of the cave a shelf of hard rock forms the foundation of a stately pile, which extends into the twilight of the cavern, midway up the height. It can be seen for the distance



SAME AS ABOVE. PART OF ANOTHER INSCRIPTION.

of a mile down the bend of the cañon. In the interior an open space probably served as a work-shop. Holes in the rock formerly supported the posts of their looms, while grooves in the floor mark where the workmen made their stone saws, and sharpened their clumsy stone axes. The front part of the lower floor is in one long apartment or promenade; the upper rooms have small windows, communicating doors between the apartments, and outer apertures leading into the back part of the cave. The mild climate excused the necessity of any house-covering other than the dome-like ceiling of the vaulted cavern. In a central room of the main building, a depression, bearing traces of aboriginal fires, marks what was once the kitchen-range of the manor: on smooth hot stones their cakes of acorn paste were baked; the stones yet lie beside the ash-heap. In the pit they roasted their sheep; the bones remain in a refuse heap outside. Whether plain corn on the cob, or succotash, was most relished by these specters we shall never know, although an

impression of a cob in the plaster on the wall proves that corn was raised in the time of the cliff-dwellers. Several of the apartments have marks of fires built against the back walls, where the smoke escaped overhead through the open roof. The house is bare, except much broken pottery, artistically painted; things of value have long since been carried away by the roving bands of Indians. The mansion presents an unusually imposing appearance. None of the neighbors boasted so big a cave, or so grand an entrance-hall. The family who



POTTERY OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY. SHOWING MODE OF DECORATION, ETC.

in the old time dwelt therein must have been of the aristocracy of the land.

From the promenade upon the house-top they could look down the steep descent to their waving fields of corn, and groves of cotton-wood, their sheep-corral and piñon orchards, and upward to the grand roof of the cavern which Mother Nature had scooped with her giant hand for their sheltered homestead. To this cave-home Mr. Jackson gave the name "Casa del Eco," because of the resonant reverberations which caused the faintest whisper of the visitors to be repeated as though by hosts of phantom lips, within the shades of the gray old ruin.

In the time when Casa del Eco resounded with merry life, social distinctions I suppose existed as now. In prehistoric times, no more than in our times, could every one afford a palace. Poverty hid her wan face behind picturesque simplicity, and young people tried love in a cottage, and dwelt in dove-cotes beside their prouder kinsfolk. A tiny home, neat and trim as a Yankee kitchen, is perched on the heights of the West Montezuma, near its junction with the East fork. The house is built in an oval hole which has been weathered out of a solid block of sandstone that rests on the brink of a curiously stratified chasm. The dwelling, six by ten feet, is as securely tucked away from the sun and rain as a small boy under an umbrella. The space between the side of the house and the inclosing rock forms a nice little shady piazza. Who knows but from this eyrie, some dusky bride watched for her lover, when the evening shades settled dark in the cañon lane.

Further down the Montezuma, are settlements at the base of the bluffs, containing houses one hundred feet square, with foundation walls extending six feet below the surface of the ground. In one was found a stone ax, ground to an acute angle and shaped ready to tie on to a handle; small rope made of twisted rushes, a small unbroken bowl, and ears of charred corn were taken out of the ruins. A row of small houses, hanging over the brink of a narrow ledge high in air, threatens a barrack-like row three hundred feet below. The lower terrace has been dug out to a depth of six feet. The space is occupied by a row of tenement-like houses, four hundred feet in length. The corner room affords access to the row; communicating doors lead through the interior.

Mr. Jackson, in his late report, says:

"The cañon sometimes expands into valleys from four to eight hundred feet wide, then contracts to a passage of twenty feet. In the wider places, the rocks jut out in tongue-like projections, occasionally connected with the main-land by a narrow comb of rock, and sometimes cut away entirely by the erosive powers that chiseled the cañons. Within a distance of eighteen miles, fifteen of the promontories bear ruins upon their isolated heights. In one, the skeleton of a man was found, wrapped in shreds of a white and black Navajo blanket. The form was that of an Indian, who, without doubt, had wandered in there, and died alone in the cave shelter."

Of the multitudes who swarmed through the cañons and the plains, when the wonderful stone-cutting and tree-hewing were going on, when the towns were being built, and the country homes perched on the high places, there have been no bodily remains found, which could be identified as those of the cliff-dwellers. A single skull, petrified, with the brain-pan filled by solidified sand, was discovered in a ravine eighteen feet beneath the surface; above it were the ruins of two ancient houses, one built over the foundations of the other,—a few feet of drift separated them, indicating that considerable time had intervened between the periods of their erection.

The most remarkable ruins yet discovered, are those standing in New Mexico, some little distance from the ones already mentioned. They put to shame the primitive log-hut of our forefathers; the frame shanty of the prairie town; the dug-out of the mining regions; the adobe shelter of the Pacific slope. In size and grandeur of conception, they equal any of the present buildings of the United States, if we except the Capitol at Washington, and may without discredit be compared to the Pantheon and the Colosseum of the Old World. Thirty years ago, while on a raid against the Navajos, Lieutenant Simpson, of the staff of Colonel Washington, Military Governor of New Mexico, found some of the ruins of Chaco Cañon, the most southern of the ancient cities of the south-west. Mr. Jackson was fortunate in finding at Jemez an Indian who had accompanied Lieutenant Simpson in his visit. Hosta is past eighty, of thin and stooping frame; but he assured the Hayden party that he was as young as he ever had been, and could pilot them through the nearest cut to Chaco Cañon. He enlivened the journey by garrulous reminiscences of his former trip, and described Colonel Washington and his men as he remembered them. After crossing the New

Mexico line, the explorers report that singular optical illusions were frequent. The cheating mirage hovered before them, holding up green oases and shadowy walls, vine-draped and tree-embowered; the sand-hills, sage-brush and scant grass were magnified into mountains, forests and fields of maize.

The ruins are visible seven miles away, as one looks down from the continental divide, from which the cañons begin their way in furrow-like gulches. Near by are low mesas and buttes, and the Jemely Mountains, the San Mateo, and the Cerro Cabezon are in clear view. The ruins of the cañon are eleven in number, strung along at distances of from a quarter of a mile, to two miles from each other. In the rocks of Pueblo Pintado, Mr. Jackson discovered elaborate stone steps, where the rock had been carved into ladder-like rounds, which the hands could grasp around.

The Pueblo Penasco Blanca on the opposite side of the cañon is in form of an ellipse. The western half of the ellipse is occupied by a massive structure, five rooms deep, and the other half by a single continuous row of small houses, serving as a wall to inclose the court. The interior of the court is 346 by 269 feet; by adding the depth of the surrounding buildings, an exterior is obtained of 499 feet by 363 feet, whose circuit is 1,200 feet. The great depth of the *débris* indicates an original height of five stories. There are seven estufas on the west side.

The Pueblo del Arroya has wings about 135 feet in length, and the western wall of the court is 268 feet. Facing the center of the court are three circular estufas, one of thirty-seven feet in diameter, and three stories in height. Mr. Jackson made a remarkable discovery in this pueblo. He says: "About two hundred yards up the arroya are ruins, whose upper surface is mound-like, showing very faint traces of masonry. The stream has undermined one corner, exposing a wall at a distance of five or six feet below the level of the valley. No surface indications of the exposed wall are found. The arroya is here sixteen feet deep, but there is an older channel cutting in near the large ruin only half this depth. Below the remains of these walls, and extending out into the main arroya to a depth of fourteen feet below the surface, is an undulating stratum of broken pottery, flint chippings and small bones firmly imbedded in a coarse gravelly deposit."

The Pueblo Weji-gi is built of small tabu-

lar pieces of sandstone, arranged with a beautiful effect of regularity and finish. It is a rectangular structure, built around an open court. Its exterior dimensions are 224 by 120 feet; its height, three stories.

Near the Pueblo Una Vida, the cañon has a width of five hundred feet, perfectly level. Within the court of this Pueblo are the remains of the largest estufa yet found in any of the ruins. It measures over sixty feet on the inside from wall to wall; its upper plane is on a level with the floor of the court; it was evidently subterranean.

Nearly all the logs which supported the flooring are yet in position in the Pueblo Hungo Pavie. The height is four stories; the lower walls three feet thick; the estufa extends to the second story, and has a projection or porch built upon one side; the interior is twenty-three feet in diameter, and has six pillars of masonry built into the wall at equal distances.

The Pueblo Chettro Kettle is 440 feet long and 250 feet wide, and presents remnants of four stories. The logs forming the second floor extend through the walls, a distance of six feet, and probably at one time supported a balcony on the shady side of the house. The sand has drifted far above the first floor, and completely blocked the windows. A coyote's hole exposed a wall beneath the surface that had been completely covered by drift. The masonry of this pueblo is unusually handsome,—built of very small pieces of a rich buff sandstone, arranged so compactly as to give the idea of a homogeneous surface. Mr. Jackson estimates that in the wall running around three sides of the building, 935 feet in length and 40 feet in height, there would be 2,000,000 pieces of stone for the outer surface of the outer wall alone. This surface multiplied by the opposite surface, and also by the interior and transverse lines of masonry, would form a total of 30,000,000 pieces embraced in 315,000 cubic feet of wall. The millions of pieces had to be quarried and put into position; timbers brought from a distance; ladders constructed, and plaster prepared, employing a large number of skilled workmen under good discipline a long time. When we consider not alone the immensity of these ruins now on the surface, but reason concerning the massive foundations of other older buildings under these, exposed by the chance burrowing of wild beasts, or the slicing down of banks by washes and arroyas, the mind, bounded by our little span of three score years and

ten, cannot fathom the obscurity of the deep-sunk ages of the past, filled by the works of so great an antiquity.

Not more than six hundred yards from the Pueblo Chettro Kettle is a handsome ruin which bears the musical title, Pueblo Bonita. It is built within twenty yards of the bluff on the level bottom-land, which extends in a sandy plain for some distance, watered by a shallow brooklet. The length of the Pueblo Bonita is five hundred and forty-four feet, its width three hundred and fourteen feet. It has been restored by Mr. Jackson, of the Survey, to what he deems its original form, which is presented in the last sketch. A study of the picture of the pueblo, as it was before its changes came, will, without doubt, be of more interest than a description of it in its ruined condition. In our second hundredth year of national existence we are confronted by tokens of a once powerful nation, who held our land before us. It is

natural that we feel an interest in the unknown race, and search every crevice of the past for mementos of the lost. Dr. Hayden and his corps of assistants have surveyed a rich field of antiquarian treasure. After their centuries of silent musings upon the river-banks, the old castles hear again the sound of human voices. The new lips speak a strange language. The pre-Columbian race, through whose dismantled homes the strangers wander, have passed into the shades of impenetrable oblivion, leaving only conjecture to tell, with uncertain tongue, her story of the cliff-dwellers.\*

\* The writer is indebted to Professor F. V. Hayden for special courtesies, to A. D. Wilson for verbal description, to W. H. Jackson and W. H. Holmes for sketches and valuable information. From the Government Report by these gentlemen are reproduced some of the illustrations of this paper. The editor desires to add his opinion that the present paper does not give Mr. Ernest Ingersoll deserved credit for discoveries among these ruins.

## ART AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY A PAINTER.

THERE are from five to six thousand works of pure art in the galleries of the Exposition. Two-thirds of these are exposed by the French; England has seven hundred; Belgium and Italy four hundred each, all of the other countries being still less numerously represented. Not only in size, however, but in merit as well, the French collections are the most important of all, and there is little in them that one does not care to see, or which is not in some way interesting or instructive. One is here most struck by the landscapes, which are the chief glory of the French school. The subjects of the best of these are simple, thoroughly interpreted, and show a sincere sympathy for all that is most artistic and poetic in nature. No affectation is resorted to. They seem to have hit the point where realism and sentiment unite; there is enough of both, but not too much of either.

There is a spring landscape by C. F. Daubigny,—such a motive as may be found in almost any open country. A bluish-gray sky with strips of light cloud through it; in the distance low hills and fruit-trees in bloom; in the foreground blossoming apple-trees and the boughs of other trees not yet in leaf against the sky; and through the half-grown wheat, a peasant girl in a white

dress walks with her lover; near them a white butterfly settles and gives a key-note to the color of the picture, which is light but not in a high tone, in perfect harmony, the treatment bold and broad. It seems carelessly done, but how true it is, how full of thought and meaning, how necessary is every touch! At the same time, it has great sentiment. One feels not only the truth, but the subtle charm of this lovely day. One seems to be there, and to breathe the dreamy, half-warm, half-moist atmosphere. Another is a winter scene, which is one of the most impressive landscapes in the Exposition, having something really tragic in its tone. In this a road passes through deep snow toward the west, where small reddish clouds lie low on the horizon of a warm gray sky filled with wonderful light. Half-way up this road are some dark, straggling trees, about which great flocks of crows settle and crowd the fields. Another is a solemn twilight, the full harvest-moon rising over the trees. Simplicity, truth, strength, healthy sentiment and great imagination appear in all of this splendid collection of Daubigny's works; in each picture one feels that the author has taken in, and given, the essence of the scene as a whole.

Corot, another great imaginative painter,

is nearly as well represented as Daubigny, and has several very fine things, their color and feeling such as he alone could give.

With these almost seem to rank Segé and Pointelin,—names which, with others whom I shall mention, are not yet well known in America, but are already famous here. Segé has a superb picture: a level plain; in the foreground a peasant with dogs and sheep; in the middle distance a group of purplish-gray farm-houses in shadow; in the extreme distance other farms and a blue church-spire. The sun is a few hours high, the whole scene bathed in the light of a hot, dry summer's afternoon. All that breaks the quiet is a flock of partridges that wing their flight through an almost white sky. They are wonderfully painted. One seems to hear the whir of their wings. His is a different treatment from that of Daubigny, taking, as he does, more advantage of his subject as such, every detail is also worked out, but not so prominently as to lose in the least the broad effect of the whole, wherein the values are perfect and everything holds its place. Pointelin has one of the simplest and noblest landscapes, which is also a very large canvas. A gently sloping field, with rocks and half leafless trees, a grayish sky pulsating with tender light,—really, as with Corot, little to describe in words, but simply beautiful.

Next, but not always so fine in feeling as those I have mentioned, is Pelouse. His style is impressive, his pictures rich and daring in color, the execution marked by the greatest breadth and freedom of handling. He has a large landscape, wherein he shows an imagination equal to that of Daubigny,—a vast, rocky hill-side, a quiet twilight sky, a few figures kneeling about a spring in the foreground finishing their labors at the close of the day. Another is a magnificent wood scene, the half-clad autumn trees drawn with masterly skill. Beyond are the yellow, pink, and bluish bars of the sunset. It is a subject that in most hands would have been vulgar, but which with him is, in the highest degree, rich and refined. There are also fine landscapes by Beauverie, Berchère, and others.

Opposite to Segé hang Jules Breton's beautiful works. One is a small study of a Breton peasant carrying a taper, which flares with a pale light against a gray background; his head is bowed and his face has an intensely pathetic look. In another, three peasant girls, with their arms about each other's necks, stroll toward you through a

field of poppies, filled with sweet color. In another, harvesters are at rest in the hay-field, under the shade of apple-trees. The drowsy hum of a midsummer's noon is thoroughly expressed in this picture. One, however, cannot help feeling that some of his other work shows a slight suspicion of prettiness, which Millet has not, and which is all that detracts from its perfection. But one hesitates to be overcritical when looking from this noble and poetic interpretation of nature to Bouguereau's pictures on the walls of the same room, whose great powers seem given to rendering, with merely mechanical skill and finish, only outside beauty, untouched by the true sentiment of art.

The French portraits come next in merit to the landscapes, and like them excel almost all other work of the same kind in the Exposition. Paul Du Bois, the celebrated sculptor, has a portrait of two children, sweet, simple, natural in color and treatment, equal to some of the best work of the old masters, although entirely modern in feeling. There are also excellent portraits by Bastien-Lepage, Henner, E. Levy, Delaunay and others.

In much of their figure painting, except in *genre* subjects, wherein Vibert, Leloir and many others excel, the French do not impress one favorably. Many of their most distinguished men, whose fame is world-wide and who have been covered with honors, are disappointing. One cannot help admiring their skill and knowledge; they attract the spectator with great force; they interest him, but leave him cold. Their work has also in it a great deal that is theatrical, and what the French call *pompier*. In very few is there a perceptible want of schooling; their execution is almost always good.

Among the rising stars is Bastien Lepage, whose "Annunciation to the Shepherds" is very fine. The angel is a most angelic looking being and flits down, hardly touching the earth; the shepherds, just awakened from their sleep by the fire, with upturned, wondering faces, and their hands raised in an awe-stricken way, wonderingly and reverently regard her. Nothing in art could be more holy, more filled with the sweetest religious feeling. We hear a great deal said about the nudities of the French school, but very little of the purity and beauty of such noble and elevating art as this, which shows a skill equal, if not superior, to that of Bouguereau, but put to a better use, and with the deep sentiment



and artistic feeling of Millet or Paul Du Bois.

There are also fine works by Régnault, Paul Laurens, Bertrand, Van Marcke, Volon and many others.

In sculpture the French are undoubtedly far in advance of all others in modern times. This is with them not merely an imitation of the antique or the renaissance, but a living art, and expresses with great force and beauty the feeling of the times. As in their painting, they have thoroughly studied their profession and mastered its technical difficulties; and although many do only excellent academic work, others have the highest feeling and imagination. Among the French statues, Paul Du Bois' "Eve Naissante" is the most remarkable. It is a subject that has been treated a thousand times before, but here is an entirely new expression of it. It has that subtle difference between it and all other Eves that marks it as an original work of art. It is simply posed, very firmly and broadly modeled; the face has great character and expression, and looks as if it might have been by Leonardo. And in Du Bois' four decorative figures of Valor, Charity, Faith and Meditation, on the monument to General La Moricière, appear the same qualities. The monument is in the style and feeling of the renaissance, and compares favorably with the work of that time; one sees in it the influence of Michael Angelo and other renaissance masters. One also sees in some of these statues the same sympathy for simple nature as in the work of the painter Millet, which is still more shown in Albert-Lefevre's Jeanne D'Arc, a young peasant girl, pausing in her spinning to listen to "the voices," whose half-upturned face has an ineffable expression of sadness and prophetic meaning. La France's little Saint John the Baptist is also beautiful and full of boyish life and enthusiasm. Falguière, Chapu, Mercier and others, have also fine works. In short, such a numerous collection of noble statues, all produced during the past ten years, cannot fail to impress the observer with the great strength of the French in the art of sculpture. Strange to say, this seems little understood in America.

Next in merit to the French pictures, seem to come the collections of Belgium and the Pays-Bas, which are rather parts of, than distinct from the French school, although in many ways different influences and surroundings have developed and added charms of their own, particularly in their

landscapes and sea pieces, in which the color, atmosphere and feeling are excellent. Among these are Mesdag's very imaginative sea-shore studies, excelling anything of the kind in the French Gallery; Mauve's large landscape,—a wide plain with sheep feeding in the snow, which almost approaches Daubigny's winter scene. Then Bouvier's sea pieces, and Barron's and Vanderhecht's landscapes,—in the latter a most lovely clouded blue sky. And among the Belgians, Marie Collert's remarkable series of landscapes, and the portraits and *genre* subjects of Alfred Stevens, who, although not always refined, is still a painter of great skill and originality.

In the German Gallery, we see, as in the French, a distinct school, perhaps almost equal in technical skill to the French, but not in imagination, variety, originality or feeling for nature. One sees that painting is taught here in schools rather than studies from nature; nearly all the painters have the same methods; whereas in France each one generally has his own. Their inferiority to the French is chiefly shown in their landscapes, the most important of which are by the Achenbachs; all of these are painted with great facility, but are gaudy and false in color, although some by Andreas, of Holland scenes, show a feeling for nature and fine color. In most of them it is evident that they either have not sufficiently studied, or do not care to appeal to a love of simple modest nature, but prefer to give, instead of the sentiment, the mere theatrical exterior. This does not apply, however, to all of their work. The younger Kaulbach has several charming things, full of sweetness, repose and color, reminding one of Giovanni Bellini, but with a great deal of his own besides. There is a winter scene by Kroner, —a troop of wild boars wading through the deep snow of the forest,—the color and execution excellent, the wintry feeling finely expressed. Also, Josef Braudt's Cossacks of the Ukraine,—the chief leading his motley horde through a vast grassy plain,—a very characteristic and original work; Piltz and Herman Baisch have also good pictures.

The Russian Gallery is chiefly interesting as showing the national feeling, manners and customs of the people, but cannot be said to be great from the point of view of pure art; nevertheless, there are several important works in this collection, and one of the grandest things in the Exposition is Antolsky's statue of Christ. The figure is

standing, draped in a long robe, with the arms bound at the sides, it is noble and dignified, and beautifully modeled, although less broadly and firmly done than the best French work.

In the Austrian Gallery, Mackart's large picture of "Charles V. entering Antwerp," is the *pièce de résistance*. The composition is florid, the scheme of color is rich and warm, but the figures are painted without great care or study, still with immense superficial cleverness and dash. It is essentially a popular picture, perhaps the most so with the general public and the least so with the painters of any important work in the exposition. One acknowledges the talent shown in it; yet, while struck by it at first, we finish by growing weary of it. It has in it little refined taste or suggestion of nature, and is, after all, only an unsuccessful imitation of the great Venetian masters. This is less like Paul Veronese than the one shown in Philadelphia, and far less interesting in every way. Jettel has some lovely landscapes in the same gallery, reminding one of Rousseau.

In Hungary is Muncacsy's picture of Milton and his daughters, the finest specimen of the German school in the Exposition. It is fortunate for Americans that this picture has been bought for the Lennox Library of New York.

In Spain are the works of Fortuny, which in drawing, color, execution and originality, stamp him as one of the greatest of modern masters. We are apt to forget what a thoroughly original man he was, and to confound him with those who have in vain tried to imitate him. Here, too, are excellent works by Zamacois and Ribera, some pretty Ricos, and a fine full-length portrait by Madrazo, and several other pictures, which are, however, rather hard and gaudy in color, and apt to be out of keeping. Here is also the Fortuny school run mad in a Don Quixote by Moreno.

The landscapes of Sweden and Norway are very strong. They show a marked French influence; but, at the same time, as in Belgium, an individuality, which produces works not only national in color and sentiment, but having the French feeling and treatment also.

In the Italian Department, the most important pictures are those of Pasini and De Nittis. The former are mostly figures with architecture,—a crowded market-place, with a great temple in the background; a lonely Moorish court, with a single figure feeding a

flock of pigeons; Syrian hawkers on horseback, in a wild plain by the sea. His pictures are small, and are often filled with figures, which, although minute, have great character; especially are the horses finely drawn. His architecture always gives one the impression of great size; the color, which is rich and sober, adding to this effect. De Nittis is an original man, the greatest of the impressionists.

Whether it is an Italian road scene which almost blinds one with its intense whiteness and feeling of heat, a fog on London Bridge, or a changeable day on the Seine, in each the particular atmosphere, details, and other surroundings of the place are given with a remarkable force and reality. Neither Pasini nor De Nittis seems to show any national influences in his work. Except these, there is little of any great interest among the Italian pictures, or in their sculpture, except Monteverde's statue of Jenner experimenting with vaccine upon his son, which has an intensity about it that is very striking, and shows more than good academic work,—to criticise it briefly is to say that too much importance has been given to unnecessary details,—and Gemito's "Fisher Boy,"—one of the ornaments of last year's *Salon*, where it received a medal,—which is unconventional and very artistic. Most of their sculpture, as in Philadelphia, has a popular prettiness and finish that give no indication of any deep or sincere striving after noble art, although it has a marked nationality which separates it distinctly from that of the French. Their collection of sculpture comes next in size to the French, but is far inferior to it in every way. They, too, have attempted to suit this art to modern feeling; but have not succeeded in making it either artistically strong, interesting, or dignified.

The English have certainly a school of painting of their own, differing almost entirely from that of the French; much superior in sincerity and aim to the theatrical and pretty side of French art, but falling far short in deep and artistic feeling to their best work. They are generally much behind the French in technical skill, execution and color, while their drawing is almost always good. The best French art is simple in its expression; the English is either too complicated and difficult to understand, or they do not interpret their subjects as well as the French. Their art appeals to the intellect, rather than to the emotions, and could generally be better expressed in literature than in painting; whereas Millet or Daubigny tells you

something in a way that no words could convey so well.

In Millais' "North-West Passage," he represents an old navigator, who has failed in the ambition of his life,—almost too old to try other discoveries,—seated at his study-table, with his daughter at his feet, holding his hand while she reads to him. On the walls of the room are pictures of Parry and other discoverers; on the table, sea-charts and maps. Through a window there is a glimpse of a solitary vessel sailing over a sea, rendered with great feeling. The face of the old man has wonderful strength and character, and expresses varied emotions,—intense disappointment, together with a noble and manly resolve yet to achieve his object; the daughter is in sweet and quiet contrast to him. The drawing is good; the color not altogether pleasing; the execution is in parts rather feeble. It is Millais' best picture, and the story is well told; still, I think that Tennyson could have told it better.

Orchardson's "Queen of the Swords" is thoroughly satisfactory in every way; so is his portrait of a young lady. Leighton also shows a strong portrait of Captain Burton; but the English portraits generally, although earnest, refined, and graceful, are not to be compared to the French; and, like most of their other work, are rather poor in color and execution.

I do not attempt to understand Burne-Jones; although fascinating, his is certainly not a healthy or manly phase of art. It has, properly speaking, very little color, and is full of faults, affectations and extravagances; still, his "Merlin and Vivien" is charming in sentiment. In the same school is Richmond, whose "Ariadne"—a splendid figure on the sea-shore, her arm raised, the palm upturned to a stormy sky, a great mass of greenish drapery floating behind her, and huge cliffs rising in the background—is a work showing great tragic feeling and strong imagination.

The treatment of the English landscape is very different from that of the French, giving, as it does, great importance to multitudinous details, but generally failing to convey the sentiment of the scene as a whole. This is carried to excess in John Brett's "Coast of Cornwall." His fine picture of "Boulders on the Sea-shore," at Philadelphia, was much admired; but that had a different treatment from this. Here he shows many miles of the coast; every leaf, every minute wave touched with its reflected light and shadow; all the geological forms and varied

tints of the rocks are given with great fidelity; but the eye goes from one carefully painted detail to another, and becomes confused; the effect is lost. One receives no strong impression of the real scene from this picture, and the color, which is perhaps true to each particular part, does not seem true as a whole. In fact, such an extended view, although beautiful in nature, is probably beyond the reach of painting. Now in landscape, the French confine themselves, for the most part, to subjects which are within their grasp, and only suggest detail, without frittering away the general effect of their pictures by attempting to render it all.

Millais' "Chill October" has good feeling in it, and confines itself to the expression of one idea; but the color is rather chalky and the execution feeble. His other landscape, of a wide tract of country, is very much out of keeping; the different parts seem to have been painted under various effects of light and atmosphere.

Albert Moore has some lovely little decorative panels, sweet and silvery in tone; and George Mason several things, beautiful in color. Walker's "Old Gate-way" is also a very poetic landscape.

The English water-color collection is the most important in the Exposition. Many of these are very original and sympathetic, and have a beauty of color which is apt to be wanting in their oil-painting.

The strong point of English art, however, is their drawing in black and white, wherein they show a skill, daring, and feeling that are unequaled by any others in the whole Exposition.

In sculpture they have nothing striking except Leighton's good statue of "Hercules and the Python"; this is essentially an academic work, and ranks with the sculpture of France of twenty years ago, but not at all with their present work.

In the English school, but not of it,—in fact of no particular school, and seeming to have the best and strongest points of all schools,—stands Alma-Tadema alone, a thoroughly original man. Here we have great knowledge, imagination, and feeling; the finest sentiment of color, dramatic force, the most thorough execution and imitation of any quality or texture, and good drawing, leaving in all ways hardly anything more to be desired. His technique is nearer perfect than that of almost any other man.

The American pictures are too well known to need further particular description. The

impression on entering the gallery is very good. The general tone of color is rich, subdued, and much more pleasing than in many of the other rooms, and the pictures on the line will bear favorable comparison, in general excellence, with any line in the Exposition, although, of course, there are many works in the other galleries much finer than anything that we have.

Our collection is certainly superior to those of several countries, and equal to some others, and, whatever may have been said to the contrary, shows a good deal of independence and originality, and perhaps more

variety than any other, and altogether much first-rate work.

In one branch of art,—that of wood-engraving,—although the number of examples shown by America is small, in quality we equal, if we do not excel, most others. It has been pronounced, by some of the best artists and engravers here, to be among the best work of the kind in the Exposition.

As a whole, our gallery, viewed by any standard, is very good, and no one, on seeing it, need be otherwise than hopeful as to the future of American art.

## UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT OXFORD.

FOR most Americans the subject of English college life is invested with an amount of romance which our ultra-iconoclastic disposition seldom allows to cling to anything. The venerable beauty of their two great universities, the traditions of famous men and incidents which cluster around them, and the medium of poetry and fiction through which come most of our ideas on the subject, have been chief factors in producing this result. Whatever we may think of the English universities as seats of learning and places for study, our impressions of the life of their residents are taken from such sources that they could scarcely be otherwise than somewhat idealized. The late Mr. Bristed attempted, some twenty-five years ago, to give us a quite minute description of Cambridge, from what he undoubtedly thought an American stand-point. But his book—"Five Years at an English University"—contained little familiar information about undergraduate life, and was never widely enough read to have much influence in forming popular impressions. The same is true, also, of several other works, which have been published of late years, on kindred topics. We still go to "Tom Brown" and "Verdant Green," "Pendennis" and "Ravenshoe," as authoritative sources of information.

There are description and information of this kind scattered very freely through English literature. The two old universities have always been favorite scenes with poets and novelists,—sources of some of their happiest inspirations. The Clerk of Oxenford, who rode with Chaucer's pilgrims, has

been followed by a host of successors, who have not always, in later times, excelled in his particular direction. Yet the details, which are thus to be gathered, do not make a very complete picture for one who has no supply of plain facts with which to supplement them. And it is a question whether the suggestions which an American reader finds in English fiction, and to which he usually applies his imagination, inventing material to fill blank spaces, are not frequently misleading. The English have such an intense admiration for their famous old academies, and fondness for the life at them, that it would be strange if their fiction did not tend to represent them in a partial and idealizing light. A foreigner, therefore, who simply takes these descriptions, which he meets in the familiar, English novels, and forms from them his notions of undergraduate life at Oxford and Cambridge,—subtracting nothing, and supplying whatever is not fully explained, in the spirit of the original,—will be certain to have ultimately a conception of a manner of existence vastly attractive to the romantic side of human nature; but it will be not very accurate, and extremely incomplete.

Still, there is much truth in such an ideal. One who seeks to realize it, if he brings to the task the right spirit and qualifications, need not be disappointed. An Englishman, leaving behind him the boyish restraints of his school,—probably long since outgrown,—finds most of the elements of an earthly paradise in the admirable surroundings, the more mature and worldly atmosphere, and the relatively free life of the university, while an

American, who goes into residence at Oxford, is even better fitted to appreciate, in the long run, the attractions of the life which lies before him. Instead of reveling in freedom, like the English freshman, an American is apt to find himself, at first, running against curious and somewhat irksome restrictions. It will amuse and occasionally annoy him, to think that he is forbidden to pass the college gates after they are closed at nine o'clock. If he feels inclined for a stroll by the river in the forenoon, he may object to being told that such amusements are allotted to the latter part of the day, and that the morning is supposed to be devoted to work. But it will soon appear that the worst of these old regulations of university police are thoroughly a dead letter. One is relieved at discovering a slight fine to be the severest penalty for the breach of such as are enforced. The new-comer learns with amazing quickness that, in spite of Latin rules to the contrary, he can parade "The High," capless and gownless, in study hours with perfect impunity; and even after dark, the chances of meeting an alert proctor will scarcely warrant his wearing the academic uniform, if it happens to be undesirable. Such relics of the ancient sumptuary and police system as do demand his obedience, interfere scarcely at all with anything which one could do if they were altered, while they are so recommended by long usage, and so identified with the tone and habits of the place, that it is impossible not to acquiesce in them. Perhaps they even add to the charm of the life which, in their days of more active usefulness, they have done so much to form.

Aside from this one circumstance, in which an Englishman is less likely to feel himself abused than an American, the latter is in much the better position to get from his university life—in distinction from the studies of the curriculum—all of the pleasure which it is capable of affording. His antecedents fit him admirably for doing so. Not that he can hope to escape the first disappointment, which every one must go through who enters upon life at Oxford with grandly preconceived notions of what his experience will be. Nothing, however perfect, can satisfy an elaborate ideal, completely and at once. The Gothic structure which his imagination may have reared out of the somewhat scant materials at its command, will have to be reconstructed on a smaller scale, with some loss of fanciful ornamentation. The details connected with entrance into this strange college life will be harsh, almost, in their

newness to him. But, when this disillusionating process is over, his ideal, so far from being abandoned, will grow again into more vigorous life, based on a better knowledge of actual facts. The beauties of Oxford and of Oxford life are not a myth, and such of them as do not appear at once to a stranger are made more attractive by their coyness. An American never wholly loses his first feeling of strangeness amid these surroundings, and, as it mingles with the familiar attachment which soon grows up, it gives him a power of enjoying the whole situation unknown to the Englishman, for whom there was never anything startlingly new in it. Comparison and contrast with all that has gone before in his experience constantly reveal fresh objects of admiration. But, after all, his greatest source of pleasure and of profit will be in studying the Englishman himself.

Certainly there is an excellent opportunity offered to Americans for gaining an acquaintance with English character and social life, through the medium of their universities. It is rather a matter of surprise that they are not frequented more for this express purpose. The English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, are epitomes of English society. Instead of being local institutions, as are most, if not all, of the seminaries of this country and Germany, they are truly national. Instead of constituting, in themselves, peculiar and distinct features of the social systems in which they exist, they embody and represent society at large in a remarkably complete manner. The men are somewhat older than our students, and after the first school-boyishness has worn off, they discover more maturity. They have a recognized and respected place in general society, and introduce into their life all of its ideas and habits which their circumstances will admit. Their clubs are copies, on a limited scale, of the clubs in London. They even, as undergraduates, exert a perceptible influence, in some matters, on national affairs; while the contempt with which our so-called practical men would regard any serious effort at influencing extra-collegiate opinion, which might emanate from a body of American students, can be easily imagined. The English universities reflect readily, when they do not help to form, public opinion. They are the more intensely English, in that they exert, on the whole, a conservative force upon social and political progress. But not one of the liberalizing movements of the present century—to which English society has itself



yielded—has failed to penetrate to the very shrines of these temples which it has erected to its ideal of culture, or to be welcomed ultimately by their high-priests.

The advantages which such places offer for the study of national character and manners are unquestionable. One may wander indefinitely through the streets and museums and show places of London, and spend months in seeking out the hidden beauties of unfrequented villages and cathedral cities, and, after all, he will not have that valuable insight into life and thought among the English educated classes, which even a brief intimacy with Oxford or Cambridge can give him.

An American is always enough of a *rara avis* at Oxford to be sure of admission into almost any set. Only native gentlemanliness is necessary to insure him a good position. One of the smaller colleges, where the clique divisions are not marked, and can be easily overleaped, and where an intimacy like that of a large family pervades the whole body, from the master down to the latest arrival, is the best for the purpose I have pointed out. The senior men make it a duty, at such colleges, to give new-comers a chance to show what stuff they are made of, often religiously extending the principle to specimens so unattractive that there would seem to be no hope of them. Out of the confusion which this series of experiments creates, especially in the Michaelmas term, when the largest number of freshmen "goes up," there gradually arises an orderly condition of things, where each one has assumed pretty nearly his true position. A school reputation for promise in boating or cricket, or for scholarship, desirable acquaintances among the senior men, or any distinctive mark, like that of coming from abroad, gives a new man a send-off, no doubt. It is not very long since something of the kind was necessary to secure recognition and influence, and perhaps it still is so at Christ Church, Balliol, Exeter, and the colleges which are too large to have been thoroughly leavened by the modern spirit of democracy. But democracy has been working very potently in these undergraduate societies. There has been a vigorous attempt to soften down and remove the sharp lines of the aristocratical cliques, which we read of as forming such marked features of the university systems of only a few years ago. Already some of the colleges boast of their freedom from invidious social distinctions.

There can never be, of course, in any association of middle and upper class Englishmen, even a theoretical adoption of the French ideal of equality and fraternity, or of socialistic principles. Their social revolution has produced no more startling results than a relaxing of the strict demarcation lines of their old caste system, and the introduction of less arbitrary and more democratic rules of selection.

The regulations of the university require every one to keep a certain number of terms, before he can offer himself for each of the "public," or university, examinations. No matter how mature in years or wisdom one may be before he goes to Oxford, he must remain in residence a year, by the university calendar, before he is permitted to pass "Moderations," and devote himself to work in any of the separate courses of study, which they call "Final Schools." There is no such thing as entering at an advanced stage of the course, as one may do at an American college, or taking a degree after less than twelve terms of residence. This being the case, and as the rapidity of a student's progress through these preliminary stages—the tadpole phase of his undergraduate existence—depends largely upon the pressure of circumstances on him, there is no test to correspond with the division into classes at an American college, and serve as a basis for social classification. Sets of men group themselves, accordingly, upon the natural principle of conformity of tastes and habits. The riding men, the boating men, the reading men, are likely to form closer and more lasting intimacies among those of their own way of life, than with others. But the tendency is now to avoid turning these natural associations into exclusive cliques. Men come together, quite irrespectively of them, at after-dinner "wines," and Sunday morning breakfasts out of college, and try to keep up a general interchange of hospitality and good feeling. At almost any college, the freshman—while he may be looking forward with annoyance to the rather childish first examination, in Oxford language known as "Smalls"—has an opportunity of enjoying the best society to which he can establish a right.

The life of English undergraduates differs in so many particulars from that of American students,—negatives the few points of general resemblance by such numerous and striking contrasts,—that little assistance is gained toward an understanding of it, through familiarity with the latter. Oxford

is a federation of independent colleges, and each of these distinct societies, in the exercise of its complete autonomy, has established customs and regulations which are entirely peculiar to itself. Most of these differences are simply curious, and have no especial significance; but there are some which are of radical importance, giving a recognized character to the whole college. Often this character was impressed upon it by the object of its foundation, of which we have instances in the establishment of Jesus College, in 1571, for the benefit of Welshmen, and the recent erection of Keble for the sons of poor clergymen. Usually, however, it is the product of a combination of slight circumstances, which it is rather difficult to trace out. In some cases a college has kept a position, once obtained, for generations; others rise and fall, fluctuating with the tide of fashion. Its individual reputation is sometimes assiduously cultivated, like that for athletic spirit at Brasenose, for aristocratic eminence at Christ Church, for scholarly free-thinking at Balliol, and for good-fellowship and gentlemanliness, at University. Sometimes, on the contrary, it is forced upon a college, and eagerly disowned, when possible, as in the case of the character of Magdalen for poor scholarship and fast living, and the low social repute of Queens and Wadham. In view of these differences, great and small, it is safe to presume of almost any statement which can be made in regard to life or work at Oxford, that there are many exceptions to it. With this warning, by way of preface, we may feel more secure in taking up, with little pretense to method, some of the features of this peculiar life.

To give connectedness to the subject, we will suppose an American, with the object of studying,—not so much books as men and manners,—settled in his new environment at Oxford, and try to gain an idea of what his experience will be. If he is lucky, he has obtained a room in college, but the chances are that he will have to lodge outside for a time. While he is making his way into familiarity with his surroundings, every day will be filled up with occupations, interesting at least from the novelty of their details. The forenoon is nominally given up to reading and attending lectures. The venerable regulations of the university, which make it and the evening "study hours," are only remembered, as I have observed, to be disregarded, by those who are so inclined. But if one cares at

all for the classics, he will enjoy re-reading the *Æneid* or Horace, and furbishing up a Greek play or two in preparation for the first examination. There is enough that is peculiar about the English method in classical work to make it interesting. Greek prose composition, and Latin, as well as Greek, verses, are no longer required in any stage of the course at Oxford; but the facility which is necessary to carry one through an ordinary college entrance examination in Latin composition, will put a fairly representative American graduate to his best paces. Lectures are chosen by each student for himself, under the direction of his tutor, with reference to the books he proposes to read. Many of them are drearily uninteresting. But, with the liberty which is allowed, it will be strange if any man of decided tastes cannot find a dozen thoroughly enjoyable lectures a week to be attended.

If an examination in Greek grammar, arithmetic, and Latin prose has no terrors for him, our inquisitive intruder within these precincts, hallowed by associations with half of England's worthies, may spend his mornings as his disposition prompts. He may revel in the magnificent stores of the Bodleian, or dip into the new books and periodicals which are spread over the tables of the Radcliffe. If it is winter, he may study the mysteries of rackets, or fives, and wish that the English did not have a practical monopoly of those excellent games, or may walk out to Marston for a spin around the running track, or take a canter through English lanes or across country. If it is summer, he will be more taken by the idea of Worcester or New Gardens, with a book and a pipe, a study of the rooks which build in the trees over Addison's walk at Magdalen, or a sculling boat on the deserted river. No one will care to interfere with him, and he will find plenty of countenance and as much companionship as he wants.

But whether the morning has been passed in close application, in lazy trifling, or avowedly in amusement, the afternoon is, at Oxford, by universal consent, given up to exercise and relaxation. There are no lectures; and he is thought a pretty close student who takes the last hour before dinner for his books. Dons, undergraduates and servants are all let loose in search of health and pleasure. In their devotion to the open air, they stop for no severity of weather. If they did, they would be confined to their rooms for

half the year, for the head-quarters of the kingdom which Jupiter Pluvius establishes over England during the winter are undoubtedly at Oxford. The weather is then so uniformly bad that one ceases in practice to notice or care about it.

Even rowing is pluckily kept up through the winter, though the cold sometimes bites sharply. Those who merely seek in it amusement and exercise may take them in some other form on the stormiest days. But the crews in training for the "torpid" races, which occur early in March, and the two "trial eights," from which the "Varsity" is made up, never think of shirking this work. They regularly hurry down to the river through rain and wind and occasionally snow, muffled from ankles up to ears the moment before they get into their boats, in ulsters and comforters. The river does not freeze over, and there is seldom a troublesome quantity of floating ice. The eight men push off, with mufflers and heavy jerseys over their light rowing shirts, drop down a few rods to below the last of the barges, which serve the different colleges as boat-houses, where the superfluous clothing is removed, and then pull away at a sharp pace to the locks at Iffley. Here they turn, getting into their wraps, meanwhile, with a skill which comes of long practice and dire necessity, wait long enough to catch breath, and go up again, nearly at racing speed. This is usually done twice in the afternoon. The training for the great college races of the summer term, carried on, as it is, under the mild skies and frequent suns of April and May, is mere play in comparison with this. Still, in spite of its rigors and the grumbling which is called out by ice-coated oar-handles and frost-painted noses, I believe that Anglo-Saxon enthusiasm carries most men through the "torpid" training with a keen enjoyment. There is certainly a zest in the feeling with which one gives a parting rub to his bare arms before the spurt from Iffley up, with mercury verging upon freezing point, and an ungente wind searching out the weak spots in his system. I remember the curious sensation with which I once brushed off a half inch of snow from my seat, where it had fallen while the boat was waiting for us. But weather cannot be always at its worst, even in Oxford during February. On a bright afternoon, at any time of the year, the scene on the river, and on the broad walk across Christ Church meadow to the barges, is like a carnival. Every college has a distinctive uniform for

each of its crews, and all the colors of the rainbow and combinations unknown to the conventional fashion-makers of Paris are called into requisition by their ingenuity. The constant stream of these gay costumes to and from the river, and the shifting mass of boats in irregular procession on the narrow stream, give life to what is, even without them, a highly attractive picture.

Everybody rows at Oxford, even the dons and the college servants. At times, half the university will seem to be crowded on that stretch of water, a mile long, and five or six rods wide. Yet there is no lack of devotees to every other kind of amusement which this amusement-loving people has invented. In the proper season, cricket attracts half its population away from the river; and then is the time when the latter ceases to be a place for short, sharp exercise, which all one's manliness can only make endurable, and becomes a grand holiday scene for miles in each direction. Boating parties, from which occasionally a sound of feminine voices is heard, make its windings merry with the not too regular splash of oars; pedestrians frequent the towing path; bathers seek out remote bends for a cool plunge; and the inns at Sandford and Abingdon dispense a steady stream of beer to Oxford customers.

Dinner in a college hall is not apt to be a very heavy meal, and yet undergraduates have pretty uniformly adopted the practice of doing nothing for an hour or two after it. When there is no formal wine party, the time till eight o'clock is still sacred to the *genius loci*—a curious genius for a university, which the Italians call "sweet idleness." In winter men gather, over a bottle of port around some friend's fire, in summer on the grass of the quadrangle,—a word, by the way, of which one never hears the last two syllables. From eight till nine is the time when billiard-rooms are crowded, and men of all descriptions take a cue in a haphazard game of pool. Then the college gates are shut, and black-letter rules, weakly enforced by unwilling proctors, require every one to keep his room and spend the remainder of his waking hours in work. No one who lives out of college can go in after this, and those who have rooms inside are forbidden an exit. Those who are caught on the wrong side of the gates are allowed to pass them, of course, but are punished by a fine, with a sliding scale to fit the varying gravity of the offense. By nine, however, Oxford has settled down for

the evening,—to reading, to cards, or to still other forms of amusement. There are seldom evening entertainments, either dramatic or social, in the town, to keep men out. The coffee-room at the "Union" is tolerably well filled, and the other clubs have a few stragglers all through the evening.

This rough outline, which I have sketched, of the occupations of undergraduate Oxonians, represents a life of routine to which there are fewer and less important exceptions than one would be apt to imagine. There are, as I scarcely need say, men who read hard and waste no time in other employments, and others, of an eccentric tendency, who have hobbies which they ride constantly. But individuality of character usually appears only in variations from this common routine, not in exceptions to it. Monotonous in its outlines, this life is redeemed from monotony by variety of detail. Days are filled up with a succession of inconsiderable matters, until the short term of eight weeks is suddenly over, to the surprise of every one. To stop and think amid such employments is impossible. As a result of the understood difficulty in accomplishing any serious work, many men prefer to read in vacation in order to have little to do during the term. The shortness of the academic year, which gives them more than six months away from Oxford, makes this quite feasible. Others, under the shadow of an imminent examination, stay at home, or find some other quiet place for study. But it is a very pleasant life for one who feels at liberty to enjoy it, and not a little good can be got out of it by a barbarian from this country in search of experience.

In its economic and intellectual aspects, Oxford undergraduate life is still more interesting. The English collegian is an independent housekeeper. He has a wine-closet, table-service, and all of the ordinary household utensils, except those for cooking; and the round of entertainments, including wine parties, breakfasts and luncheons, and occasional dinners, which figures so largely in all of the works of fiction where he appears, is fostered by motives of convenience and sometimes even of economy, as well as by the spirit of conviviality. As the first two meals of the day are taken in the students' own rooms, it naturally follows that a habit is formed among friends of eating them together in tolerably regular rotation. In the form that these entertainments take, there is the greatest variety. A few of the colleges

encourage an active competition in display, and then they become elaborate and pretentious, and wines, in particular, are carried to an extreme, ending not unfrequently in a regular debauch. But as an undergraduate's purse is seldom unlimited, where this sort of hospitality prevails it can only be indulged in occasionally. As a rule, entertainments are conducted on an admirably moderate scale. Many of the college societies have very sensible regulations, which it is difficult to evade. At University, for instance, it is rarely that one breakfasts or lunches alone; but, to equalize matters, each man orders for himself what he wants from the college buttery and kitchen, and simply has it served by his friend's "scout" in his room. The host only bears the expense of the wine and the little dainties which the *bons vivants* among his guests will expect to find, but which the college larder does not supply. At the wine parties, which commonly take the form of desserts immediately after "hall," this rule could not be observed, as everything is brought in from out of college, but, except on extraordinary occasions, display is avoided, and there is extreme moderation in drinking. Englishmen are, in general, too familiar with the use of wine to be tempted to frequent excess. I doubt whether there is, throughout the university, more intemperance than at one of our city colleges, though the aggregate amount of drinking is far greater.

But while these entertainments vary widely, they have certain characteristics in common which are readily discernible. They are by far the most important element in the social economy of the university. Though the "scouts," or college servants, are trained to make all the preparations, as only English domestics ever are trained, they involve on the whole a large outlay of money, time and thought. In each college they are governed by, and tend in turn to keep up, its peculiar social tone. It is in them that English undergraduates can be studied collectively to best advantage.

In the talk that goes on around the hospitable board of an Oxford student, personal traits and idiosyncrasies appear very little. This small and intimate society is actually among the strictest, in its repression of all eccentricity, and as it has to use the rough methods which are solely available for such a purpose, in condemning eccentricity and ostentation, it silences individuality also. While everything appears to be informal and unconstrained, and is so to a certain extent,

each man has, consciously or otherwise, donned a conventional garb, which resembles, as nearly as may be, an established model. It is in the make-up of this model that undergraduate character, and, a little more remotely, English character, appear. Strongly marked originality will seem at first very rare at Oxford to an American, a Frenchman or a German. When discovered, it will be only in the disclosures of a quiet *l'ête-à-l'ête*, after overcoming the reluctance of habitual reserve. Within the limitations of such a despotism as this general conversation must be monotonous and can never rise to be intellectual. Decided expressions of feeling or opinion seldom interrupt it. When they do, they are apt to be received with universal disapprobation, and the mistaken venturer may think himself lucky if this does not take its severest form—universal silence.

But the ruling canons of taste forbid the ordinary talk of English undergraduates from becoming even scholarly. Nothing is more absolutely barred than "talking shop," under which head they include all but the most casual allusions to the work which is, ostensibly, the common object of their university residence. There is one curious illustration of the spirit in which displays of scholarship are received among these students. At dinner in hall, a custom, whose origin is lost in proper obscurity, imposes a fine upon any one who is guilty of a quotation from a Greek or Latin author, or from English poetry, or—strange association!—for profaneness or obscenity. This takes the form of a mulct of beer or wine for the benefit of the table, and is always made a great joke. But such humor sometimes has a deeper significance. I do not know whether this custom rules at the "scholars'" tables, but it is my impression that it generally does so.

Subjects of conversation, in any general assemblage of undergraduates may be drawn from current politics or literature, but, if so, they are treated superficially. The chief interest centers in their own constantly recurring athletic contests, in regard to which the minutest details of information are eagerly imparted and received. Other matters relating to their university life are also canvassed again and again. But notice the questions asked: "Whether Star of Trinity or Blank of Oriel is more likely to get a 'First' at the next Examination?" "How many hours a day this friend is reading?" and, "Whether that lecturer is not a bore?"

Deeper than this into the philosophy of university education it is forbidden to go.

These facts are clues to a number of English characteristics, if not to English character. To explain them all by the one word, reserve, would be absurd, though it has much to do with producing this condition of things. Their habit of reserve enables many of these men, whose intellectual life is on an altogether higher plane, to mingle with the multitude without arousing feelings, either of inferiority and dislike, or of inferiority and emulation, and themselves to enjoy such companionship. But this only serves to point to the truth, that the typical young Englishman is not intellectual, not thoughtful—scarcely even serious. He is little inclined to speculate upon the past or the future and, in dealing with questions of the hour, is more anxious to get them disposed of than to have his solution perfect. He has not read much, when he goes up from school, outside of his classics; and, at the university, it is a question between laying in more classics, and taking a course in history or law, to which he is quite satisfied to restrict his efforts. At the end, he knows enough about his specialty to get a "pass," or perhaps squeeze in for a "third," and has still read nothing else. He has none of that mass of undigested facts and crude opinions, which is the ordinary product of our system of education in a genuine American, and, which, though scarcely to be stated as the proper object of education, is a better product, for our purposes, than the English.

For out-of-door exercise, the representative young Englishman is possessed by a passion, which follows him through life, until he grows too stiff, in turn, to chase a foot-ball, to wield a cricket-bat or throw the weight of his broad back on an oar, and finally to sit on horseback or handle a gun. He is fond of animals and keeps a dog; and is too apt to judge of one's regard for himself by the treatment accorded to this canine supporter. He is manly, full of animal spirits, modest, good-natured, and accessible—to those whom he likes. He is not intensely religious, though he may be reading divinity, but is a firm adherent of the established church, and intolerant of free-thinking to the last degree. His morality is formed upon his ideas of gentlemanliness. He is mature, as I have remarked,—because he is not ambitious enough to aim at knowing everything and being everything at once, like an American, or at doing



something new and great, like a German; so that he is able to get rid of crudity very soon after coming under the influences of the university, and to settle down into the character which he is to carry, with no violent changes, through his life.

It is no new discovery that these are some of the most common features of English character, as developed by the universities. But studying character in a series of personal experiences is a quite different thing from getting it out of books, although the conclusions reached may be the same, or may, even, be less broad and true than those attainable through a comparison of others' experiences. It is certain, however, that, before long, a genuine American—ambitious, energetic, speculative—will grow restless under such artificial restrictions, and begin to seek for some more congenial society. Even within his college he can hardly fail to find it. His relations with the instructors will be pleasant. He will find himself meeting them, now and then, on almost intimate terms. And there are, of course, undergraduates in every college, who, while they are marked by all that is admirable in the English type of character, have nothing commonplace about them. The individual worth of such men is enhanced by their modesty. Those who have read and thought to real advantage are no more rare among Oxford students, than they are at Yale or Heidelberg. The difference is that there is no temptation to parade, and less inclination to it than among young Germans and Americans. It is my conclusion that the thoughtless, unintellectual tone of English undergraduate society, is rightly attributed by Englishmen, whose pride resents any further explanation, to the unwillingness of those who have valuable mental stores to hawk them for the general benefit. But beneath this fact there is another—at once its cause, and the true key to the whole situation—which I should state thus: when one descends from the small circle of those who have read much and thought carefully, he falls in with scarcely any who have read some things, and got some good out of them, but comes at once upon an army of Philistines, who have read nothing but a few text-books, and thought as little as they could.

One who makes his way into Oxford undergraduate society for the purpose of getting an inside view of England and the English, must ordinarily be too mature to suffer from influences which it might be unwise to throw

around him at an earlier point of development. So far from being injuriously affected by the enervating tendency of Oxford life, he will find it the thing best worth studying,—the very thing which makes his object attainable. An independent character, once thoroughly developed, may be even led to a truer knowledge of itself, to a better-directed energy, by contact with antagonistic principles. There appears no reason at all why an American education should not be supplemented by such a residence at an English university.

But I doubt whether a course of study under these social influences is, in many cases, a desirable *substitute* for that at an American college, at the age at which our young men usually leave school. It is true that the advantages for study are in one sense great, and the assistance which is offered would be very useful, if the most were made of it. But it is not probable that an American, at that age, will do far otherwise than those around him. He is surrounded by an atmosphere—beautiful, lazy, careless. No active incentives are brought to bear on him; but—by example, certainly, and indirectly by precept—a powerful influence toward mental inertness. He may resist this; and then he will probably come away a scholarly *dilettante*, with a disqualification for any rougher work or less civilized life than is within the limited ken of the conventional English man of culture. I do not say that he may not escape this, also. I must avoid overdrawing the strength of the deleterious influence which I should fear for an immature American. My idea is that, while there is less room for dilettanteism in our uncompromising, ungloved civilization, than in the English, an American at Oxford is, on general principles, more likely than an Englishman to be drawn irresistibly into the current which sweeps toward this gulf. In building up their social and educational systems together, the English have adapted the latter to the former with the most perfect economy. It satisfies their own wants. The exact wants of other people have not entered into their calculations.

There are some other considerations suggested by the proposal, which we now hear not infrequently, to substitute an English for an American university course, which intimately concern the future of our own system of higher education. If a preference of the English course is justifiable, it will practically settle the question of the availability of their model as a guide for our efforts

in the development of our own universities, which is one of the grave problems for this generation of Americans to decide. It will be a not unfit conclusion to my effort to sketch, in one of its important aspects, the most prominent representative of English ideas of education, if I enter a little into the merits of this question. And as the German university scheme is the competitive model for our adoption, our examination of parallelisms and divergencies in our own and the English systems will be more instructive, if it is also included.

The present differences between these three educational systems can be best arrived at through a statement of their objects. We, in this country, in preparing work for our students, spread our efforts very widely, scarcely failing to run our plow-share into at least a corner of every field within the known and habitable territory of knowledge. Our aim, as it is intelligently understood by those who have studied it, is *instruction or information*. All that our colleges have—until recently—attempted, has been to lay a broad foundation for life-work and self-education. The fault of our scheme has been superficiality and incompleteness; its merit, breadth and suggestiveness.

The Germans pursue very much the same course at their gymnasia, which are the real rivals of our colleges and of the "academical departments" in our universities. But once at the university, they change their method, drop all but one subject, and carry proficiency in that to a degree which excites our envy. Their object in the university course is not information, in the sense in which I have used it, or education, in any sense; but *training*. Their universities are able to turn out highly trained specialists, because the gymnasia have sent them educated and widely informed men. This is intelligent specialization, and the whole system administers a reproof at once to those who decry, and to those who ignorantly grasp at, its fruits.

The English, in their universities, now specialize also, but not so strictly and not from the beginning of the curriculum. Their "Final Schools" are broader than a German's special course, and do not commonly exclude one another. Traversing, as they do, a more extended space, they are not able to reduce it to possession so completely, and are not trained for dealing independently with their specialties at once. The cure of souls appears indeed to be taught sufficiently in the "Divinity School"

—or course—at the English universities, for young curates step directly from the hall where they take their bachelor's degree into parish work. But in no other profession is this true. The bachelor of medicine goes into a London hospital, or to Paris or Vienna, before he opens an office; the bachelor of law, into the chambers of a practicing attorney. The student of science attends lectures in London, or goes to the Continent. Perhaps pure mathematics, at Cambridge, should be excepted from this statement, but I know of nothing else. On the other hand, the English public schools are not German gymnasia, but almost confine themselves to a classical course, as a result of which we have seen that a graduate of Oxford may be, and often is, actually ignorant of many subjects which come equally within the scope of the German system of education and our own. The object of the English who support the two old universities, has been frequently alluded to in the preceding pages. It is *culture*,—a word which, in conventional English usage, has had a peculiar meaning, not referring so much to symmetrical development, and a broad intellectual horizon, as to a combination of the tastes and manners of good society, with a pretty talent for Greek verses. This is what their universities have been. Just now there is a rubbing of eyes, and stretching forth of tentative limbs, among the powers that be, which betoken an awakening to new life. It must be said for them that they have abolished recently a large number of venerable abuses, and that they have pursued their ideal of culture very successfully.

Such is an outline of the differences which these three systems present. Which of them is the better, and which will prevail; or if we admit that our own is unsatisfactory, to which of the others shall we look for suggestions? A slight review of history will show us that the German is at least leading in the direct course which events and changes have been taking, and are likely to take. The evolution of a scheme of education is, in its general contour, one of the simplest processes to be traced out in the history of modern civilized peoples. We can follow it from the time of scholastic logic and would-be philosophy—the dark ages—through the awakening period, which we are just leaving behind us, with its eagerness after universal knowledge, on to the future, when universal knowledge will

have become too vast to be attempted by one man, and the most that can be done will be to raise a superstructure of special attainments, on a basis of general information. How thoroughly the Germans are at the head of this movement need not be further emphasized. The narrowness which has been made a reproach against their education, is imaginary, in the first place, as any one could find out by examining the system which they have as subsidiary to their universities; and, so far as it is borne out by a few remarkable instances, is justified by the irresistible logic of necessity.

But while we see them ahead of us in the true path, it is possible that they are also ahead of the time, advancing at too great speed. The English have been following them with faltering steps, and have now arrived at a condition which admits of no excuse, except on the ground of its being transitional. For us it is full of instruction, chiefly by the way of warning. Whether or not the Germans are ahead of the time, it is certain that the English, in Oxford and Cambridge, are not anxious to overtake them speedily. The German extreme is rather shocking to their conservation. England has her great specialists whom she honors, fêtes; with whose names she fills biographical dictionaries. But their influence on society and public opinion is slight in comparison with that of the corresponding class in Germany. While a peculiar conception of culture remains the educational ideal of the west end of London, Oxford and Cambridge will not get much in advance of it, or move on a consistent plan of improvement. Whatever rebellion there is against their conservatism will find vent probably in the University of London, and other institutions which are less influenced by the prevailing social tone. The course of university reform in England will be that which they have taken in parliamentary and law reform. Foreign theories will be ignored, and not much more value attached to foreign experiments. Changes will be made slowly, and in accordance with no coherent scheme. The English have a marvelous faculty for putting up with partial reforms, and living under a system of things which bristles with theoretical contradictions.

But the question of what ought to be and will be done, is much more interesting as applied to ourselves, and not so simple. We have no settled intellectual habits, as a people, from which to argue. Still, it is

possible to discover some things which we do not yet feel the need of, and which our educational institutions will not be largely called on to supply at once; and one of these is special scientific and professional training, so long-continued and strict as to involve a sacrifice of everything else. Extreme enthusiasm for specialization in study has never pervaded this country, any more than it has England, though for different reasons. Indeed, I fancy that instead of appearing to thoughtful Americans as an intoxicating dream, to be courted with German eagerness, it has taken the shape of a nightmare, whose remotest threatenings they have regarded with dread. We are not well enough educated as a nation to afford to specialize. What our educators must aim at, for many years to come, is a diffusion of information of a higher grade than that which is furnished by our boasted public schools,—a spread of that truer culture than the English, which means a broadened and receptive mind, a capacity for independent thought on new and grave subjects, a desire to know and use "the best that has been thought and said in the world,"—a culture which fits men to maintain a democratic form of government by teaching them self-government.

It is clear, then, that the prevailing tendency in our leading educational institutions, to disregard entirely the ideal of which Oxford is a representative, is based on our actual needs, and is to be encouraged, in spite of the protests of a few admirers of everything English. But it is no less clear that this tendency needs to be carefully regulated. In our admiration for the achievements of the Germans in education, we may make the mistake of emulating them too zealously. There has been no lack of apprehension of the fact that their university system is built on their school system, and that before we can have the one we must have the other. For accomplishing this double end two methods have been proposed. The earlier involved raising our preparatory seminaries into gymnasias, as the first step toward making our colleges universities. Of late, however, impatience has led to the attempt, in some instances, to make both university and gymnasium out of an "academical department," with a four years' course, by introducing optional studies, not unlike the English, and building up distinct professional and scientific schools around this. Such a scheme looks rather hopeless to one who

has not implicit faith in American creative genius. If we grasp so inconsiderately at German success, we may find ourselves stranded on the very English error which we wish to avoid still, as we have done.

But there is still a third plan of action, more promising than either of the others, which has been recently inaugurated at Yale, in the establishment of graduate courses of study. If we admit the somewhat distasteful fact that in our old colleges and academical departments we have gymnasia already, and nothing more, the adoption of this plan would seem to follow on the simplest economic principles. I believe that this is the destiny of the American system of education. But if it is, our future gymnasia—the present “academical departments” of our so-called universities—should not, in the meantime, be changed in any radical way. Optional studies ought to be introduced in them sparingly, if at all,

and in such a manner as only to better the good work which they have done in the past,—a work which is now what we need more than anything else. Scientific and professional schools should be made not auxiliary, but supplemental to the central academy, and then they, with what we now call graduate courses, would be our universities, as soon as funds could be obtained to endow more professorships, and students induced to lengthen out a four years' course to seven. It may be asked why, in pursuing this plan, it would be undesirable to yield, temporarily, to the not very intelligent popular clamor for immediate change, in the direction of specialization. To this the English experience is a sufficient answer. Such a change in our situation would be an obstacle to complete development—another illustration of the manner in which, as Spencer has so clearly pointed out, structure, too hastily arrived at, may impede progress.

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THROUGH THE TREES.

If I had known whose face I'd see  
Above the hedge, beside the rose;  
If I had known whose voice I'd hear  
Make music where the wind-flower  
blows,—  
I had not come; I had not come.

If I had known his deep “I love”  
Could make her face so fair to see;  
If I had known her shy “And I”  
Could make him stoop so tenderly,—  
I had not come; I had not come.

But what knew I? The summer breeze  
Stopped not to cry “Beware! beware!”  
The vine-wreaths drooping from the trees  
Caught not my sleeve with soft “Take  
care!”  
And so I came, and so I came.

The roses that his hands have plucked  
Are sweet to me, are death to me;  
Between them, as through living flames  
I pass, I clutch them, crush them,  
see!  
The bloom for her, the thorn for me.

The brooks leap up with many a song—  
I once could sing, like them could  
sing;  
They fall; 'tis like a sigh among  
A world of joy and blossoming.—  
Why did I come? Why did I come?

The blue sky burns like altar fires—  
How sweet her eyes beneath her hair!  
The green earth lights its fragrant pyres;  
The wild birds rise and flush the air;  
God looks and smiles, earth is so fair.

But ah! 'twixt me and yon bright heaven  
Two bended heads pass darkling by;  
And loud above the bird and brook  
I hear a low “I love,” “And I”—  
And hide my face. Ah God! Why? Why?

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## ARE NARROW-GAUGE ROADS ECONOMICAL?

THE desirability of cheapening transportation is admitted by farmers and statesmen, merchants, manufacturers, and capitalists, and every additional contribution of fact and experience bearing upon the subject is read with a daily increasing interest.

Much may be said in favor of the narrow-gauge system under circumstances of isolation, where competition of the more firmly established system cannot be felt, and where capital cannot be obtained except for the smallest outlay. Under all other circumstances it can be shown that, in the present day and in this country, it is injudicious to invest money in any other than the standard-gauge roads. It can also be shown that the difference in cost of construction, equipment, operation, and transportation of the two systems has been greatly overestimated.

An exhaustive essay will not be attempted, nor will the reader be wearied with general statistics, which, in any case, are very unsatisfactory, unless all the conditions of the roads referred to are fully understood. The cost of different railways of the same gauge, either in construction or in operation, cannot be compared with each other without considering a variety of local circumstances. Hence, an array of figures showing the cost of construction and operation of railways in India, Great Britain and America, prove but very little in regard to any particular road upon which estimates may be required.

Tabulated statements as to the performance of locomotives, showing the mileage of loaded and empty cars; number of passengers carried one mile; the consumption of fuel, oil, tallow, and waste per mile run, are valuable to the officers of any particular road, showing, from year to year, what class of locomotives do the most work, and what men operate them most economically, but they prove very little in regard to any other road. This is owing to the fact that the grades and curves and the nature of the business are peculiar in each case. To do a light business it will cost, proportionately, very much more in the way of repairs, general and other expenses alluded to, than to do a heavy business. Hence, if one road is to be compared with another, the tonnage is a very important item. On some roads, the business is almost all in one direction, resulting in a heavy mileage for empty cars, which is

almost as expensive as to haul loaded cars. These points are mentioned to show that the conclusions drawn from statistics are to be taken, in any case, with great caution.

It will be my object to exhibit many details, drawn from personal experience in the operation of both classes of roads, from which the reader may make his own deductions.

## CONSTRUCTION.

No good reason can be given why the excavations and embankments of the two gauges should differ more than two feet in width for the track, while the ditches should evidently be of the same width.

In the following remarks, the terms "narrow-gauge" will refer to a gauge of three feet, and "standard-gauge" to one of four feet eight and one-half inches. Assuming an embankment two feet high, with slopes of one and a half to one, we have, for a narrow-gauge road ten feet wide, two and eighty-nine-one-hundredths cubic yards of earth-work, and for the standard-gauge twelve feet wide, three and thirty-three-one-hundredths cubic yards of earth-work, per lineal yard of embankment,—a difference in favor of the narrow-gauge of thirteen and two-tenths per cent.

With the same conditions, the quantities for a four-foot embankment are as seven and eleven-one-hundredths to eight—a difference of eleven per cent.; for a six-foot embankment, twelve and seventy-four-one-hundredths to fourteen, a difference of nine per cent.; for a twelve-foot embankment, thirty-nine and thirty-three-three-hundredths to forty, a saving of six and sixty-seven-one-hundredths per cent.; for a sixteen-foot embankment, as sixty and forty-four-one-hundredths to sixty-four, a saving of five and fifty-six-one-hundredths per cent.; for an eighteen-foot embankment, as seventy-four to seventy-eight, a saving of five and thirteen-one-hundredths per cent. Thus in the lowest embankment the saving is slight, and as the embankments increase in height the saving is still less.

Pile-bridge work constitutes, on most of our western roads, a very important item of expense, since we sometimes have as many as five hundred bridges in one hundred and fifty miles of road. The piles, guard-plank and labor cost just the same on the



narrow as on the standard gauges. The iron in such bridges consists mainly in spikes, and drift bolts, which should not be much, if any, lighter.

On the narrow-gauge bridges, ties five inches by six inches by six feet are used; caps, ten by thirteen by ten; stringers, six by twelve by sixteen; while on the standard-gauge the ties are six by eight by eight; the stringers eight by sixteen by sixteen, and the caps twelve by twelve by twelve, making a difference of about thirty-two feet, board measure, per lineal foot of bridging. This saving will not amount to more than fifteen per cent. of the cost of the bridge. The rails used in the track may be one-third lighter. A narrow-gauge track-tie measures six by eight by six feet; while a standard-gauge tie measures six by eight by eight feet. There is a saving of twenty-five per cent. in the material, but the saving in the cost of the tie is only about twenty-one per cent.; because the labor of making the one is about the same as that expended on the other.

It is obvious that the cost of erection of station-houses, section-houses, tool and store houses, will be the same under each system. Turn-tables and water-tanks can cost but very little less on the narrow-gauge road, because the labor—a very large proportion of the expense—will be nearly equal in both cases, while the material can be but very little less on the narrow-gauge road. In the erection of shops very little can be saved, unless it be about two feet in the height of the walls. An examination of these details will show that forty per cent. is an exaggeration of the difference in cost, since the principal items of expense differ but little.

#### EQUIPMENT.

A NARROW-GAUGE coach will seat about forty, while a standard-gauge coach will accommodate, about sixty passengers. It will therefore require three narrow-gauge coaches to transport the same number of passengers that will be carried in two standard-gauge coaches. The labor involved in the construction of a narrow-gauge coach is very nearly the same as that required to construct a standard-gauge coach, although the quantity of materials required will be less. I need not make a detailed statement of the cost of building these cars or coaches, since it will be obvious that three narrow-gauge coaches will cost as much as two standard-gauge coaches.

The load for a narrow-gauge freight-car

is eight tons; for a standard-gauge freight-car, twelve tons; it will, therefore, require three of the former to do the work of two of the latter. The same reasoning will apply in the case of freight cars, which has been used in relation to coaches.

A narrow-gauge box-car weighs about eleven thousand pounds, while a standard-gauge box-car weighs about twenty thousand pounds; hence, in the transportation of three car-loads of freight over the narrow-gauge road, we will have about thirty-three thousand pounds dead weight, while in the transportation of two standard-gauge cars, there will be forty thousand pounds of dead weight; hence, the saving in dead weight appears to be about one-sixth of the weight of the box-car.

Very little is saved in the equipment of a narrow-gauge road with locomotive power, for a small engine will not do so much work in proportion to its cost as a large engine, and a million tons of freight can be hauled over any road with less cost for motive power with the large engine of a standard-gauge road than with the small engine of a narrow-gauge road.

#### OPERATION.

IN the operation of a railway, we find many expenses the same in both systems. The general offices must be maintained, telegraph operators, heads of departments, foremen in all branches of the work, mechanics, laborers, station agents, and trainmen must be retained in equal or greater numbers at the best wages, or they will go to other roads. At equal wages, it is difficult to retain the best class of men, because there is more or less feeling of insecurity,—unfounded, it is true,—which continually leads them to desert the narrow-gauge service. It is necessary to keep a foreman and several laborers on each section of the road, whose duties are the same, under similar conditions of road. It will cost the same on each to maintain this important and expensive force of men, as they have to run a hand-car, inspect track, bridges, culverts, crossings, fences, cattle-guards, etc., and perform the same labor of track lining and surfacing; and it will cost just as much to keep the right of way clear of grass and weeds, to maintain fences, to widen embankments, clear out ditches, tighten bolts, drive spikes, and clear driftwood from streams where bridges are in danger, to pump water for engines, and all the other duties which fall to this class of men.

One very important item of expense is the repair of bridges. In the renewal of material there will be a slight saving, but the repairs of buildings along the line of the road will cost the same.

Any one familiar with the pay-rolls of a railway, will appreciate the fact that an immense expense is incurred for labor in the repair and renewal of the track, bridges, and buildings, which, under the two systems, will be nearly, if not quite the same.

The labor involved in the repairs of rolling stock will be even greater on the narrow-gauge road, because it will require the same amount of labor to repair a narrow-gauge car as to repair a standard-gauge car; although, in the materials used, there will be some saving on the former. Add to this the fact that, in order to transport twenty-four tons of freight on the narrow-gauge, we must repair three cars, while to transport the same number of tons on a standard-gauge road, we have to repair but two cars, and it will be easy to see that, notwithstanding the saving in material, the cost of repairs on rolling stock, to transport an equal amount of freight, will be greater on the narrow-gauge than on the standard-gauge road. In order to haul the same amount of freight, the train expense will be much heavier; engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen, must be employed in greater numbers,—since trains are lighter,—and they must be equally skillful and have the same wages, and since the number of engines and cars must be about one-third greater in number to haul the same amount of freight on a narrow-gauge road, it is obvious that the very important items of oil, tallow, waste, and fuel, will cost much more on the narrow-gauge road.

It may be asserted that more engines will be required to haul a million tons of freight on a narrow-gauge road than on a standard-gauge road; moreover, the lighter engines do not execute their work so satisfactorily, as they get out of order more frequently,—because the flues are so much smaller, requiring frequent washing, which is not so effectual in preventing the accumulation of scale and mud.

Another great item of expense is due to the delay of trains and wrecks. Such incidents and casualties are more costly on a narrow-gauge road, because, for a given amount of freight, more trains are required, and more men and rolling stock are involved.

Whenever freight is transported for de-

livery to foreign roads, three narrow-gauge cars must be used in order to load two cars of the standard-gauge. A delay of, at least, one day will occur, in addition to the cost of transfer, which, if wagons have to be used, will be from three to six cents per hundred, or from five to nine dollars per car. It is often inconvenient for the shipper to load three cars at once, for the narrow-gauge road to furnish them, and for the foreign road to furnish the two cars, of the same class, at the requisite moment. When freight is received from foreign roads, the same difficulties occur. Moreover, foreign roads cannot be required to furnish freight in two-car lots; hence, the narrow-gauge road must either send a car partly loaded, or impose a rate destructive of its business, or else reduce its tariff. In the active competition for business which prevails at the present day, any one who has charge of a narrow-gauge road will readily admit that the gauge is of great disadvantage, for the reasons just stated, and because of the unwillingness of shippers to have their freight transferred by strangers, while in transit.

No assurances that damages will be paid if property is lost or injured will suffice to do away with this prejudice.

The writer has one case in mind where, if the gauges of the connecting roads were alike, he might secure from a short cross-road at least five hundred car-loads of flour, which is now transported about twenty miles beyond the junction, in order that it may proceed to its eastern destination without breaking bulk; for he could save this shipper twenty miles of hauling, and would gladly pay all charges for transfer, both at the point where the narrow-gauge road would receive the freight and at the terminus of the narrow-gauge road. It is asserted that freight of this description is more or less damaged, and rendered, in some degree, less marketable every time it is unloaded, though the injury may be so slight, in the case of each barrel, as not to justify a claim for damages. At all points on the road where a standard-gauge approaches it within wagon-haul, a narrow-gauge road will be placed at a disadvantage. Shippers are continually hauling to the standard-gauge road, in order to avoid subsequent transfer, and an extraordinary effort has to be made to hold business naturally tributary to a narrow-gauge road.

Freight, which is destined to terminal stations, where special track connections can not conveniently be made with all the

foreign roads, is subjected to transfer charges and to delays which place the narrow-gauge road at a disadvantage, so serious as to seriously reduce its revenue. In other words, all other conditions being equal, the very fact that bulk must be broken disqualifies the narrow-gauge road from doing business with foreign roads, except at cut rates, which competing roads will not permit for any great length of time. It may be affirmed, therefore, that the very fact of the gauge being below the standard places such a road in a position which prevents it from successfully competing for business. It must, therefore, be content with strictly local business and with the low rates which prevail elsewhere, for patrons of the road are dissatisfied with higher local rates than are made in other parts of the country. *This loss of business, in the course of a very few years, will more than balance the saving in cost of construction.*

We are, therefore, justified in the conclusion that an investment of capital in a narrow-gauge road is unjustifiable, unless the road be so located that it can never suffer from competition.

It has been suggested that the government construct a narrow-gauge road from the Missouri River to the Atlantic sea-board.

Aside from the constitutional question involved in this plan, the foregoing practical considerations alone condemn it. Besides, there are already more railways than are required by the business of the country.

It is very doubtful if the proposed narrow-gauge road would be built and operated for much less money, under any circumstances, and, since all appointments by the government will probably be based upon political considerations rather than fitness, it cannot be expected that a road operated by the government would, under any circumstances, be economically managed. Nor is it possible for any road to maintain a uniform rule as to rates and speed since all of these conditions are more or less affected by competition.

No shipper can afford to run trains of his own, as has been suggested in a recent article, since he could not expect to load the cars in both directions, nor would any railroad manager tolerate upon his line trains which are not completely under his control, for there would be endless complications growing out of such a system. When wrecks occur it would be difficult to determine who was responsible, because, in many cases, it is impossible to ascertain

the cause of a wreck. A train will occasionally go through a bridge, and it cannot be ascertained whether the disaster is due to a defect in the rolling stock or to weakness of the structure.

In regard to the relative claims of the two classes of roads, there is a tendency to exaggerate the cost of standard-gauge roads, their equipment and operation; and, at the same time, to depreciate the cost of construction, equipment, and operation of narrow-gauge roads.

For instance, it has been said, in relation to the equipment of a standard-gauge road, that the weight of a car is twenty thousand pounds, its capacity twenty thousand, and its cost \$735; whereas the fact is that the capacity of such a car is at least twenty-four thousand pounds, while its cost need not be more than \$400.

At the same time, the weight of a platform car of the narrow-gauge road is given at six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, with a capacity of nineteen thousand. These cars weigh nearer nine thousand pounds, and they should be rated at sixteen thousand pounds load.

A writer in a recent number of the "Railway Gazette" has affirmed—First: That a narrow-gauge can be built and successfully operated, where a broad-gauge cannot. Second: That it can be built from one-half to two-thirds of the cost of the standard-gauge; and—Third: That it has equal capacity with the broad-gauge, at about two-thirds of the cost of operation. In regard to the first assertion, I will only say that, if such a place can be found, there and there only is the proper location for a narrow-gauge road; but, in view of the tasks accomplished in South America and elsewhere, it will be difficult to discover a region where this remark will apply. I deny that, under similar conditions, a narrow-gauge can be built for one-half or two-thirds of the cost of a standard-gauge.

This has been shown, I think, in the preceding pages, and I am ready to furnish further and complete evidence in support of my position, should occasion offer. Moreover, with the same cost of operation, a narrow-gauge road can never transport a greater quantity of freight; or, in other words, it will cost as much to transport a million tons of freight on a narrow-gauge as on a standard-gauge road; and if in the neighborhood of the latter, the freight cannot easily be obtained at equal rates by the standard-gauge road.

Let any man who is seeking for investment of capital in railway construction, consult those who have operated both classes of roads, and he will be advised, almost invariably, that he will save very little in cost of construction, equipment, and operation, and that he will lose business from competition, if he adopts the narrow-gauge. My

experience in the management of both classes of roads does not, therefore, lead me to conclude that the multiplication of narrow-gauge roads will cheapen transportation until the standard-gauge roads are suppressed, and even then the saving will be very much less than is usually claimed.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Prudential Element.

WE have received a very candid and, in some respects, a very impressive letter, criticising Professor Sumner's recent article on "Socialism," published in this Magazine. We make space for a paragraph.

"He (Professor Sumner) is evidently more a student of political economy than of moral economy; for he seems to believe in those economic laws which offer their rewards to the sharp, rather than the moral man. The present economic laws are based upon free competition. Here the intellectual, subtle man has greatly the advantage. Right is determined by might in this as much as in the savage state, only here it is intellectual rather than physical might which controls."

The writer goes on to say that this kind of civilization is "only a step out of the merely natural brutal instincts," that men are mostly made and their lives directed by circumstances, and then he gives the familiar proposition that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires."

No account is taken in what we have quoted, and no account is taken in the letter, of the prudential element in human life and human society. This is the more remarkable because our correspondent assumes the rôle of morality with which that element is indissolubly associated. It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind that is apt to remain. *It takes a certain amount of virtue, of self-denial, of morality, to lay up and to keep money.* In the lives of nearly all rich men there have been periods of heroic self-denial, of patient industry, of Christian prudence. Circumstances did not make these men rich. The highest moral prudence made them rich. While their companions were dancing away their youth, or drinking away their middle age, these men were devoted to small economies—putting self-indulgence entirely aside.

If our correspondent or our readers will recall their companions, we think the first fact they will

be impressed with is the measure of equality with which they started in the race for competence or wealth. The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquisition into the causes of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in those results. Circumstances? Why the rich man's son who had all the "circumstances" of the town, has become a beggar. The poor, quiet lad, the only son of his mother,—and she a widow, who could only earn money enough to procure for her boy the commonest education,—is a man of wealth and has become a patron of his native village. The man who possesses and practices virtue, makes his own circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge, provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production, or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.

We are sorry that our correspondent, who seems intelligent in some things, should betray the ignorance or lack of reflection that appears in his proposition relating to the English paupers and millionaires. Nothing could be more grossly and abominably untrue than the statement that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires." There is not between the poverty of one class and the wealth of the other the slightest relation of effect to cause. If the poor people of England had taken for the last few centuries the gold that wealth has paid to them for work in honest wages, and used it only in legitimate expenses, if they had not debauched themselves with drink, spending not only their money but their life and their power to work upon a consuming appetite, the pauper class would be too insignificant to talk about. It is not "circumstances" that reduces the British workman to pauperism; it is beer, or gin. The waste that goes on in England, through the consumption of alcoholic drinks, is the cause of its pauperism.

The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless

poverty; but usually pauperism comes through a lack of the prudential virtues. It is not always that a pauper wastes his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth?

Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not in any way to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.

#### Literary Materials and Tools.

WHEN Bulwer was in the enjoyment of his young popularity as a novel-writer, before Dickens had been heard of on this side of the Atlantic, he issued his "Ernest Maltravers." The memory of that book has lingered with us during these forty years as a glaring instance of an appeal, by a powerful popular author, to the coarser and more destructive passions of men and women. He pictured his lovers, brought them into association, and so gave direction to the reader's imagination that itself, without his words, pictured the fact and scene of a seduction. It was the theme of excited common talk among the young men of the time, to whom it became a delicious and powerful poison. We do not know whether he ever repented of his terrible sin, but we know that he did incalculable harm by it. We do not know whether it stands in his later editions just as it appeared in the first; but there are many elderly men into whose memory a certain page of that book, with convenient rows of asterisks, is fairly burned.

The question naturally arises whether sins against social purity are legitimate literary material. A critic of "Roxy," in one of the newspapers, objects to the book on account of the relations between Mark Bonamy and Nance Kirtley. The condemnation is quite sweeping, and the only inference we can make is, that sins of impurity are not legitimate literary material—in the critic's opinion. Why? we ask. What is there in human life that is not legitimate material? Why should the novelist have the free handling of murder, of suicide, of theft and robbery, of slander, and a thousand cruelties that need not be named, and be forbidden to touch the abuse that is associated with the strong-

est and holiest affections and passions of human nature? If love has dangers, is it wrong to point them out? Is virtue very much nourished nowadays in an atmosphere of ignorance? Is there any such thing as an atmosphere of ignorance in these days?

We can get at a fair conclusion upon this matter by comparing the effect of these two books upon the mind. We have noted the effect of Bulwer's book. It was the intention of the writer, without question, to excite the prurient imaginations of his readers, and not to place the deed in its proper relations to the peace and well-being of the parties and of society. If any one can rise from the perusal of "Roxy" without realizing that Mark Bonamy went through a terrific degradation, and that a coarse pleasure was purchased by him at a price too terrible to invite imitation, he must be very singularly constituted. One book leaves, or is calculated to leave, the reader in love with vice; the other leaves or is calculated to leave him horrified by it, and disgusted with it.

We might quote the freedom with which the Bible—a book intended for universal use—employs material of this sort; but as we do not intend to appeal to the Bible moralities to make good our position, we simply allude to the matter and drop it. We maintain that all which illustrates human nature and human history is legitimate literary material, the writer being simply bound—not as a moralist, but as a literary man—to represent everything in its proper relation to the scheme of things which he finds established, as it concerns the happiness and well-being of the individual and society. When a novelist represents vice as a thing that in any way "pays," he lies, and is therefore untrue to his art. When he so represents the sin of social impurity that it shall appear more attractive than repulsive, more delightful than blameworthy,—when he represents it shorn of its natural consequences—half harmless to the guilty ones, and quite venial in the eye of society, he betrays his untruth to literary art, and reduces and vulgarizes the standard of his own work. This may be said, or pleaded in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*: that it does not become an editor who spreads before families of readers the details of a hundred adulteries and seductions and other crimes against social purity every year, accompanied with the usual amount of reportorial and judicial jesting, to take to task a conscientious novelist who treats the crime he depicts as God and nature dictate.

There is another point about which there are contraries of opinion. It makes no difference whether a novel-writer be clerical or lay, Christian or un-Christian, he feels deprived of the use of his legitimate tools in the prohibition placed upon profanity. Some writers will not accept the law, because only by the use of what is called profanity can they properly represent the characters and situations in hand. We are not alluding to the disgusting "blanks" of Colonel Starbottle, or to any of the writers whose low tastes lead them to prefer profanity to decency, and who sympathize



with it to the very tips of their tongues. We venture to suggest that Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Eggleston and George MacDonald feel the denial of the use of profane language in their novels as a real harm to their art. Men must speak their vernacular or they cannot speak naturally, and to put "dang it" into a man's mouth when he said something else, or "the deuce" when he said "the devil," is to dodge and palter, for the purpose of not giving offense.

Still we think a man is quite at liberty to choose here. There is nothing vital about this matter of tools. The vitalities attach to materials. It is doubtless better that the novelist bow as far as he can to the popular prejudice against the use of profane language in literary art. In New England there is great popular reverence for the devil, which we do not at all share; so it is probably best to present him always in a disemboweled form, preserving only the initial and final consonants. We are to remember that there is a considerable portion of every community which believes that all besides themselves are children, and are to be treated as such—by all sorts of publications except the daily newspapers. These seem to be quite at liberty to choose whatever material comes to their hands,—the worse the better.

#### Social Needs and Social Leading.

THE social potentialities of the average American village are quite beyond any man's calculation. It would be difficult to find any village in the country which has not the materials and the forces of the best civilization and culture. If these forces and these materials were not under restraint,—if they were only free to follow their natural impulses and courses, there would be universal progress. The fact, however, is, that almost universally the agencies concerned in raising the social life of a community are, for various reasons, held in check, or altogether repressed.

Let us try to paint a typical village. It shall consist, say, of a thousand people, more or less. The village has its two or three little churches, and these have their pastors—men of fair education and faultless morals. Still further, the village has one or two physicians and a lawyer. In addition to these, there is the postmaster, who is usually a man of activity and influence; there is the rich man of the village; there are the three or four men who are only less rich than he; there are the young, well-educated families of these well-to-do people; there are a dozen women who are bright in intellect, and who read whatever they can lay their hands on; there is a fair degree of worldly prosperity, and the schools are well supported. One would say that nothing is needed to make it a model village,—full of the liveliest and brightest social life, and possessing all the means and institutions of intellectual culture and progress. To repeat a phrase with which we began, the social potentialities of the village are incalculable. All the agencies, and materials, and appurtenances for a beautiful social life and growth

seem to exist, yet the fact probably is that the village is socially dead.

If we look into the condition of things, we shall find that the little churches are, through their very littleness and weakness, jealous of each other; that their pastors are poor and are kept upon a starving intellectual diet; that the doctors and the lawyer are absorbed in their professions; that the rich men are bent upon their money-getting and money-saving, and that all the young people are bent upon frivolous amusements. The village has no public library, no public hall, no public reading-room, no lyceum, no reading-clubs, no literary-clubs, and no institutions or instituted means for fostering and developing the intellectual and social life of the villagers.

We have seen exactly this condition of things in a village many times, and we have seen, under all these possibilities and the hard facts of apparent indifference or social inertia associated with them, a universal desire for something better. We have seen churches ashamed of their jealousies and the meager support accorded to their ministers. We have seen young people dissatisfied with their life, and wishing that it could be changed, and we have seen our dozen of bright, reading women ready and longing to make any sacrifice for the production of a better social atmosphere. Nay, we believe that the average American village is ready for improvement,—ready to be led.

The best social leading is the one thing lacking. Sometimes it does not need even this,—only some fitting occasion that shall bring people together, and reveal the under harmonies which move and the sympathies which bind them. The probabilities are that there is not a village in America that needs anything more than good leading to raise its whole social and intellectual life incalculably. The village that is most dead and hopeless needs but one harmonizing, unselfish, elevated will to lead and mold it to the best life and the best issues. We cannot illustrate this power of leading better than by citing the results of the recent mode of raising church debts. One of the two or three men who have become famous for raising church debts goes into a pulpit in the morning and stands before a bankrupt congregation. He is told before he enters the building that every effort has been made to raise the debt, but in vain,—that, indeed, the people have not the money, and could not raise the required sum if they would. Yet, in two hours every dollar is subscribed, and the whole church sits weeping in mute and grateful surprise. No advantage whatever has been taken of them. They have simply, under competent leading, done what they have all along wanted to do, and what they have known it was their duty to do.

Any man who has ever had anything to do in organizing the social life of a village has, we venture to say, been surprised amid what seemed to be universal stagnation, to find how general was the desire for reform. Everybody has been ready. All were waiting for just the right man to set them going, and he only needed to say the word, or lift and point the finger.

It is not necessary to break up any legitimate

family feeling that may exist in churches, or to interfere with social cliques and "sets," or to break down any walls between classes. We talk now only of the general social and intellectual life which brings people together in common high pursuits, and gives a village its character and influence. It is only from this life that a strong and efficient public spirit can come. A village must hold a vigorous general life outside of sects and cliques and parties, before it can make great progress, and it is astonishing how quickly this life may be won by the right leading.

We write this article simply to call the attention of that resident, or those residents, of any village who will naturally read it, to their own duty in this matter. The chances are that they live in a village whose life is split into petty fragments, and devoted to sel-

fish, or frivolous, or brutal pursuits. We assure them that all the people need is good leading, and that there must be one among them who has the power in some good degree of leading, organizing, and inspiring a united and better life. It is not an office in which personal ambition has a y legitimate place,—that of social leadership. A y man who enters upon it with that motive mistakes his position, and hopelessly degrades his undertaking. But wherever there is a sluggish social life, or none at all that is devoted to culture and pure and elevating pursuits, somebody—and it is probably the one who is reading this article—is neglecting a duty, from which he is withheld, most probably by modesty. We assure him that if he is really fit for his work, he will find an astonishing amount of promising material ready and waiting for his hands.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Origin of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

IN the very able "Recallings from a Public Life," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for October, the distinguished author (Robert Dale Owen) omitted, perhaps necessarily, the origin of the *projet* of treaty intrusted to Nicholas Trist, as an agent of this government, in April, 1847.

Inasmuch as the preparation of that afterward consummated treaty forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the secret-service history of our country, and as the causes which have hitherto rendered absolute silence in regard to it strictly imperative, have disappeared, I find myself not unwilling to communicate some of the more interesting and leading facts thereof. But, in the brief space and in the limited time now at my disposal, I cannot complete the narrative. That can be done, however, within a month, and upon the collection of long neglected data which are not, at this moment, within easy reach.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was born in Monterey, baptized in the City of Mexico, and sent, complete in all its members, to the President of the United States (James K. Polk) during the opening months of 1847. By him, and by nearly every member of his cabinet, it was joyfully adopted, and, through Mr. Trist, it was remitted to Mexico as the basis of an acceptable peace. It was a most welcome ray of light at the darkest hour of our war with Mexico, and, had it not been unwarrantably shorn of some essential elements before execution, it would have ranked among the most brilliant diplomatic successes which the world has known.

While the American Army of the Rio Grande was preparing to "storm home the towers of Monterey,"—the Mexican general, Santa Anna, being then an exile, and his enemies in power,—there came to ex-President Lamar, of Texas (then in the field with the Lone Star Contingent, as it was called), the

knowledge that a Mexican plot, of deadly significance to our commerce, was in actual progress. The plot was to proclaim the Duke of Montpensier Emperor of Mexico. This son of Louis Philippe and husband of the Infanta of Spain would, at the then crisis of affairs, have carried a very strong party among the Mexican people. All the foreign merchants, most of the great land-holders, and a powerful section of the higher priesthood, would have stood loyally by this branch of an ancient line of royalty. Señor Munoz, the brother-in-law of Queen Christina by her left-handed marriage with the Duke of Rianzares, was engaged in this work at the Mexican capital; and the plot had ripened almost to completion when the secession from it of a distinguished prelate and two high officials gave a sudden turn to the whole matter.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the damaging consequences to the commerce and interests of the United States, had this plot for making a Franco-Spaniard the king of Mexico been successful, at that stage of the war. The ports of France and Spain would thereupon have been open to letters of marque commissioned to prey upon our commerce. Cuba and Porto Rico would have sent them forth by hundreds. Every maritime state in Europe then had ships for sale which might speedily have been rendered suitable for such service. The West Indian chain of islands were all European dependencies, except Hayti. That was African, and its policy—so far as it had one—was opposed to that of the United States because, if for no other reason, of the existence of our slave system. Taken together, these islands may be said to have fronted and commanded every port and outlet of our coast commerce—for our Pacific States then had no existence. Nor had we power of reprisal. Mexico offered no rich merchantmen as prizes for our cruisers, while ours whitened every sea.

During the political battle over the annexation of Texas, in 1845,—a battle waged and won in the newspaper field primarily in the columns of "The Sun,"—a strong personal attachment had developed between ex-President Lamar, of Texas, and Moses Y. Beach, the proprietor of that journal.\* It was through this personal friendship that Mr. Beach became informed—in 1846—of the monarchical plot already alluded to, and, later, of the progress of Mexican-Texas political affairs, in which he manifested a profound interest. He promptly and personally communicated the plot to the President, and thenceforth, as he gathered information which he deemed of importance to the government, he communicated it, personally or by letter, to the President or the Secretary of State (James Buchanan). No phase of the subject in which either of the three countries—United States, Mexico, or Spain—could have interest, escaped his observation. The cabinet was immediately summoned, and the revelations which Mr. Beach had made were the subject of instant discussion. The result of the conference was the nearly or quite unanimous decision that the return of Santa Anna to power was the sole and perfect remedy for the dreaded disaster. By a silent and wonderfully rapid movement on the part of President Polk's cabinet, this return was successfully accomplished. The leading monarchists in Mexico were paralyzed and scattered by the sudden advent of Santa Anna, and the plot for a monarchy was completely frustrated.

But the work was not yet ended. A peace with Mexico was now to be conquered, and it remained to be known upon what basis such a peace could be obtained. On the ruins of the monarchical power in Mexico a peace party of no insignificant pretensions had reared itself, and this it was evidently the policy of our government to foster and sustain. The "Santanistas" had been communicated with, and had promised, as the reward for the return of their chief, to recognize the claim of Texas to the territory as far as the Rio Grande, New Mexico included. In other words, they yielded the whole of the Texan claim, out of which the war originated. Certain of the Mexican leaders, and these of the higher classes, fearing that the prolongation of the war would result in the conquest and absorption of their entire country, proposed "to stay the land-devouring voracity of the Northern barbarians," by granting them what they considered as the barren wastes of California and Arizona, in return for a cancelment of the claims of American citizens against the Mexican government, and the protection of the proposed new frontier from

Indian incursions, then the greatest terror of all border settlements.

It was through the industry and perseverance of Mr. Beach, and the facilities which he enjoyed for confidential correspondence with leading men in Mexico, that these facts were made known to the American government; and when he further communicated to the President and the Secretary of State the startling information that peace was attainable upon conditions more favorable than any of which they had previously conceived, he was at once—*but unofficially*—requested to make a personal visit to the country in the furtherance of such private interests as he might have in hand, and while there, by conferring with the leaders of the peace party, verify the conclusions to which he had arrived. The commission was one which involved an almost unlimited confidence in his faithfulness and discretion,—a confidence which, to the last day of his life, was strictly merited. It was, moreover, a commission, the execution of which not only demanded the sacrifice of exceedingly important private affairs, but also the taking of his own life in his hand, by the fact of entering the capital of his country's enemy. But with him thought was action, and his country's welfare was second to no personal consideration. With no shadow of hesitation he accepted the duty, and set himself wholly to its accomplishment.

Of the means by which that duty was performed, of the perfect success which attended it to its very end, and of some of the exciting incidents which marked its progress, it will be my pleasure to speak in another paper.

M. S. BEACH.

#### Takigraphy.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1878.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

Dear Sir:—Doubtless many persons will thank you for the article on "Neophonography," in the October number. It contains many judicious observations, and treats of a subject of such immense and growing importance, that it cannot fail to attract very general attention. I desire, however, to correct the wrong impression which the author conveys regarding Takigraphy, which is quite different from the other systems, and has been found entirely practical for all the purposes of writing.

Takigraphy is not open to the objections charged against it by Mr. Richardson, but meets fully every reasonable requirement of a practical script. It provides an alphabet that is a "complete and sufficient key to the writing." Takigraphers do not, however, deem it necessary to distinguish between the vowel sounds in *bait* and *bale*, nor between those in *boat* and *bold*, though such distinctions can be made in Takigraphy, if any writer chooses to make them, just as easily and just as philosophically as in Mr. Richardson's system. In Takigraphy, each vocal element *does* "have one, and only one, distinct sign, absolute in value." Each character *is* made by "a single impulse of the pen." The writing *does*

\* Ex-President Lamar wrote to Mr. Beach, whose advocacy of the annexation of Texas commenced in 1842, as follows:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 26th, 1845.

"MOSES Y. BEACH, ESQ.:

"Dear Sir:—I congratulate you on the realization of your favorite hope. You were among the first to enter the list for the annexation of Texas, and may fairly rejoice on the almost certain success of that great and American movement. The bill has passed the House of Representatives, in a form which, I have no doubt, will be readily accepted by the people of Texas.

"MIRABEAU B. LAMAR."

\* His death occurred in 1869.

flow "freely and distinctly from left to right," and is "compact" and "flexible." It embraces every other feature which Mr. Richardson regards as essential, except one, which embodies the vice which renders his system worthless, and would render it worthless if it had all other possible virtues.

When he says, "The character value [of the letters] should be independent of the mode of writing, or direction of strokes," and works this theory into a system by giving one letter six variations of form and direction, and allowing other letters generally

to be written either backward or forward, upward or downward, at pleasure, he devises a scheme that no one can write with any fair degree either of accuracy or legibility.

I doubt whether the old Phonography, with all its complexity, is so cumbrous in its redundancy of outline, which confuses the writer continually, as a system on such a basis must of necessity be.

Very truly yours,

D. P. LINDSLEY,  
*Inventor of Takigraphy.*

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Hints to Young Housekeepers.—II.

#### DAILY HABITS.

EARLY rising is desirable. I do not mean getting people up before light. It is useless to begin the day by making every member of the family uncomfortable. Whatever hours are necessary for the good of all should be observed, and if the head of the household is obliged to be at his business at an early hour, it is the duty of his family to adapt themselves to this necessity. Consideration should be given to peculiarities of temperament: some nervous people sleep better in the morning; let not rules, or imaginary necessities interfere with health and comfort.

A mother must rise early (I write to mothers who are in good health), to see that all goes well in the nursery, if she does not perform the duties of nurse herself. Let the nurse and her children look for her presence with impatience, and feel that they need her assistance and oversight. Let children appear fresh from their baths, neatly dressed, however plainly, and come to the breakfast table with cheerful, happy faces,—the best attention they can show to their parents,—and turn up their little faces for a good-morning kiss. No child is too old for this while under the parental roof. The breakfast should be fresh, well served, and carefully prepared, whether frugal or luxurious. The mother should set the example of being neatly and appropriately dressed. She will see no one during the day before whom she should desire to appear so well, or to be so attractive. A cheerful, well-surrounded breakfast table is a pleasant remembrance for a man to take with him to his business. If there are no children, there is the greater need of everything being cheerful and tasteful.

I have nothing to say about family prayers; this is a matter of conscience, taste and feeling, and must be governed by these. If the children go to school (I should put in a plea for home education until a child has reached the age of twelve. No one can teach children to read, and write, and sew as well as the mother, but this rather belongs to my chapter on Children); if they go to school, their lessons must be attended to, and when they come home they must be taught to wash and dress themselves for

dinner. If young enough to make it necessary to dine in the middle of the day (and this should be till after they are twelve), the mother should be present at the dinner to see that no bad habits are formed, that there is no carelessness of diet, no irregularity. The meal hours are often the most instructive and charming hours of the day. Exercise in the open air as much as possible, but this must be governed by opportunity. With children, avoid above all things exposure to the sun. Blessed are the children who live in the country, with freedom from the necessity of an attending nurse; but, city or country, the sun must be avoided. I need not point out the occupations of the day. With one who is wife and mother, or either, every hour is more than full. A wife should be ready and dressed to receive her husband upon his return home at night, and if there are children, let them have the privilege of welcoming him too, before going to bed. If he is a busy man, he sees them rarely enough. Keep up as much as possible, as much as is consistent with your duties, your intercourse with society. Keep yourself instructed and interested in all that is going on in the world, and do not become a mere housekeeper and nurse, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of every one about you. In the evening, try to collect about you your husband's and your children's friends, as well as your own; but avoid all gossip, all meddling with the affairs of others. Let us be grateful that we are not responsible for the affairs of other people. Our own are always more than we can properly attend to. Repeat no scandal or disagreeable stories, and let not love of dress (the vice of the country) take hold of the thoughts and conversation. Tasteful, æsthetic, appropriate dress is characteristic, and it is the duty of every one to dress as well and to make herself look as becomingly as means and time permit; but to spend upon expensive dress money which should be given to necessary and improving expenses is both ignorant and vulgar.

Hospitality is one of the best virtues—hospitality in its best sense; not a display, not an effort to appear better than one's neighbors. Have no struggle to do what you cannot do well; but in accordance with your means of living, welcome your

friends to your table and to your fireside. The better fare you can give them justly, the pleasanter for you and for them; but, above all, a warm welcome to whatever you can command! And, here again, let me say, a cheerful fire is a welcome in itself. All sentiment apart, life becomes more easy when cheerfulness and order have sway.

MRS. S. W. OAKLEY.

#### The Maternity Society.

THE Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, in Twenty-ninth street, just out of Fifth avenue, hides itself behind its trees, and flowers, and fountain, until it seems smaller than it really is; until, in fact, we hardly wonder that, in spite of its capacious aisles, it should be known as the Little Church Around the Corner. It is a church with a pastor who delights in parish work, and it is a pleasure to be able to say that this parish work is well planned, and that its results are brought about more by time and brain than by the mere lavish and indiscriminate expenditure of money to which, alas! so much of our charity is confined.

Among the many societies of this church, is one originated by it and deserving description here. Already has it been imitated in St. Louis, and it needs only to be more widely known to be more generally emulated. It was the result of a feeling on the part of certain ladies of the parish that in the life of every mother there was a time when she needed all the help, and care, and sympathy possible, and that in many a case, when this trying time came, the poor woman was without care or help of any kind, without medical attendance, without clothing for her infant, and even at times without food for herself. To send needed clothing and supplies before their presence is called for; to render proper medical aid; to give the services of a skillful nurse; to provide for pressing temporal wants; to care for the body and comfort the mind—these are among the objects of the Maternity Society. It is now over two years old, and it is beginning to get more and better known among the class it seeks to benefit. With the experience gradually acquired has come a knowledge of further utility. One year after its organization, the society saw the need of a regular nurse and visitor, and for this purpose it found an excellent

woman, kind, intelligent, patient, and not too well educated to make those among whom she had to work think her in any way above them. Fitting rooms were at the same time engaged as apartments for the nurse, as head-quarters for the society, and as a store-house of supplies. Here are kept baskets containing such articles of clothing as may be needed by a new-born infant. These articles are merely lent to the patient, and must be returned in good condition, although when needed, as is generally the case, they are allowed to be kept.

Perhaps an idea of the work of the Maternity Society cannot be better given than in the brief and eloquent words of its second annual report, which will, doubtless, be sent to any one who may desire to borrow the methods of the society, on application to the secretary, care of the Church of the Transfiguration, No. 1 East Twenty-ninth street, New York City. The report requests permission "to describe in few words the details of our work. Applicants for relief are requested, if circumstances permit, to come to the Mission Rooms, No. 3 Pacific place, West Twenty-ninth street, on Wednesday mornings, when the executive committee meet for work. If the case is approved, Sister Rebecca at once visits the woman, places her in charge of one of our physicians, supplies (through the gifts of individual members of the society) her most urgent needs until confinement; cares for and nurses her at that time, visiting and remaining with her when needed, giving food for the mother and clothes for the baby, lending, and sometimes giving, clothes for the mother also. At the proper time, both the ladies of the visiting committee and the Sister urge the baptism of the little one, either in our own church or that of its parents. And in all cases where there seems to be hope of lasting good, the mother is drawn to join the sewing society, the children are cared for,—the whole family, in short, is brought under the influence of kindly sympathy, and taught lessons of self-help and self-respect.

"The growth of the work during the past year can best be told in the following figures: In 1876, 18 patients, 10 baptisms in our communion, 63 garments given away; employment given to poor women amounting to \$73.20. In 1877, 58 patients, 24 baptisms in our communion, 1,200 garments given away; employment given to poor women amounting to \$111.98."

J. B. M.

#### CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

##### Eggleston's "Roxy."

It is not as a mirror of life and manners in the West that Dr. Eggleston's story is of most value, though we cannot conceive of a time to come when it will not be indispensable to a just estimate of the times and people with which it deals. The body

and spirit of the Indiana village are reflected with such skill and with so little admixture of the accidental, that the story is still broadly representative of the slow-changing river-towns of that state. But it is not this feature that gives the book its highest value, since this presentation requires only sympathetic observation and a good memory,—qualities neither rare nor great. That Dr. Eggleston has

\* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



set but small value on such a source of popularity is proved by his absorption in the higher work of the novelist and by the significant fact that in no one of his previous volumes is the "local color" so unobtrusive. It is because the setting is evidently not for itself, that it does not seem disproportionate. The mechanism of the story—to speak of what is hardly apparent to the reader—displays an unusual knowledge and use of motives in natural and spontaneous combinations. In this respect, Dr. Eggleston must take rank with the best of modern story-writers. With marked fertility of invention, his regard for the mere intrigue has neither the enthusiasm of the cryptographs like Poe, Collins, and the later Reade, nor the indifference of philosophic writers like George Eliot, whose steed so often ambles under a loose rein while she contemplates the stars.

Dr. Eggleston may almost be said never to violate the probabilities of action and character. His imagination takes firm and subtle grasp of each personality, but it also takes note of the wide play of human nature under the bias of circumstances. In the modern novel,—the province of which is, in some form or other, conduct,—it is not human nature that moves us, but human nature in action under new impulses and surroundings, and making for itself new spiritual laws for new necessities. It is Dr. Eggleston's triumph that, in the face of the prejudices of society, he has given the remarkable climax of his story a full moral and artistic justification.

We must not attempt to mention in detail all the admirable points of the book, which include much good work of the *genre* order,—among which, Major Lathers and Twonnet Lefaire are prominent. The most profound characterizations are Mark and Roxy; and the interviews between the two,—notably the one in "The Easy Road Downward," with the final influences that lead up to it—are worked out with consummate naturalness and insight. The reflection and inter-play of purpose between them are probably the most powerful and artistic passages in the author's writings.

Dr. Eggleston rarely steps aside to record an aphorism, but his situations, which are full of action and contrast, naturally suggest many trenchant general thoughts, among which we recall to our readers the following:

"Perfect physical equilibrium always produces a certain grace of motion."

"For that matter our motives are never quite so good as we think, and never quite so bad as our enemies suppose."

"This old heresy that a man is all bad is the devil's own cloak under which one is always prone to hide specific sins."

"So long, indeed, as she said nothing, she was a picture of meditative wisdom, a very Minerva. But when she spoke, it was, after all, only Minerva's bird. Such was the enchantment of the great still eyes in her passively beautiful face, that after many shocking disillusion brought about by the folly of her tongue, one was sure to relapse again into a belief in her inspiration as soon as she became silent. I doubt if good John Kaspar Lavater himself could expound to us this likeness of absolute vacuity to deep thoughtfulness. Why do owls and asses seem so wise?"

"We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, and when we get old, we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth to look out for themselves."

"Each blamed the other for the cooling of a friendship which they had often vowed should be eternal. In such gradual dissolutions of eternal friendships, each party, feeling herself innocent, is sure that the other must be censurable. They never think of falling out with those deep and irresistible currents in human nature before the force of which we are all helpless."

"Does a rejected lover ever think that the woman has done quite so well for her own interest as she might?"

"The test of moral character is not infallibility but recuperative power."

"It was the 'turn' of the south-western portion of the district to name the man. And the geographical argument is a very weighty one if it happens to be on your side. If it is in favor of the other man you can insist that fitness is the only thing."

The vigor and directness of Dr. Eggleston's style are able adjuncts in the presentation of this rugged life, but they are also to blame for a certain baldness of outline and rigidity of statement, which is not altogether accounted for by the nature of the material with which the author works. It is not euphemism that is lacking, but mellowness,—the sublimated treatment which in Hawthorne makes us content to dwell upon the disagreeable, even the morbid.

#### Stuart Sterne's "Angelo."

THE theme of this poem is the love of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna. The following occurs in the description of a scene where Vittoria reads to the artist the lines which she had last written:

"Read in her low, clear voice that quivered not,  
A lay of love and praise, a plaint of pain  
For the departed, at whose tomb her soul  
Kept ceaseless watch, and all her heart's affections  
Burned like a lamp eternal, night and day,—  
A passionate outpouring of the founts  
Of deepest tenderness and grief, in words  
So full of music, on her lips they seemed  
Soft as the murmur of that shady brook,  
Sad as the warble of that nightingale,  
Sweet as the breath of that fair, sun-kissed rose  
Whereof she sang, and yet wherefrom all glory  
Had parted with his vanishing. A song  
Through all whose tearful sadness there yet shone  
A mild, unshaken star, the faith sublime  
That ever pointed upward, a great trust  
In Him who doeth all things well."

A few pages further on, Angelo thus addresses Vittoria:

"Madonna, you are she,  
Who in the wintry autumn of my years,  
Now, at the hour when other men look forward  
But to the grave, have burst on my dark life  
A starry, singing, flowering spring,—brought back  
My youth to me and gladness, nay a youth  
More joyous than I ever knew!—beneath  
Whose magic touch the sunken fairy-land  
Arose once more in all its ancient splendor!  
Aye, life is beautiful and earth is fair,  
Lies bathed in golden sunlight at my feet,  
Since I knew you, loved you! Nay, suffer me,  
To tell you so but once!"

But Vittoria is faithful to the memory of her husband, and gently but firmly and irrevocably turns aside the passion of her lover. Sinking at the foot of a crucifix, she cries to the Madonna:

"Oh, if I ever strayed or swerved from thee,  
Forgot thy perfect service for an hour,  
I do beseech thee, grant me pardon now!  
Oh, by all anguish and all ecstasies,  
The sweetness and the passing bitterness,  
That thou hast known, a thousand times more great  
Than any that could pierce this petty heart;  
By all the holy joys of motherhood,  
To me denied,—thy Blessed Babe's sweet smiles,  
That thou couldst gather to thy happy bosom,  
To serve for sunshine on the darkest path;

By the fierce sword that rent thy traveling soul  
Beneath the cross,—look down in mercy on  
My agony, help thou my wrestling spirit,  
Here at the feet of Thy Beloved Son,—  
Thou who a woman, know'st a woman's heart,  
Free me from this most cruel doubt!"

Later on in the poem, Angelo is summoned to the bedside of Vittoria. He reached her house:

"'Twas chill and dark, windows and hall and stairs,  
And a thick, fearful silence reigned, unbroken  
By but a whisper or a muffled footfall,  
Only from somewhere in the night he fancied  
Sounds of low weeping came."

Still later, after her death, Angelo wandered, aimless and despairing, out upon the Campagna:

"'It is well!'  
He thought, 'a fitting emblem of my life,  
This blasted field, where naught remains but ruin,  
And every hope is dead!'"

If this poem, as a whole, can hardly be considered thoroughly successful, it must be remembered that the author chose as difficult a theme as could be found in the whole range of history. The relations between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna appear, after the latest researches, to be different from what was formerly supposed. We fear that the present writer has not thrown any great light upon these relations, for she does not make us feel that this is indeed Michael Angelo. The poet has chosen, not only a most difficult theme, but a most difficult—if not *the* most difficult—form of English poetry,—namely, blank verse. Many of the lines cannot be "scanned" at all, and the construction of the verse is seldom as firm as in the passages quoted above. But this little book, as well as the first one published by the same author, are, after all, the work of a poet—a poet, too, of individuality, and with the power of expressing noble thoughts in suitable language.

#### Beers's "Odds and Ends."

MR. BEERS claims for most of his pieces the lenient judgment which passes on *juvenilia*. They are slight poems, for the most part written while the author was an undergraduate and designed for the amusement of the jovial student, rather than to thrill with melancholy pleasure the lover of heroics. Immediate favor has been won by these pleasantly comic verses, if favor consists in complimentary notices in the press, and the fact that several have already found a place in Rossiter Johnson's new collection of facetious poems (Henry Holt & Co.'s "Leisure Hour" Series). Mr. Beers has had the good sense to give his book a deprecatory title, instead of assuming for his work, in the very superscription, the qualities that await the acknowledgment of the critics and the public. It is as if the author himself came forward, and, with eyes cast down should stammer: "Pardon me, good public, but you know verses are a weakness that will out." Having won his critics by such a demure title as "Odds and Ends," Mr. Beers follows up his advantage by amusing them; and what cannot be done by a man who is amusing? The strongest bent of the man is humor, to judge from these poems alone. He is

\*Odds and Ends. By Henry A. Beers. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

mellow with fun, but it is fun of no extravagant kind. It is not the humor of Mark Twain or Josh Billings, but more like that of Warner. Readers of the Hebrew and Greek classics will relish his "Threnody on Three Worthy Characters," where the respectability of the company furnishes some excuse for the pun in the title. The lost letters of alphabets invariably possess a romantic charm for college professors, and it is their pedantic enthusiasm which has kindled the poetic flame of Mr. Beers:

"Dim is my damp eye  
For thee, O Sampi:  
Lo! here I drop a  
Tear for Koppa:  
Gone, too, art thou  
Departed Vau.  
(Ah! letter sweet  
Now obsolete.)  
But thou, Digamma,  
Chiefly for thee  
We wail and clamor  
In threnody," etc., etc.

But it is not alone his deprecatory and preface, nor even his humorous *juvenilia* which give Mr. Beers his advantage. He is also free from all appearance of striving to be original; he writes in the old spirit, with the old meters; and uses the old words with which are connected the pleasantest associations in English literature. He never tries to be "forceful," to use the literary slang of recent years. He aims at pleasing through the old methods of fitting ordinary words in a graceful way to easy meters; he seeks to be pleasing without being either instructive, or sarcastic, or terrible, and, if he succeed, it will only be the due reward which generally meets with the efforts of clever persons of tact when they really endeavor to be agreeable. Two stanzas from verses called "Anacreontic," will give his mood:

"I would not woo  
Some storm-browed Juno queenly fair.  
Soft eyes of blue  
And sudden blushes unaware  
Do net my heart in silken snare.  
I do not love  
The cyprie, but low woodland nest  
Of cushat dove;  
Not wind but calm; not toil but rest,  
And sleep in grassy meadow's breast."

He is also able, in this modern time of bald facts, to write very sweetly and adequately a mediæval ballad of a knight who is called the seeker; only the last verse gives the modern key to the symbol intended.

#### "CARÇAMON."

His steed was old, his armor worn,  
And he was old, and worn, and gray;  
The light that lit his patient eyes  
It shone from far away.

Through gay Provence he journeyed on;  
To one high quest his life was true,  
And so they called him Carçamon—  
The Knight who seeketh the world through.

A pansy blossomed on his shield;  
'A token 'tis,' the people say,  
'That still across the world's wide field  
He seeks la dame de ses pensées.'

To scorn the promise of the real;  
To seek and seek and not to find;  
Yet cherish still the fair ideal—  
It is thy fate, O restless mind!"

It will be seen, perhaps, even from these extracts, that Mr. Beers does not show himself a strongly original poet. He generally deals with ideas that have been often worked over, but he gives them freshness by the simplicity and good taste of their rendering. And though he compares favorably in this respect with some young poets now coming up, it is not necessary to conclude that eventually he will make a greater mark. Prophecies in literature are as questionable as in other things. Mr. Beers will have to show stronger and abler work than this before we should feel safe in predicting for him a great future. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to hail a young writer who seems to have naturally so many of the good qualities that go to make a poet.

Ella Dietz's "The Triumph of Love."\*

THE reader is likely to err who lays stress upon the story which runs through "The Triumph of Love, a Mystical Poem in Songs, Sonnets, and Verse, by Ella Dietz." The writer doubtless meant to express a great deal by the story; but neither the story nor the mysticism is the thing which interests us most in this little book. What we care for is the genuine poetry that crops out here and there, despite the recurring mannerisms, and the unconscious echoes, such as are found in almost all first books of verse. In the "Retrospection," which constitutes the first of the five parts into which the poem is divided, there is a description of an ocean voyage:

"O the bright glory of those starry nights!  
The surging gulls, the phosphorescent fires,  
The foam illumined by soft glowing lights  
Within the waves, the tall mast's slender spires,  
The sailor's rhythmic songs, the wind-filled sails,  
The strong ship's speeding spite of threatening gales.  
Stars, skies, seas, songs, winds, waves, were dear to me!  
O ecstasy of life! O liberty!"

In the third Part is the following beautiful and womanly sonnet:

"WAITING.

"Penelope sat weaving all the day  
Her web, and I weave mine of tender thought,  
And many a quaint device by me is wrought  
Of Fancy's golden threads. What will he say  
When he shall come? Will he entreat and pray  
To see the legend? Will his heart be taught  
By it? Night comes and brings me naught;  
I must unweave. Ulysses is away,  
But when my hero shall at last have come,  
And his dear eyes have proved my colours true,  
I wonder, will my stammering lips be dumb,  
My heart's great love unspoken? Then must you,  
Dear woven thing, help eyes and blushing cheek  
To tell him all I feel, but cannot speak."

And this is a portion of another sonnet in the same Part:

"I feel so earnestly the truth I sing,  
I cannot stop to thank about the tune:  
A thousand roses blow in fruitful June,  
A thousand roses I must cull and fling  
Before new Love where she comes conquering:  
There is no time to trim, arrange, and prune;  
Before Love's feet all flowers are opportune,  
Bring garlands wild, and song-birds sing on wing,  
For Love is born again, O sorrowing world!"

We say we do not care for the story of the book, and yet it is worth while to read a good many pages

of verse which count only as rapid, and at times passionate, statement rather than as poetry, for the sake of gaining a sense of the author's sincerity—which sense gives additional force to the poetical and imaginative passages: for instance, the following from a sonnet in Part V.

"What happy hours we passed beside the sea  
Watching the white waves rolling to the shore,  
Dashing amidst the foam as wild and free  
As birds; or listening to the ocean's roar,  
Chanting our own heart's song of ecstasy—  
Canst thou forget those happy days of yore?"

and this:

"SONG.

"Love came to me with a crown,  
I took it and laid it down.

"Love came to me and said,  
'Wear it upon thy head.'  
'Tis too heavy, I cannot wear it,  
I have not strength enough to bear it."

"Then my soul's beloved spake,  
Saying 'Wear it for my sake.'  
When lo! the crown of love grew light,  
And I wore it in all men's sight."

and this "Spring Song," in which the author has dared to make use of that chief of love-songs, the "Song of Solomon." We quote five stanzas:

"The winter's snows and frost are past,  
The turtle's voice is heard  
In all the land, and O, at last  
I too may call my bird;  
And wilt not thou, my dove, fly fast  
To greet the welcome word?"

"The winter's gone, the woods are green,  
The tender flowers appear  
To deck the earth, a gracious queen  
Whose kingly spouse is near;  
O let thy face, my own, be seen,  
Thy voice, O let me hear!"

"My best beloved one is mine,  
And I am his alone;  
His love is better far than wine,  
His face as Lebanon—  
Most excellent—as gold most fine—  
His head, my blessed one.

"Awake! awake! O northern wind,  
O south wind, rise and blow  
Until my love his garden find,  
Where all sweet spices grow,  
And pleasant fruits of every kind,  
And living waters flow.

"Among ten thousand chief is he,  
Is he whom my soul loves,  
His face is as the cedar tree,  
His eyes as eyes of doves;  
Yea, altogether fair to see,  
His voice my being moves."

Bennock's Poems.\*

THERE have grown up in England, within the present century, two schools of poets, one of which—and the earlier one—writes for the people, while the other writes for the poets. The characteristics of the latter school are a fondness for remote times and subjects destitute of human interest, and a resolute use of the file and the burnisher. The art they affect is at once classical and romantic, and its chief masters are Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti, and a few less known singers. The aims

\* London: E. W. Allen, 11 Ave Maria Lane.

\* Poems, Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets. By Francis Bennock, F. S. A. London: Hardwicke & Bogue.

of the earlier school are simple and unpretentious. They select humble themes, such as the old balladists loved, and dwell lovingly upon the humanity which is their life. Their work is downright and manly, and mostly without art or artifice. They feel as Lord Houghton sang years ago, when he was plain Mr. Monckton Milnes:

"A man's best things lie nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet."

It is doubtful who were the first founders of this school of poets, but they were probably Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were, in a certain sense, the disciples of Cowper, and, whether they knew it or not, of Burns. This school did not exhibit as much force as naturalness in Bloomfield, whose "Farmer's Boy" is little read now, and in Clare, whose "Village Minstrel" is not read at all. We strike vigorous thought and manly English in the Corn-Law Rhymers; good sense and sweetness of expression in Charles Swain; patriotism, brotherhood, and love, and ringing measures in Charles Mackay; and most of these qualities, in a greater or lesser degree, in Francis Bennoch.

Mr. Bennoch has been before the world nearly forty years as a writer of lyrics. The accomplishment of verse was not so common then as it is now, and his modest contribution to the stock then in existence was received with cordiality, as it should have been. The professors of the ungente craft (whom Beaconsfield would have us believe are in all cases authors who have not succeeded) spoke pleasantly of it, and several eminent poets wrote to Mr. Bennoch encouragingly, and even advised him to follow literature as a profession. Wordsworth advised him to the contrary, however, though he urged him to cultivate poetry as a pleasure. He stuck to the elder poet's advice, and remained a man of business, as Elliott was before him, and very successful he and his fellow-singer were.

Mr. Bennoch tells us thus much about himself in his preface, and gives us a bead-roll of illustrious names who honored him with their acquaintance and correspondence,—the great names of Wordsworth, Landor, Dickens and Southey, and the lesser names of Haydon, De Quincey, Allan Cunningham, Mary Russell Mitford, Kingsley, and Charles Swain. There must have been, and there was, something in the man who drew so many different minds toward him and his work. Precisely what this quality is we see on every page of the book now under consideration. It was manhood, earnest, hearty, unaffected; the love of simple themes, domestic or rural, as the case might be, which were treated in an unaffected manner. The world is always waiting for simply melodious trifles, and many a poet enjoys all the reputation he has by writing these fortunate little accidents. Collins is one of these lucky immortals, and, among American poets, John Howard Payne, whose "Home, Sweet Home," is nonsensical rubbish, and George P. Morris, whose "Woodman, Spare that Tree," is sentimental trash, the idea of which is to be found in Campbell.

The ground which Mr. Bennoch's lyrics, songs,

and sonnets cover, is the sacred ground of the domestic affections, in their widest sense. He sings of love, in the double persons of man and maid. He sings of the happiness of married life, both as husband and wife; and he sings of steadfast and enduring friendship. His diction is simple, direct, unstudied, often very melodious, with a wild sweetness and elegance which are charming. He is at once the poet of the fireside and of nature, of which he is a loving observer. Unaffectedness is the word which best describes his verse, which at its best is lyrical in its movement, and cheerful, not to say joyous, in its feeling. Like Camoëns, who wrote Portuguese and Spanish equally well, Mr. Bennoch masters the English that we all try to write, and the fresh, racy idioms of Scottish poetry. His Scottish muse is now amorous and now humorous; there is a sly, droll twinkle in her eye, and a smile hovering round the corner of her mouth. "The Dominic" is a good example of Mr. Bennoch's Scottish verse; "Natural Philosophy" is another. In the last an old man woos a young woman, plying the usual arguments of kye and damasks fine; but she fails to perceive their advantages, since he is to accompany them. She concludes in this fashion:

"Gae hame, auld man, an' dam your hose,  
Fill up your lanky sides with brose,  
And at the ingle warm your nose,  
But come na courtin' me, carle.  
O ye claverin auld carle,  
Silly, claverin auld carle,  
The hawk an' doo will pair, I trow,  
Before I pair wi' thee, carle."

Mr. Bennoch has done well in collecting his poems, selections from which will no doubt hereafter enrich all popular collections of English poetry.

#### Williamson's "Ferns of Kentucky."

THIS little book, which contains the description, habitat, and classification of all the ferns indigenous to Kentucky, is an effort in the right direction, even if the execution be far from perfect. When we Americans learn to undertake a little, and to do that little thoroughly, rather than attempt to sweep the whole arena of each particular science, leaving, of course, nine-tenths of it untouched, we will have made a vast stride toward the accomplishment of work which shall have a permanent and intrinsic value.

If, from the beginning, the geologists, the botanists, and the naturalists of each state had attempted, in their writings and collections, to put into accessible form all that could be gathered of the minerals and fossils, the flora and fauna, of their own section, we should then possess, in the aggregate, the best literature and the best collections possible.

In so far as this volume carries out this idea, it is good; but the treatment and the wording are far from thorough or happy. The two sections on structure and fertilization, both together occupying

\* Ferns of Kentucky, with sixty full-page etchings and six wood-cuts, drawn by the author, illustrating the structure, fertilization, classification, genera and species. By John Williamson. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

not more than five pages, are extremely faulty. Too much is crowded into a small space, the explanations are defective, and the language sometimes singularly infelicitous.

The distinction between the flowerless and the flowering plants is scarcely made out at all. This might have been done sufficiently well for the purposes of this book in twenty well-considered lines, and so much as that is essential, that the ferns may be assigned to their proper position in the vegetable kingdom. The subject of fertilization, so essential to a knowledge of fern life, is dismissed in a dozen lines, and there is throughout the section a very unfortunate confounding of the terms and processes, reproduction and fertilization, which serves to confuse rather than to illuminate the mind of the reader. If brevity were essential, there were two legitimate ways of securing it, without such a sacrifice of clearness and scientific exactness: either some pages here and there might have been stricken out from the book elsewhere, to give place to this more important matter, or else the book might have been exclusively devoted to a description of the Kentucky ferns, while the general subject remained undiscussed. At all events, it is equally unphilosophical and unpractical to attempt any discussion or statement of the physiological aspects of the question, and then to leave it so loosely and vaguely treated as is here done. It is impossible to accomplish anything scientific, no matter how popular the style may be, unless the work is originally, vigorously, faithfully, and comprehensively done.

The wide distinction between spores and seed is not made out at all, and the spores are most unhappily denominated the organs of fertilization. It would be quite as philosophical to call the egg the fertilizing organ of the fowl. As a record of the known ferns of Kentucky, as a manual for the collector, giving the habitat, classification, and mode of cultivation of these beautiful plants, this volume will have some value; but as a scientific treatise it is, to say the least, extremely disappointing and unsatisfactory.

#### Dale's "Impressions of America."

THE notes of American travel which Mr. Dale published in an English review find a wider American audience through the good offices of a cheap paper reprint. He is one of the travelers who take a rose-colored view of the United States, and find so many things among us to praise, that there is small space left for blame. He was especially astonished at the orderliness and intelligence shown by farmer families in the New England states, and repeats once more the remark about Americans which has of late become almost a truism, namely, so far are they from being a talkative, inquisitive, noisy set of people, that, on the contrary, he had never seen a soberer, more undemonstrative, or taciturn. Mr. Dale's stay was short, and his notes

are therefore necessarily superficial. Indeed, he acknowledges the impossibility of judging so large, widely spread, and various a nation as the American, without a long study of its component parts. But, while he was here, he did all that could be expected of any tourist. He was an indefatigable collector of facts, and a traveler who was determined to "do" the United States as well as any one could, in the given time. His notes, especially toward the end, bristle with statistics, rather to the detriment of their amusing qualities; but they will do something to remove prejudices which still linger among the English in regard to their kindred across the water. It may be said of Mr. Dale that he seems not to have read the more recent books of travel through the United States; his former prejudices, now happily dispelled, appear to be based on such reporters as Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens; but other writers before him have made very similar remarks, although with more caution. Of late years, the United States has been coming into favor with the English; readers there will submit to hear the praises of America sung, when formerly, according to one of the greatest English novelists, it was sufficient that a book damned the Americans to insure its prompt sale. All these things mark the increasing familiarity between the two countries, and the steady removal of those mutual prejudices which all nations entertain toward one another. The bitterness of Englishmen toward America was very natural, and the indignation of Americans at the outcome of that bitterness had some reason too. Relationship only made the break more difficult to mend. But England has become more charitable in every direction,—toward the French, for instance, and toward the Irish.

#### "Recollections of Writers."

THIS little book belongs to the small number of volumes of reminiscences which have an original and abiding value. What these writers have to say of the English authors of the first half of the present century is not only interesting and important, but cannot be conveyed into later compilations. The chapter on Keats, for instance (by Mr. Clarke), must be read continuously and as a whole; nor is there any account of Keats comparable in value with it. It is notable, by the way, that the more we read of Keats,—the nearer we get to him through biographies, his own letters to his family (notably those lately printed in "The World"), his letters to Miss Brawne,—the more are we impressed with the beauty, purity, and generosity of his character, and his extraordinary maturity of judgment. Mrs. Clarke's naive reminiscences of Dickens, to whose amateur company of actors she belonged, bring freshly to memory the pleasantest side of the great caricaturist.

\* *Recollections of Writers.* By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, authors of "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," "Riches of Chaucer," etc. With letters by Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold and Charles Dickens, and a Preface by Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* *Impressions of America.* By R. W. Dale. New York: D. Appleton & Co. New Handy Volume Series.



## THE WORLD'S WORK.

## Street-Car Motor.

THE problem of cheap transportation in cities is receiving constantly increased attention in all parts of the world, and the street railroad is everywhere the most popular method. But the fact that horses must be used as a motive power, limits the capacity of such roads, and attention has been turned of late to various steam and other motors, in the hope of finding something faster and more reliable than horse power. A great variety of steam motors have been tried with more or less success. The fireless locomotive, already described in this department, a motor using the steam that may be stored in a tank till consumed, has also been tried with good results. A more recent invention employs compressed air as a source of power, and, as it has now been in daily practical use for several months, may be worthy of brief description. The main idea of this motor is to store compressed air in a tank attached to a street car, and to use the air in an engine in driving the car. The car is intended to be of the usual "house" pattern, with platforms at each end and with seats on either side. In laying out the system of tanks, in which the air is stored, reference is had to the shape of the car, and the tanks are placed under the seats and behind and before the wheels and under the floor of the car,—the space between the wheels being left for the engine. The tanks resemble cylindrical boilers, and are made of steel plates securely riveted. The two larger tanks under the seats extend the whole length of the covered part of the car. The smaller tanks are hung under the car and reach from the axles of the wheels to the ends of the car. This gives six tanks capable of holding air enough for a trip of ten or twelve miles; all the tanks are joined together by short pipes so that the pressure is the same throughout. The entire system of tanks and the engine are securely fastened to a strong plate-iron frame, supported by the wheels, and serving as a base on which to rest the car. The motor is a double cylinder engine, connected directly with cranks on one of the axles, the two pair of wheels being connected on the outside. The levers used to control the engine are brought to one end of the car, the handles being conveniently arranged on the forward platform. As a piece of mechanism the motor deserves attention for its ingenious adaptation to its peculiar work. A street-car motor must be obedient, quick to stop and start, go forward or backward, and it must be clean, free from bad odors, and as nearly noiseless as possible. It must have reserved power for mounting grades, and sufficient brake power to allow it to descend steep inclines in safety. It must submit to the peculiar rocking motion of long cars balanced on a short wheel base, and it must be able to stand the ill usage of rough and cheap roads. This motor appears to be happily designed to meet these requirements, and to meet the demands of a power that

practically perishes in the using. On preparing the motor for a trip, it is brought up to a compressing engine and charged with air up to a pressure of 660 kilos per  $6\frac{1}{4}$  square centimeters (300 lbs. per square inch), the levers are then placed so as to cut off quite early in the stroke of the engine, and the car is started ahead. As the car proceeds the cut-off is increased at intervals to the end of the trip; by this arrangement the power when high is used sparingly, and as the pressure is reduced by the exhaustion of the tanks more and more air is given to the engine. Starting with a pressure of 660 kilos, the engine will run till the pressure is reduced to about eighty kilos, when the tanks must be recharged. One charge is, however, sufficient for a run of ten or twelve miles. On reversing the engine to run backward, the point of the cut-off may remain unchanged, or can be altered at will, and without changing the direction of the car. On stopping for passengers the action of the engine may be checked instantly, and at the same time the cylinders may be changed into pumps. The momentum of the car urging it forward then causes the engine to pump air back into the tanks, and thus the engine becomes a brake, stopping the car within its own length and without jar, as the momentum of the car is cushioned against the compressed air in the tanks. An ingenious arrangement is applied to the axles of the driving wheel for adjusting the engine to the rocking motion of the car, so that the engine runs smoothly when traveling at a high speed or over rough roads. The movement of a car fitted with this motor is easy and pleasant. There is no heat or disagreeable odor, and the noise of the exhaust is not in any way troublesome. The engine may be easily managed by one man, and so simple is the mechanism that skilled labor is not required. Any driver able to manage a car and pair of horses in a crowded street, can, after a few hours' instruction, run the motor in safety. The car used to cover the motor is of the common pattern, except that it is slightly longer and is not quite so wide as the usual New York car. It has now been running regularly for several months doing the same duty performed by the horse cars and over a very poor road, and has given sufficient satisfaction to lead the company to order more motors of the same pattern. The cost of a motor is said to be less than a common car and its necessary teams of horses. The cost of the pumping plant must also be included in equipping a road with these motors, but as one car can be charged in about five minutes, one plant is sufficient for a great number of cars. In addition to this is the fact that cars fitted with the motor carry more, can run faster and perform a much heavier duty than the ordinary horse car.

## New Electric Lamp.

IN addition to the various electric lamps described in the last number of the Magazine may be

mentioned a new and smaller style of lamp intended for domestic use. In place of two pencils or plates of carbon, a pencil and a wheel are used to form the wicks, or burners of the lamp. A stick of carbon of the usual shape is placed in an upright frame, or support, so that it will hang point down. The lower end rests on the edge of a carbon wheel, fixed on an axle so that it can freely revolve. The support for the wheel and axle is formed by a lever pivoted at one end and arranged to "give" or sink slightly under the weight of the carbon pencil resting on the edge of the wheel. The lever carries a brake that rests on another wheel that is turned, by means of a rack and pinion, by the weight of the iron rod that holds the pencil. By this arrangement the weight of the pencil, that continually tends to make the wheel revolve, is compensated by the action of the brake on the second wheel, the movement of one exactly balancing the other. The carbons in electric lamps waste while burning, and in this style of lamp the loss of weight in the pencil is compensated by the movement of the two wheels. The weight of the pencil pressing on the carbon wheel tends to move it forward as fast as the brake permits, and as it burns away the point is continually pressed on the carbon wheel. It will be seen that by this arrangement the two carbons, stick and wheel, are always in contact whatever the changes in the current, and a fixed and steady light is maintained. It is claimed that this lamp exhibits none of the extinguishings and relightings noticeable in some forms of electric lamps, and from all that can be learned, the lamp gives excellent results in practice. This style of lamp is designed to be used with a small battery; four bunsen elements being sufficient for a single lamp of moderate power.

#### Improved Ironing-Machine.

THE rapid increase of the laundry business has led to the invention of a number of appliances for ironing and polishing starched clothing. Among these is a new power ironing and pressing machine, that has already been introduced into a number of laundries. It consists of a frame holding a table and having a rigid curved arm standing behind and above the table, the whole apparatus somewhat resembling a milling-machine. At the end of the arm is hung an upright shaft that may be moved up and down by a lever moved by the foot, and carrying at the lower end a hollow polishing iron. The polishing iron may be connected with a gas main and may be heated by a jet burning inside, or iron slugs may be heated in a stove and put in the iron, either method giving a safe and moderate heat. The table on which the work is placed is supported on double brackets hinged in two directions, and thus the table has a universal lateral motion. The work is laid on the table and fed to the iron by hand and in any direction, while the pressure of the iron is controlled by the foot lever. In using the machine power is applied, and, by means of a belt taken over guide pulleys, the pressing iron is made to revolve at any desired speed. The machine is

very simple in its operation, and can be used by comparatively unskilled labor.

#### Improvement in making Artificial Stone.

ARTIFICIAL stone is extensively manufactured, both in this and other countries, and is used with more or less success in all kinds of constructions. The basis of these stones is sand and cement, the quality of the materials often making a great difference in the character of the product. An improved process in this work consists in making a mortar of sand and cement, and casting it in wooden and iron molds. The next, and new step, in the work is to submit the window-sills, caps, and other articles thus made to the action of carbonic acid gas in an air-tight chamber. The gas is easily obtained by burning charcoal and passing the products of combustion through water to reduce the temperature, the gas being turned into the chamber for two or three days without intermission. The gas is absorbed by the damp mortar, and in time it becomes as hard as the natural stone. The articles are plunged in water for a short time and are then ready for use.

#### Automatic Device for Reproducing Music.

A NOVEL invention designed to be applied to reed organs may be worthy of examination as illustrating a new departure in the manufacture of self-acting musical instruments. Reed organs of the American type are all constructed on the principle of an exhausted receiver. The bellows, when operated by the hands or feet, produce a partial vacuum in the wind-chest of the instrument. The free reeds used in these organs are placed, either flat or upright, at the entrance of the wind-ways or openings leading to the wind-chest. Valves moved by the keys close the entrance to each reed, and on depressing a key the valve is opened and the air, rushing in to fill the vacuum, causes the reed to sound. Organs constructed on the reverse, or pressure plan, are only made in Europe, and there has been much discussion as to the relative value of the two systems. The exhaust system produces a good tone and it is universal in this country, and the new invention is only applicable to organs made on this plan. An organ with a single set of reeds (about three octaves) is erected without keys or action. The bellows, wind-chest and reeds are put in the usual positions, the reeds standing upright, and the top of the wind-chest is made slightly rounded, all the holes leading to the reeds being entirely open. A shaft is then set in the frame of the instrument just behind the reeds, and on this is placed a small fly-wheel and a set of friction gearing. By means of proper connections, this shaft and its gears may be kept in motion by moving the pedals that operate the bellows of the organ. If a sheet of stout paper is now laid over the openings leading to the reeds and the bellows are operated, a vacuum is set up and the paper is pressed firmly down over the holes by the pressure of the atmosphere. The result is, every reed is stopped and the instrument is silent.

Make a hole in the paper over any reed and that reed will sound. Make other holes and other reeds may be made to sound at the same time, and thus it is easy to see that, if the holes are made in the paper in the proper places, the organ might be made to sound a chord. In playing keyed instruments, the number of notes in a chord is limited by the capacity of the hands to grasp the keys. Any number of holes might be made in the paper, and thus a wider chord, or fuller harmony, could be produced than by hand on a keyed organ. The next step is easy. Cause the paper to move over the wind-chest, make more holes or groups of holes, and the instrument may be made to reproduce a series of notes or a procession of chords which would be practically music. This is the aim of this new device. Sheets of stout paper, from ten to thirty meters long, are carefully stamped with holes of varying lengths, a hole designed to give a whole note being twice as long as one intended to give a half note, and so on throughout all the varieties of notes. Rests or silence are made by simply leaving the paper uncut. Strips of paper thus prepared and rolled on spools are placed in the instrument, one spool fitting into the friction gearing. On making the pedals move with the feet the shaft is made to turn, and, by means of a feed-roll and a guide-roll, the paper is made to pass over the top of the wind-chest. The same action of the pedals also moves the bellows and sets up the exhaust in the organ. Suitable arrangements are also provided to maintain a uniform tension in the roll of paper, and to prevent it from being torn when reaching the end of the roll. The result obtained by thus passing the perforated paper over the reeds is curious, if not artistic. The music impressed on the paper by means of the perforations is exactly reproduced on the organ without the aid of any performer. Any one who can move the pedals can reproduce a piece of music, whatever its character. On reaching the end of the roll and the end of the musical composition, the roll may be taken out and rewound (changed back from one spool to another) by a simple arrangement placed in the organ case, and without interfering with the performance of any roll that may be in use. While this apparatus does not rise above the music-box class of instruments, it may prove of some value in making a standard of reference in regard to the movement of certain pieces of music and as a possible means of instruction in harmony and melody, showing the order and arrangement of chords and the progression of successive sounds.

#### Experiment in Floating Apiaries.

THE fact that the floral season moves over the continent from south to north has long been familiar, and it has been proposed to move colonies of bees by road or rail from the southern to northern states, keeping pace with certain flowers, and thus supplying the hives with the needed bloom. Transporting the hives by wagon or rail has been tried, but without success, and the scheme was considered of doubtful value. This past season the experiment was renewed on a large scale by water. A number

of colonies of bees were placed on barges, and by the aid of a small steamer were towed up the Mississippi River. The design was to keep pace with the blooming of the willows that line the banks of the river from Louisiana to Minnesota, and had it not been for a series of accidents to the towboat, the plan would have been fully carried out. The delays caused by the stoppage of the steamer prevented the floating apiary from keeping up with the march of the flowers. The blooming of the willow begins in Louisiana in April and moves up the river as the season advances, ending in late summer in Minnesota, and the boat being detained was left behind several times during the voyage; in spite of these drawbacks the experiment was a success. The bees gathered the honey from the willow and other flowers by day and traveled up-stream by night, the voyage ending with a fair crop and only a small loss in the stock of bees. The honey-raising business is a large and growing interest, the demand for export being in excess of the supply, and the result of this experimental floating apiary may be regarded as opening a new branch in the business.

#### Memoranda.

A NEW white pigment has been obtained by precipitating chloride or sulphide of zinc by means of a soluble sulphide. The precipitate when dried is submitted to a cherry red heat, in a furnace freely supplied with air. It is drawn from the furnace while hot and plunged into cold water, well stirred in the water and then taken out and dried. The result thus obtained is said to give a pigment of a pure white color, though slightly variable in shade according to the time of exposure in the furnace, and of superior qualities as a paint.

Very many attempts have been made to make a practical self-inking pen. One of the latest of the inventions employs a hollow hard rubber handle closed at the top as a reservoir for the ink. Within this reservoir is a small tube extending from the top of the handle, where it is open to the air, to within a short distance of the point of the handle or pen. A minute hole is made in this tube at the lower end and a slender hair-like wire supported on a spring is fastened to the bottom; a pointed cap, with a minute hole at the end, fits over the handle to form the point of the pen. On filling the reservoir with ink and screwing on the point, the ink flows down to the point and would escape were it not for the atmospheric pressure. On using the pen the wire projects beyond the point of the pen and touches the paper, the contact with the paper and the slight lateral movement of the wire as the pen is moved serving to draw the ink to the point, the pen then leaving a fine unshaded line on the paper till all the ink is exhausted. At the same time the hollow tube inside the handle admits a little air, and relieves the pressure and permits the ink to flow continuously. When not in use the pen is dry and no ink escapes, and by means of a cap the point can be covered when the pen is in the pocket. A single filling is said to be enough for two or three days steady writing.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.



STRANGER IN CITY.—Begorra, an' the man that likes the fire in these little shoves shud be discharged. I've tried to warrum me hands this half hour, an' the devil a taste of hate there is in thum, at all, at all.

## A War Reminiscence.

It was during the winter of 1864-65, which will long be remembered by the soldiers who took part in the campaign in the Valley of Virginia, as one which tried men's souls and their heels also, that the thrilling scene occurred which I am about to describe.

The old Fourth Cavalry was on a forced march down the Valley to meet a column of the enemy which was advancing, and after a hard day's ride went into bivouac just at night-fall on the road-side. We did not have the "cigars and cognac," as the old song says, with which "to bivouac," so after a hasty "bite of something to eat," and picketing and feeding horses, we soon rolled ourselves, head and ears, in our blankets and lay prone upon the frozen ground. To a tired soldier sleep comes quickly, and with it almost entire oblivion,—he rarely dreams,—so hardly more than a minute elapsed after the lying down before the entire camp was as silent as the grave. While preparing for rest we had been notified of a coming snow-storm, not only by the black clouds which hung heavily in the north-east, but by heralds in the shape of cutting snow-flakes

propelled by the wintry blast. It was fearfully cold—so bitter was it indeed, that it was thought expedient to dispense with the usual camp guard so as to enable all to obtain whatever of comfort was possible under the circumstances. The regiment at that time numbered between six and seven hundred men who, soldier-like, caring only for the present, and unmindful of the morrow, slept soundly and, I may add, rapidly.

I had slept as I had supposed only a few minutes when I suddenly awoke to consciousness, being made aware of an immense pressure upon me accompanied with almost intolerable heat. In attempting to move I found myself, as it were, packed tightly in a mold which I fitted exactly, and I was unable to turn either to right or left. I soon found that I was covered with a very friendly blanket of snow. With a vigorous push, I threw my blanket off, and a most curious spectacle presented itself to my astonished gaze. The black clouds had passed away and the bright morning moon shone down upon the ground covered with a white mantle of eight inches of snow. Looking around me, as far as my eye could reach in every direction, I saw nothing but the unbroken snow covering what appeared to be mounds or graves in every conceivable position. I was sitting upright in my own grave in the middle of a huge cemetery. Not a human being could I discover anywhere, while everything was as still as death itself.

While I was wrapt in the contemplation of so wonderful a scene, the bugle at head-quarters, a quarter of a mile off, sounded the reveille and lo! what a change! In an instant the quiet cemetery was alive—all the men arose at once from their snow graves, and what was the stillness of death but a moment before was now bustle and activity. Instantly the text flashed through my mind "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." Words fail me in describing my feelings at the moment of the occurrence. Had I had any idea of the time I would have called some of my comrades. As it was I am fortunate enough to be probably the only person who has really seen a prototype of the resurrection.

WILLIAM M. PEGRAM.

## The Word "Bit."

SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA,

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The writer of "The Money of our Fathers," in "Bric-à-Brac" of your July issue, says "we never hear the term three bits, or five bits, or seven bits." Here, in California, where the word "bit" is used almost without exception, a merchant would be as likely to tell you the price of an article was "three bits," "five bits," or "seven bits," as "two bits," "four bits," or "six bits." I have also heard such expressions as "a dollar and a bit," "a dollar and five bits."

ECILA.



THE MULLIGAN GUARDS ESCORTING A REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY.

## The Funny Story.

It was such a funny story! how I wish you could have heard it,  
For it set us all a-laughing, from the little to the big;  
I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it,  
Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle,  
And Mehetable and Susan try their very broadest grin;  
And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would wriggle,  
And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story, with its cheery snap and crackle,  
And Sally always told it with so much dramatic art,  
That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to "cackle-cackle,"  
As if in such a frolic they were anxious to take part.

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a—ho! ho! ho!—well, really,  
It is—he! he! he!—I never could begin to tell you half  
Of the nonsense there was in it, for I just remember clearly  
It began with—ha! ha! ha! and it ended with a laugh.

But Sally—she could tell it, looking at us so demurely,  
With a woe-begone expression that no actress would despise;

And if you'd never heard it, why you would imagine surely,  
That you'd need your pocket-handkerchief to wipe your weeping eyes.

When age my hair has silvered, and my step has grown unsteady,  
And the nearest to my vision are the scenes of long ago,  
I shall see the pretty picture, and the tears may come as ready  
As the laugh did, when I used to—ha! ha! ha! and—ho! ho! ho!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

## Michael Angelo and the Stone-cutter.

[RELATED BY VASARI.]

WHILE Angelo was striving to conclude Pope Julius' tomb, he, hastening his desire, Bade a plain workman carve a figure which Was needed for some unimportant spire.

But with judicious eye he supervised The labor, and directed ev'ry day:  
"Here use the chisel, polish yonder part."  
Or "level this," or "cut that well away."

Till 'neath the hand that ignorantly wrought A figure of divinest beauty grew;  
But when the workman saw the fair result,  
He, lost in admiration, stopped to view.

Michael observed, and questioned what he thought.  
"Tis most divine," the other made reply,  
"And I am much beholden unto you."  
The wondering artist asked the fellow "why?"

"For having shown," said the elated clown,  
While on the stone his foolish glances rest,—  
"For having shown me talents, gentle sir,  
Which I ne'er knew till now that I possessed."  
CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.